Saturday Review

February 12, 1966 25¢

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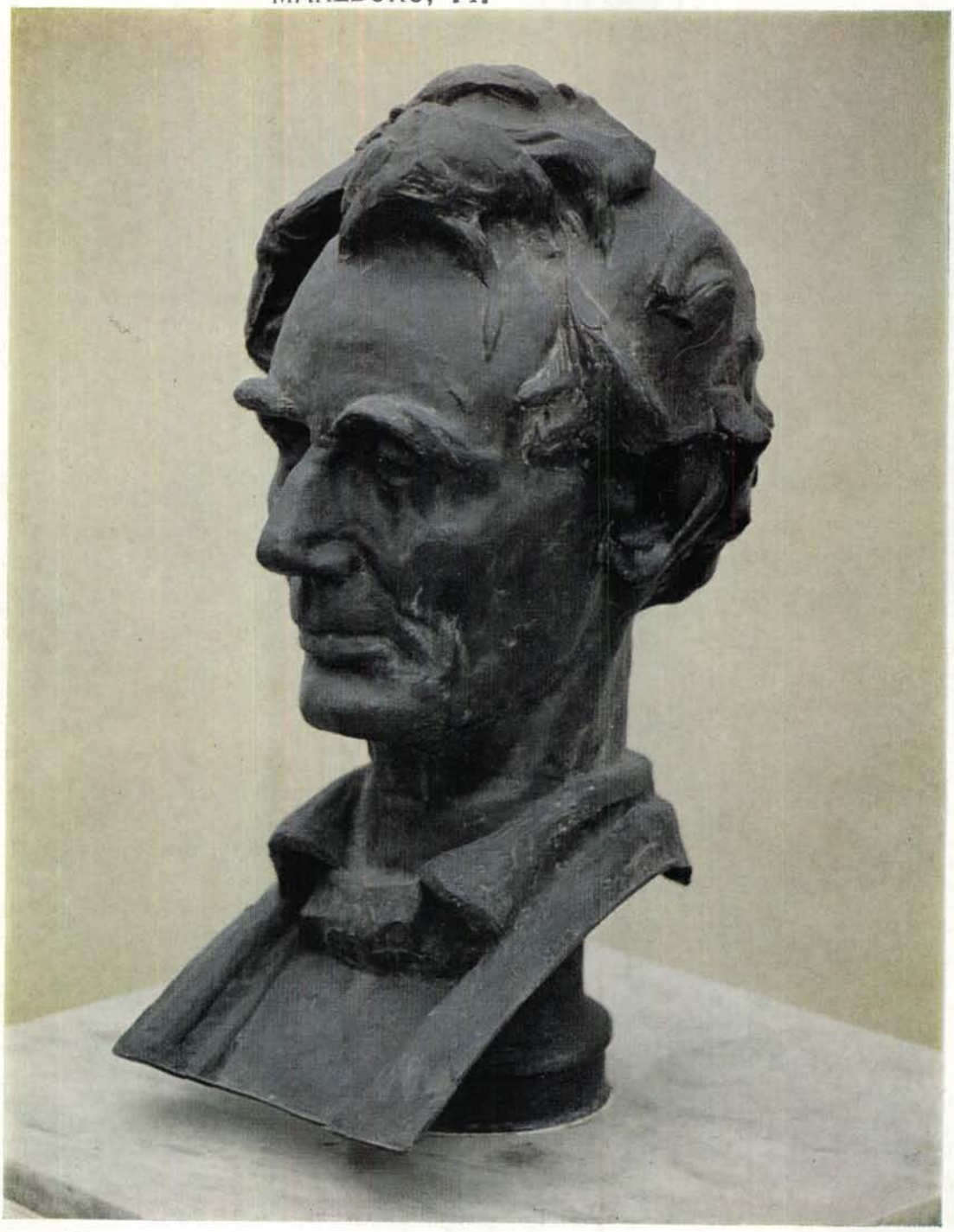

Bust of Lincoln, by Andrew O'Connor (see "A Museum Grows in Puerto Rico," by Susan Webb Rich)

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SHOULD HISTORIANS WRITE CONTEMPORARY HISTORY?

By Henry Steele Commager

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Any well-written story which tells what happens when primitive peoples encounter civilization is apt to be fascinating. Perhaps such accounts are interesting because they always seem to reveal naivete, hardiness, charming simple-mindedness, and courage—our own.

Many people recall *Kabloona*, for example, and I remember the deserved success of *Ishi in Two Worlds* by T.K.B. Kroeber (University of California Press) a few years back. Now Doubleday is publishing *The New People*, "The Eskimo's Journey into Our Time." It deserves success, too.

My interest in Eskimos, I must say, was about on a par with my interest in agrarian reform or the administration of Zachary Taylor. But *The New People* is compelling because the author has caught a group of human beings in the middle of a fur-booted giant step into the present—out of a harsh past, to face what was until recently a bleak future. Now, with the help of the Canadian government and others, they are learning to build communities, freeze fish, sell their excellent handicrafts, etc. One meeting at which the concept of borrowing, lending, and interest rates is explained to a small group of Eskimos is particularly amusing. They think the system is a little nutty. Well. . .?

Our author is Edith Iglauer, a new kind of venturer into the frozen (and now fresh-freezing) northland. She is a very civilized New Yorker. (Four chapters of her book appeared in *The New Yorker* and her husband is Philip Hamburger, that graceful and witty writer for the magazine.) After her first long ride on a sled, Miss Iglauer felt salty enough to try the next one sidesaddle. She almost disappeared into the snow. But she has come up with sensitive reportage showing the amusing, touching, and hopeful quality of Eskimo life.

Go along with her. This exhilarating ride will leave you even simpler and hardier than when you started.

L. L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

The New People ($4.50), by Edith Iglauer, is published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 277 Park Avenue, New York 10017. Copies may be obtained from your own bookseller or at one of the 32 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at 633 Canal Street, New Orleans, Louisiana 70130.

Saturday Review

February 12, 1966

SR: Ideas

18 Should Historians Write Contemporary History? by Henry Steele Commager
21 How Not to Rate a Poet, by Hayden Carruth
22 The Tragic Flaw: An Editorial
24 A Museum Grows in Puerto Rico, by Susan Webb Rich

SR: Communications

58 How to Write an Editorial, by Herbert Brucker
62 When a Book Hits the Jackpot, by John Tebbel

SR: Books

27 Literary Horizons, by Granville Hicks
27 Index of books reviewed

SR: Departments

4 Phoenix Nest, by Martin Levin
8 Top of My Head, by Goodman Ace
12 Trade Winds, by Jerome Beatty, Jr.
16 Manner of Speaking, by John Ciardi
23 Letters to the Editor
26 Music to My Ears: Irving Kolodin hears the Met's *Don Giovanni*
28 Literary Crypt
31 Literary I.Q.
41 Booked for Travel: Horace Sutton in Pago Pago
44 Broadway Postscript: Henry Hewes reviews *Sweet Charity*
45 *SR* Goes to the Movies: Arthur Knight on the Bond boom
46 TV and Radio: Robert Lewis Shayon reviews *Batman*
48 Mid-Month Recordings

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Edited by Martin Levin

Visiting Foreigner Speaking off the Record

I just cannot get your country
straight
With all I've heard and read.
Diogenese-like, I circulate,
But damned little light is shed
On what it is that sets the gait
To hurry you where you're sped.
Is it America's head of state
Or the state of America's head?

—EDWARD ELISCU.

Nero, the Wolf

The House on 35th Street

NERO WOLFE was still up in the plant rooms when I let the first arrivals into the old brownstone house on West 35th Street. There were five of them—Corvin Mabbs, Lucy Weld, Yett Gardner, Mischa Cernik, and Norman Rudworth. Mabbs was still wearing the bruises he'd collected the night before last when he tried to rush me. They were followed, two minutes later, by Roger Millington, Beryl Jeff, Foden Grice, Suzy Bettridge, Jefferson Stark, Mabel Stark, Bernard Leigh, and Israel Kerstein. When I'd got them inside, I seated them in that order, being careful to put Millington and Kerstein twenty feet apart. I told them Wolfe was up in the plant rooms but would be down soon. The last to arrive were Oliver Mayne, Iris McKinlay, Richard Haddon, Wilton Mozelle, Cecil Thomason, Tukuo Yamazaki, and Than Toole. I thought I saw Iris McKinlay wink at me, and decided to verify it by inviting her onto my knee, but at that moment Jefferson Stark, saying he preferred to stand anyway, offered her his chair with a show of chivalry that would have killed Wolfe if he hadn't been up in the plant rooms. It didn't seem to please Mrs. Stark from where I stood. Iris took the seat, thanking him gracefully, and then they were all in position. I reckoned that when Inspector Cramer came I could still squeeze him in if—which wasn't likely—he was prepared to junk that unlighted cigar of his. Nero Wolfe was still up in the plant rooms.

Foden Grice was the first to speak. "I think," he began weightily, "that I speak for you, Bernard, and for Suzy, Cecil, Iris, and Yett, when I say—"

"You don't speak for me," interrupted Gardner. "The only reason I've come to this old brownstone house on West 35th Street is because—"

"You want to see Mr. Wolfe wiggle a finger," finished Stark.

"Oh, Jefferson, do be quiet," begged his wife. "We *all* want to see Mr. Wolfe wiggle a finger. And hear him say *Pfui.*" She looked around at the assembly. "Don't we?"

Millington, Cernik, Thomason, Rudworth, and Iris McKinlay nodded. Bernard Leigh didn't seem to have heard her. Beryl Jeff and Yamazaki were studying the carpet. Mabbs coughed noncommittally. Wilton Mozelle demurred.

"I have seen Mr. Wolfe wiggle a finger," he said quietly. "It is a gesture with which I am well acquainted. But since one of us appears to be a murderer—"

"We know one of us is a murderer," interrupted Mayne irritably. "For heaven's sake, Wilton, don't labor the obvious." He looked at me. "How long is this flapdoodle going to take, Goodwin?"

"Mr. Wolfe," said Iris McKinlay, "would have said 'flummery.'"

"He won't call this little session flummery," I told them. "And that's for sure."

"All right," said Mayne. "But I'd still like to know—when is he coming down from the plant rooms? I've got," he said nastily, "a few orchids of my own to attend to."

"Pfui," remarked Lucy Weld. "You've got one withered cattleya."

"Let's relax for a few minutes, shall we?" I said. "If I know Mr. Wolfe . . ."

"And don't you?" asked Suzy Bettridge demurely.

". . . you'll all be back in your homes within two hours." I paused. "Except one." My gaze lingered on Suzy for just long enough to make her wish she'd kept her trap closed.

That was when Wolfe came down from the plant rooms. They watched him enter the room and lower his 300 pounds into the oversize chair. He looked at them all in turn.

"Inspector Cramer," he said, "will be here presently. In the meantime I do not

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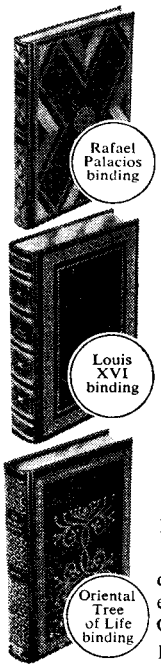

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propose to dissemble. I am not a juggins, and it would be doltish of me to infer that your presence in my house . . ."

"On West 35th Street," murmured Richard Haddon absently.

". . . has been voluntary."

"That's not fair," objected Roger Millington. "I *wanted* to see you ring for beer."

Wolfe turned to me. "Archie. Enlighten them, please."

I gulped. "Sorry to disappoint you all. But we've run out."

There was a murmur of resentment. Rudworth half rose to his feet. "Do you mean to say," he demanded, "we're not going to see you drink it—and wipe your lips afterwards?"

Wolfe wiggled a finger. "There is no beer. Now I adjure you, sir, to be silent. As I said a few moments ago, I do not intend to equivocate. Nor shall I detain you with flummery. I invited you here on a pretext you may find questionable, but I am not a mountebank. I wished to determine . . ."

When they had gone, Cecil Thomason to meet his Maker, I asked him would he be needing me tomorrow night. For some reason the question seemed to embarrass him. In fact he squirmed. Barely an inch, mind, but if it wasn't a squirm then the house is built of marble.

"I have no desire," he began carefully, "to intrude on your personal affairs. But may I ask why?"

"Yes, sir. You may."

"Very well—why?"

"I hope to take Iris McKinlay to dinner."

"I'm afraid I will have to disappoint you," he said. He was practically writhing now. "Miss McKinlay has already accepted an invitation from me."

I gaped. "You're leaving the house? Going out into the open air?"

He shuddered. "By no means. Miss McKinlay is coming here." To cover his nervousness he rang for beer—forgetting that there wasn't any. "I have invited her up to the plant rooms. She expressed an interest," he added desperately, "in the odontoglossums."

For ten long seconds I goggled at him. Then I came to. He may have forestalled me socially, but I could still pip him on dialogue.

"Pfui," I said.

"I beg your pardon."

I selected a finger and wiggled it at him. "Pfui," I repeated.

—Frank Littler.

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Are all those couples really shot to hell
Because she loves, though wisely, not too well?

—Richard Boeth.

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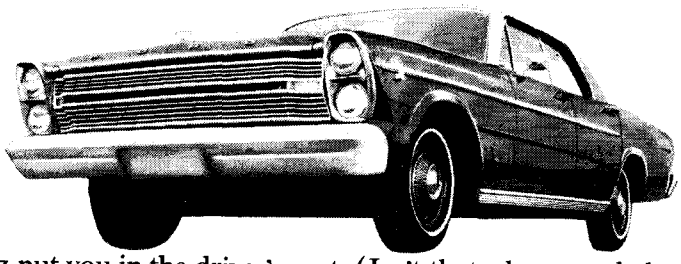

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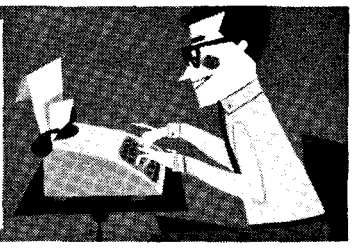

The Second Caesarian

IN THE muddled lexicon of television, "The Second Season" is a misleading misnomer for the second half-season after a misadvised first half-season of misgotten mishap.

So, after an appropriate and laborious period of gestation, the ABC Network, which coined "The Second Season," begot three immature creations in the most untidy conception on record—*Batman, The Blue Light,* and *The Double Life of Henry Phyfe.* All of which will most likely go on to make the vaunted top ten, twenty, or whatever, but none of which deserves much space here, and certainly not the columns of paid newspaper space which the network contracted to herald their birth.

Briefly, then: *Batman* is described as "high camp," hip translation of "tongue in cheek." It came out tongue in check. The depressor must have been applied to producer William Dozier, who strangely has had several important TV credits to his worth in earlier days of the medium.

Lines of so-called high camp dialogue: The checkroom girl in a nightclub to Batman, who arrives in his blue leotards and cape: "May I check your cape?"... Headwaiter at the nightclub: "Would you like a table down front?" Batman: "No, thanks. I don't want to appear conspicuous."

If high camp is tongue-in-cheek comedy it can't be expressed in a series of obvious and trite one-liners. If these lines are samples of high camp, à la TV, then Milton Berle, Bob Hope, and Red Skelton have been high camp for years. And *Batman* is an elongated paraphrase of their metier, performed somewhat less ably than those three gentlemen might have, and indeed have, done it.

However, *Batman* did serve one purpose. The conclusion of the premiere half-hour program found Robin about to be put away by the evil Riddler. The screen shouted at us over a series of fiery red-lettered printing: "Will Robin escape? Will the Riddler kill him? Will Batman arrive in time to save him? The worst is yet to come!" And sure enough, minutes later on came the second of this trilogy—*The Blue Light.* What a promo!

The Blue Light turned out to be a counterespionage half-hour starring Robert Goulet, who, with nothing in the script to go on but his good looks gave what is possibly the poorformance of the year. How a TV vice president who read the script of *The Blue Light* could have given it the green light is beyond my ken. Sample dialogue line: The beautiful girl espionage agent is asked if she is acquainted with another agent who is known as Spalding. She replies: "I've known him a long time. We became—ah—shall we say—ah—close?" Yes, let's say that. Tell us more. Had she only!

The Double Life of Henry Phyfe is, of all things, about a bungling agent. Red Buttons and Fred Clark toiled hard to lead this imitation of other bungling agents that have been, and doubtless will be, cluttering our screen, but like all double lives it didn't lead easily.

So much for the ABC Second Season. CBS also came up with one. They tried putting a lion in our tank in a show called *Daktari,* set in the jungles of Africa. It has to its advantage three gifted actors. It's the story of a veterinarian, his daughter, and an assistant who tend wild animals in the jungle with the help of a cross-eyed lion, a chimpanzee, and a baby elephant, the three gifted actors.

TRADE gobbledegook has it that these are the shows our teen-agers want. It's the old, tired story of catering to the twelve-year-old minds. But which twelve-year-old minds are catering to whose twelve-year-old minds? I have the feeling the twelve-year-old minds in network programing think the twelve-year-old-minded viewers think they want these shows. Little twelve-year-old Eddie Sherrick sitting over at one of the networks doing his ABCs and decimal rating tables recently made a speech at his confirmation, or whatever, in which he stated unequivocally: "I watch any program on my network that has a high rating." And a happy Second Season's watching to him.

If I have been on too long with these four new TV specimens it is only in the clinical interest of those viewers who may have mistakenly thought that the medium had reached bottom even before this Second Season. It seems, alas, there are yet many undiscovered, unexplored false bottoms. The lamentable part is that the network presidents haven't thrown the cotton-program-pickin' vice presidents out on theirs.

—GOODMAN ACE.

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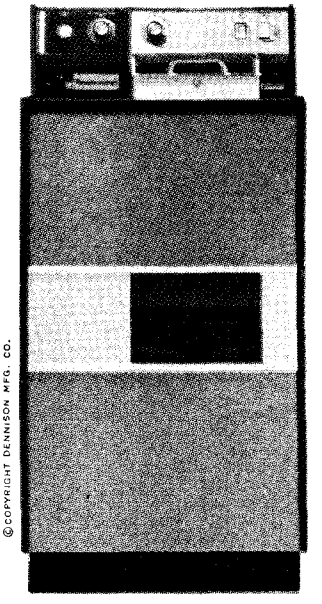

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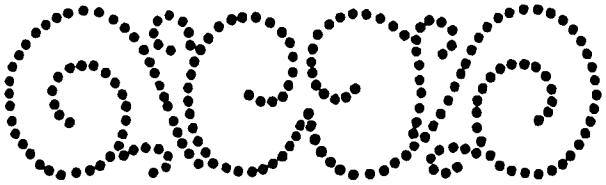

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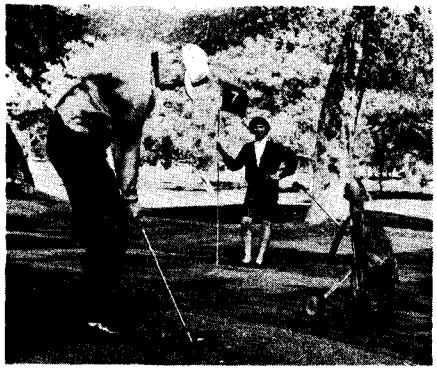

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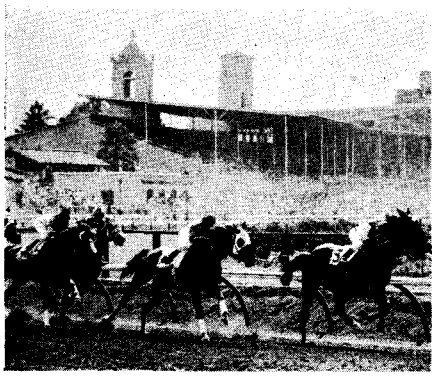

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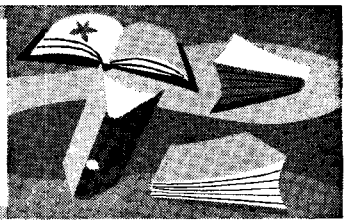

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Actually, I don't really expect that

many of my readers are prepared to part suddenly with that much, but I mention it to dramatize the plight of the library. Briefly, the situation is that the eighty-one branches and a few other activities of the library receive public funds to keep from going broke, but the Central Research Library doesn't. It has to live on the income from its endowment, and ever since 1948 that hasn't been enough. This year it's not enough by more than $1,000,000; once again donors are needed.

The Central Research Library is, of course, the familiar main reading room, the 4,000,000 books, the 700 employees, the reference service used by 5,000 daily, the 25,000,000 file cards, and so on. There are special rooms and collections where you can easily look up Heywood Broun's review of *Abie's Irish Rose* or whether your ancestors came over on the *Mauretania* or the *Mayflower*. You can look up Khrushchev's phone number in the Moscow phone book or you can find Al Capone's home address in an old Miami Beach city directory. You would not be reading Barbara Tuchman's *The Proud Tower* if she hadn't had the Library to go to, nor would many fine theatrical stage settings have been created if designers had been unable to delve into the library's wealth of material for ideas and period knowledge. Fifty years from now someone may need the notes of the Burundi cabinet meeting of last December, and the chances are they'll be available. Right now the notes are in the library attic, waiting to be processed along with a lot of more timely material that is immobilized because of lack of funds.

Each year the library asks for money in large sums, so it can build up its capital. Naturally, intermediate or tiny sums are welcome, but even if you merely wish to visit and make use of the free facilities of this extraordinary institution, you are welcome, too. The Central Research Library is open every single day, having closed its doors but twice in more than half a century, once after President Kennedy's assassination and once because of a savage blizzard some years back.

Based on a script by playwright Christopher Fry, director John Huston is in the midst of making a motion picture, *The Bible*, which will run more than three hours when it's finished and cut. A real interesting part is the beginning, where red dust swirls and a clump of earth slowly stirs and moves. It's a human being! It's Adam! He gets up. Later Eve appears. They are "nude."

What is surprising is that when we get a close look at the happy couple they are blue-eyed blonds. Eve, in fact, is played by a nineteen-year-old Swedish babe. Now, wait a minute! There weren't any of them back then, were there? I asked anthropologist Ashley Montagu and he scoffed.

"Adam and Eve were probably black," he told me, "since the human species almost certainly originated in Africa, in a high sunlight area. Hence,

they needed melanin to protect them against the dangerous rays of the sun. It is highly unlikely Eve was of Swedish nationality or that the Garden of Eden was in Sweden, but from what I am told about the women, it would seem to have been a mistake to have placed it elsewhere. The story of Genesis makes no reference to 'race' whatsoever."

Perhaps John Huston, who says about the film, "I'm shooting it as if I were in the presence of God," should have waited for an answer to his prayers before he did his casting.

A lot of people thought the satirical magazine *Monocle* had gone out of business, for there hadn't been an issue for more than a year. But it has reappeared in a revolutionary format. Editor Victor

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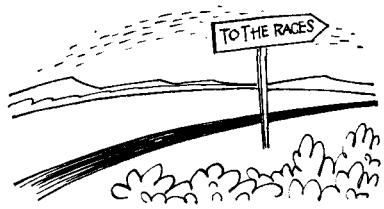
Navasky calls it revolutionary because the new publication will vary in size, price, shape, frequency of issue, and, in fact, in all ways, depending on what the staff has in mind. *Monocle* will come out only when there is a crisis. Now there is a crisis, and this *Monocle* is indeed a savage satire on our experience in Vietnam, with Lou Myers's drawings and text by politicians and soldiers over the last ten years. This *Monocle* was worth the wait.

Sharps and Flats: I wonder what the weather was in Berkeley, California, December 1 at 11 A.M. The university was to hold ground-breaking ceremonies for the Auditorium Theater. In case of rain, the announcement said, they were to break ground in the Pauley Ballroom.

► Tom Scheuer is organizing a campaign against the use of the phrase "The So-and-So World of So-and-So" in the titles of books, articles, movies, and television shows.

► In Japan our Far Eastern Network told of the birth of Princess Michiko's second son, the announcer stating, "Mother and child are doing well. The baby will be christened in about a month." There have been a lot of changes in Japan, but we haven't converted the Imperial family yet.



► How come all the new interstate turnpikes seem to lead right past dog and horse tracks?

► J. Philip Klinger, minister of the Methodist Church in Battle Ground, Indiana, tells me of a printing error in the church bulletin announcing the service of Infant Baptism. The message was printed: "Parents wishing babies on Palm Sunday or Easter please contact the pastor for instructions."

► Josh Billings said, "There ain't nothing so easy to write as poetry, if you know how." —JEROME BEATTY, JR.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1661)

LOUISE HALL THARP:
MRS. JACK

The masculine comment attributed to Tom Appleton became one of the "Mrs. Jack legends." Belle, arriving late at a party, was coming up the stairs as Appleton descended.

"Pray, who undressed you!" Boston's famous wit was moved to remark.

"Worth," said Mrs. Jack. "Didn't he do it well?"

SR's Check List of the Week's New Books

Anthropology

MARQUESAN SEXUAL BEHAVIOR. By Robert C. Suggs. Harcourt, Brace & World. $5.95.

Art

JAPANESE ART: A Collector's Guide. By Alex R. Newman and Egerton Ryerson. Barnes. $12.50.

Crime, Suspense

THE CASE OF THE INNOCENT VICTIMS. By John Creasey. Scribners. $3.95.

CODE THREE. By Rick Raphael. Simon & Schuster. $3.95.

THE TWISTED THING. By Mickey Spillane. Dutton. $3.95.

Current Affairs

FRANCE. By John C. Cairns. Prentice-Hall. Hardbound, $4.95. Paperback, $1.95.

THE MISSILE CRISIS. By Elie Abel. Lippincott. $4.95.

VIETNAM HEARINGS: Voices from the Grassroots. A record of hearings conducted by Congressman Robert W. Kastenmeier. Doubleday. Paperback, $1.95.

Education

A MONTESSORI HANDBOOK. Edited by R. C. Orem. Putnam. $4.95.

TOWARD A THEORY OF INSTRUCTION. By Jerome S. Bruner. Harvard Univ. Press. $3.95.

Fiction

THE BURNING SKY. By James Hall Roberts. Morrow. $4.95.

DINK'S BLUES. By Marilyn Hoff. Harcourt, Brace & World. $4.95.

THE DUKE OF WAR. By Walter O'Meara. Harcourt, Brace & World. $4.50.

THE EGYPTOLOGISTS. By Kingsley Amis and Robert Conquest. Random House. $4.95.

FLOWERS IN THE MIRROR. By Li Ju-chen. Univ. of California Press. $5.

GIVE ME LIBERTY: A Novel of Patrick Henry. By Noel B. Gerson. Doubleday. $4.95.

MULLIGAN'S PIRATES. By Don Stanford. Simon & Schuster. $4.50.

THE TENANT. By Roland Topor. Doubleday. $3.95.

VALLEY OF THE DOLLS. By Jacqueline Susann. Bernard Geis. $5.95.

A WILDERNESS OF MIRRORS. By Max Frisch. Random House. $6.

History

THE HOUSE OF SELEUCUS. By Edwyn Robert Bevan. Barnes & Noble. $15.

THE INTERNATIONAL BRIGADES: Spain, 1936-1939. By Vincent Brome. Morrow. $6.

WORLD AFFAIRS SINCE 1919. By Peter Wales. Roy. $3.

Literary Criticism

THE ART OF EMILY DICKINSON'S POETRY. By David T. Porter. Harvard Univ. Press. $4.95.

Miscellany

THE ASPEN STORY. By John and Frankie O'Rear. Barnes. $6.95.

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MAORI MYTHS AND TRIBAL LEGENDS. By Arthony Alpers. Houghton Mifflin. $6.50.

TALES TOLD BY FOSSILS. By Carroll Lane Fenton. Doubleday. $4.95.

Personal History

ALLENBY OF ARABIA. By Brian Gardner. Coward-McCann. $6.50.

DE GAULLE By François Mauriac. Doubleday. $4.50.

DUNCAN DANCER. By Irma Duncan. Wesleyan Univ. Press. $6.95.

JOURNAL OF A PSYCHOANALYST-PRIEST. By Paul Jury. Lyle Stuart. $4.

MARQUIS DE SADE: Selected Letters. Edited by Gilbert Lely. October House. $8.50.

Philosophy, Religion

ENGLISH PHILOSOPHY SINCE 1900. By G. J. Warnock. Oxford Univ. Press. Paperback, $1.95.

ESSAYS IN MODERN ENGLISH CHURCH HISTORY. Edited by G. V. Bennett and J. D. Walsh. Oxford Univ. Press. $5.75.

EVEN SO . . . BELIEVE. By Chester A. Pennington. Abingdon. $2.50.

FESTIVAL. By Charles Morris. Braziller. $4.

THE FUNERAL: Vestige or Value? By Paul E. Irion. Abingdon. $4.50.

HOW MEN WORSHIP. By F. H. Hilliard. Roy. $3.75.

MANI AND MANICHAEISM. By George Widengren. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $8.50.

MARY: A History of Doctrine and Devotion. Vol. II. By Hilda Graef. Sheed & Ward. $4.

MEPHISTOPHELES AND THE ANDROGYNE: Studies in Religious Myth and Symbol. By Mircea Eliade. Sheed & Ward. $5.

THE MESSAGE AND ITS MESSENGERS. By Daniel T. Niles. Abingdon. $2.50.

THE THEOLOGY OF ST. JOHN. By Joseph Crehan. Sheed & Ward. $3.50.

Poetry

POEMS: An Handful with Quietness. By John Stewart Carter. Houghton Mifflin. Hardbound, $3.95. Paperback, $1.95.

SELECTED POEMS. By Günter Grass. Harcourt, Brace & World. $3.95.

THE VAUDEVILLE MARRIAGE. By Sandra Hochman. Viking. $3.95.

Travel

AFRICA. By Emil Schultess. Viking. $6.95.

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SOUTH OF ROME: A Spring and Summer in Southern Italy and Sicily. By Robert M. Coates. Sloane. $6.

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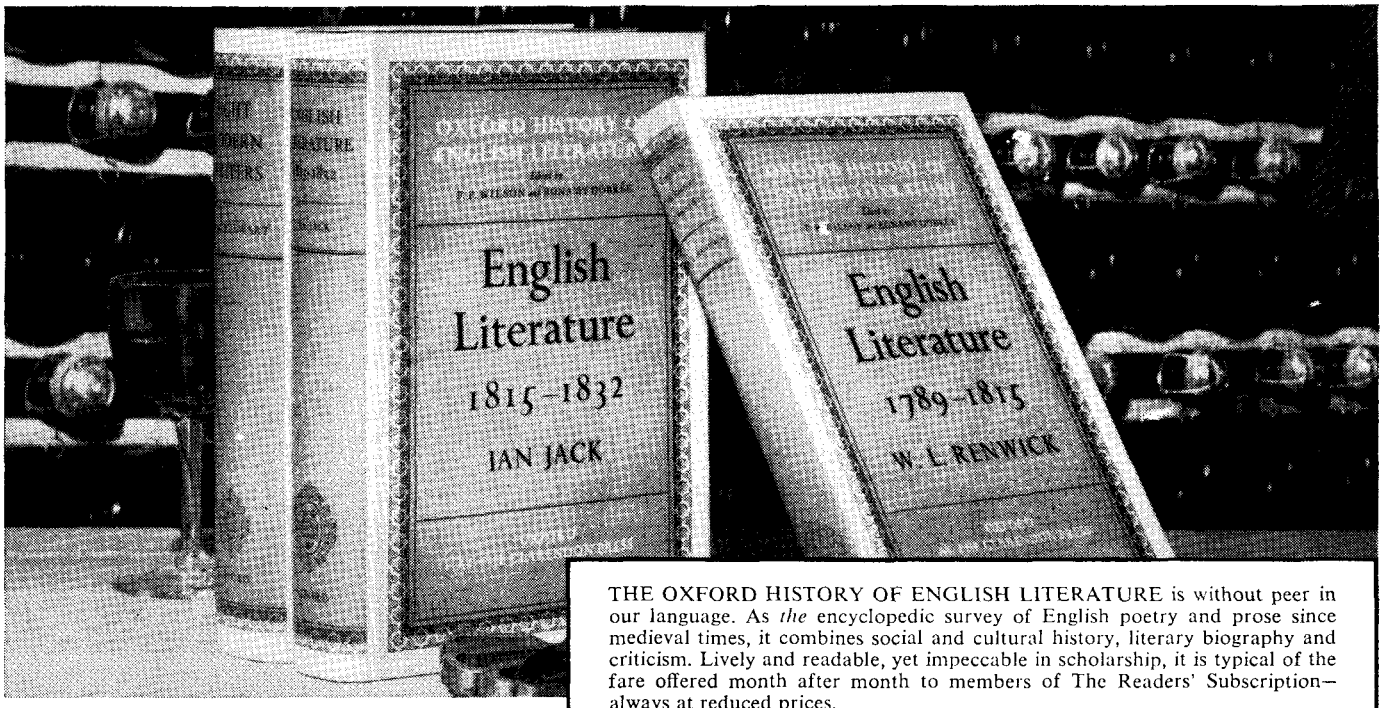

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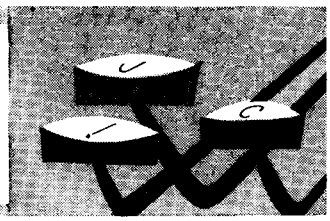

New York: Don't Say Hello: I have noted, first during the blackout, and again in the first days of the transportation strike, how many newspaper and radio commentators (and maybe some on TV, which I do not watch) took occasion to sing the joys of a new-found friendliness among New Yorkers.

Perhaps all these commentators were expiating a common guilt for all those incidents in which New Yorkers had witnessed acts of violence and done nothing about it, not even phoned the police from the safety of their homes when they heard the screams of a woman being murdered outside their windows. None of them wanted to get involved. And then, of course, there are the dark incidents of those who did get involved in trying to stop trouble that was not their own and who were killed or injured for their pains, or who ran into trouble with the police, who do have a free-handed tendency to pick up all parties to a disturbance and to ask questions at their own later pleasure.

It is not hard to understand that reluctance to jump into someone else's fight, much as we may be shamed by such cowardice. New York can be savage. And certainly there are humanoid animals among us. Outside an opium den (as I imagine such dens to be), or the vistas of Asiatic poverty, or the atrocious memories of the Dachaus, I wonder if there can be a more depressing experience of the human race than to walk Forty-second Street from Broadway to Eighth Avenue. It is Scum Beach there these days, and not even the Bowery can offer so many inhuman faces.

Small towns have their humanoid animals, too, but not in such concentration and not hidden in the cloak of anonymity that is the natural gift of New York. It is anonymity that most emboldens the animals. Whatever the mood and method of their depravity, they find it easy to strike and disappear, leaving behind them nothing but the victim and the silence of the passers-by, or at best a series of conflicting descriptions.

"Isn't it nice, General? Someday you'll be replaced by a machine."

The presence of these beasts is enough in itself to impose a restraint on New Yorkers. Nor do they always wear animal uniforms. Nor is their ruin always instantly apparent in their faces. That man at the bar with you, or waiting for the elevator, or lounging in your doorway may be all right, but you don't know him, there is no reason for trying to know him, and you have no way of guessing what he would turn out to be if you did get to know him. Better to leave him alone. There are, heaven knows, enough people in New York that you do know. Pass by in silence and call it luck when the silence remains unbroken.

Then something happens. The city is blacked out. Executive-looking types are sleeping on the benches in Penn Station. People are stranded on the streets or clustered around any radio. Traffic comes to a halt. It is Emergency Day and not only is everyone easily friendly, but even the normal working of crime comes to a halt.

Later New Yorkers think back to that easy friendliness of those strange days and even wish they might find it again. I am not at all sure, however, that they really would be made glad by it as a normal thing. I know I would not be.

FOR if the anonymity New York grants us is a problem, it is also a blessing. In small towns it is natural and easy to be passingly friendly with everyone nearby, and in small towns it works. But in New York there are too many people nearby. Just try to imagine walking down Madison Avenue and being friendly to everyone you meet there! Not only would you never get where you were going, but you would be making a nuisance of yourself to thousands of people with their own errands to run. The very multitude of people makes it necessary for us to stare through and beyond one another.

Nor do I see anything wrong with that New York stare. If I read it correctly it speaks an implicit contract whose terms are: "Leave me the freedom of my anonymity and I will leave you the freedom of yours."

That may not be exactly folksy, but were I to get folksy with everyone riding the elevators at 380 Madison, or were the elevator-riders in general to get folksy with one another, it would take forever to get into and out of the building. People would be finishing friendly conversations with one foot in the elevator door, the buzzers would be buzzing an indignant Morse code, and every act of leaving or entering the building would be a lunatic rally.

Similarly, were I living in an apartment house, I would not care to know who lives above me, below me, or in the next apartment on either side. I want

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to choose my friends: I do not care to have them thrust upon me by the rental agency. And I do not want people dropping in to borrow whatever neighbors borrow, nor to chitchat whatever neighbors chitchat.

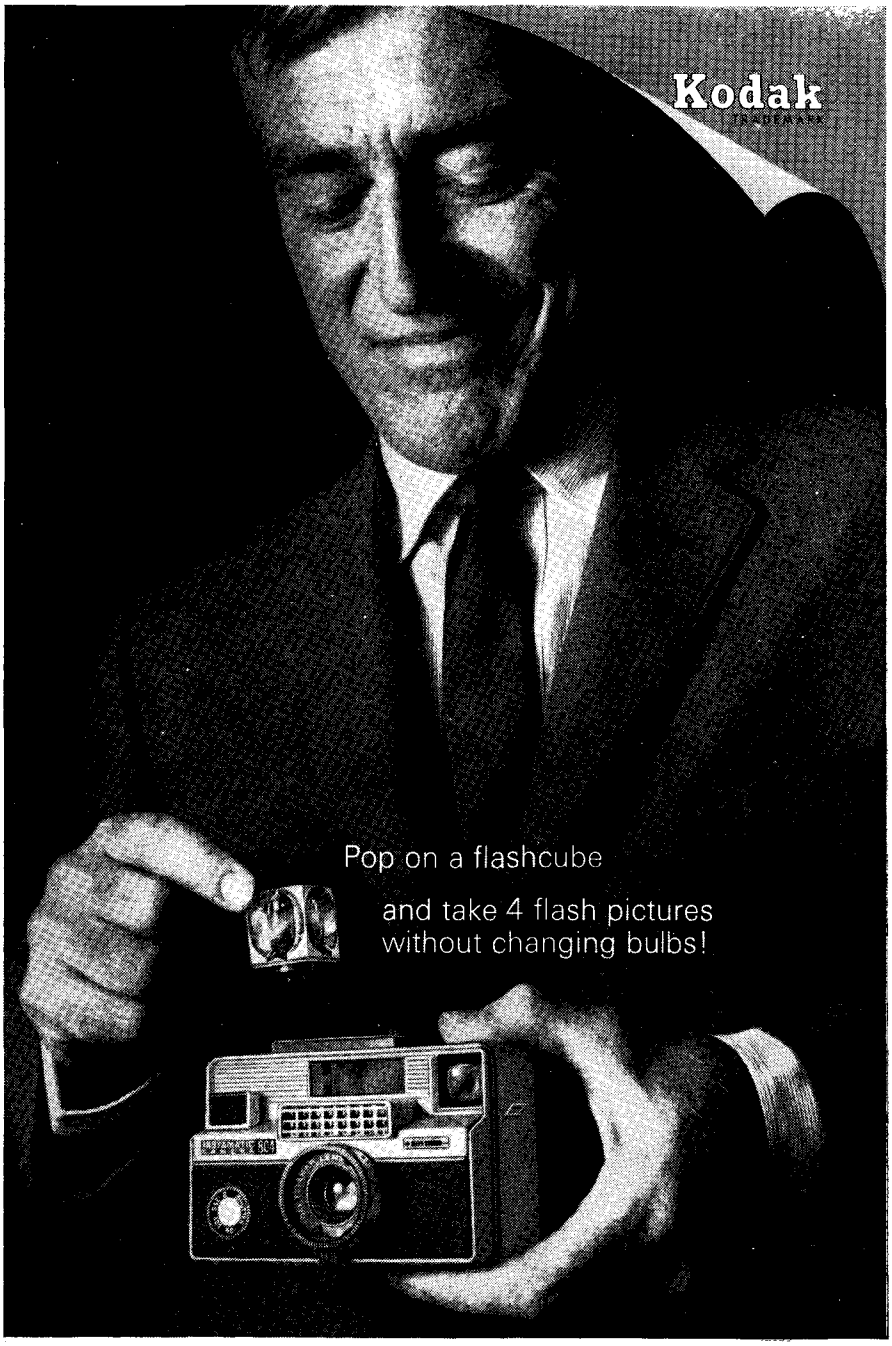
It isn't that I dislike you, neighbor, but I might if I got to know you, and if we had once played at being friendly, and if I do ever find you to be a bore, how do I then avoid you when you are living right there? One of the joys of New York is in the ease with which any man may avoid the people he chooses to avoid. And it is a joy, or at least a possibility toward joy, that I am not ready to surrender.

New Yorkers, I believe, are ready to be casually friendly exactly to the degree that the line of retreat to their necessary anonymity is covered. Strangers do talk at a bar, but they never identify themselves, and their chat is forever ended when one of them walks out the door.

Or—above all others—there is the cabbie. Get into the back seat, tell him where you want to go, and, the chances are, you will find yourself in instant, even possibly intimate conversation. Cabbies have told me their sex lives, their problems with their children, wives, and in-laws, their views on New York city-planning, their dreams of retiring to run a marina, their hatred of the police, their considered philosophy of life, and their predictions for the day's races, separately or in any combination, all within a five-minute ride plus fifteen minutes' standing-time in the traffic jam. And I have made up my own lies to pass the time. We aren't saying anything: we're just talking, and we are free to play any conversational game we choose exactly because we know it will be broken off in mid-sentence and that we will probably never meet again, or that if we do meet again we will not know we have met before. The cabbie does, of course, have his name, photo, and license displayed in the cab, but who ever pays any attention to that? We have our anonymity in common, and because we have a secure pact to respect it, we may be as casually friendly as we please.

Maybe New York needs a central exchange for just such casual friendliness; say a series of telephone numbers that plug into one another and that cannot be traced, but that are there to be called by anyone who wants to rattle on, baring his soul at random, but secure in the knowledge that he can hang up whenever he wants to and go back to being anonymous.

It *can* be lonely at times inside that anonymity, but let a small-town friendliness echo through those canyons and the future would be chaos forever, bumper to bumper and nose to nose from here to infinity. —JOHN CIARDI.



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Saturday Review
February 12, 1966

SHOULD HISTORIANS WRITE CONTEMPORARY HISTORY?

By HENRY STEELE COMMAGER

"NOTHING in postwar publishing history," says the *New York Times*, "has aroused such outrage as the flood of memoirs about President Kennedy that is cascading toward the bookstalls." "Outrage" is perhaps too strong a term for the reaction; what we have, rather, is dismay and alarm. Is it proper for those who hold positions of confidence, those who have enjoyed the intimacy of men in high places, to reveal the confidences and report the circumstances of the intimacies? The question sounds simple, but is really difficult. Is it a question of "confidence" in any genuine sense? Is there any evidence that what Professor Arthur Schlesinger and Theodore Sorensen are now revealing was told them in confidence explicit or implicit? Or is it all perhaps merely a matter of timing: Do confidences lose their radioactivity, as it were, with the passing of time? Is it one of right, or of wisdom, or merely of good taste?

Much of the reaction to recent disclosures, particularly those by Arthur Schlesinger, has been superficial and intemperate. This is not "history," we are told, but something different; it is "keyhole history"; it is "mischievous gossip;" it is a "breach of historical propriety" or a "breach of confidence." But the issues that emerge transcend propriety or taste (the standards here are anything but clear) or even the right of privacy. They involve considerations of the nature of history and the responsibility of the historian, the claims of public interest, and the nature of techniques of censorship.

Hard cases, Justice Holmes observed, make bad law. That is nowhere more true than in the broad area of censorship, tangible or intangible. It is almost always the hard case that attracts attention and precipitates an issue; and each case—whether the invasion of privacy, the violation of good taste, or the expression of pernicious ideas—always seems, to some vigilant critics, so serious that it calls for emergency action regardless of principles or of due process.

Thus the Schlesinger and the Sorensen books are discussed as if they constitute new and unique examples of the invasion of privacy, the exploitation of intimacy, or the criticism of public officials by indirection.

But this is not a new problem. Ever since Thucydides, historians have been writing about their contemporaries, and no one thinks the worse of Clarendon, or Bolingbroke, or, for that matter, of Herndon or Badeau, of Hopkins and of Ickes, for writing of the Administrations they served and the monarchs or the Presidents they knew. But there is a new aspect and a new urgency to the problem today. Lincoln must have known that Nicolay and Hay were historical-minded, and Franklin Roosevelt had historians in his official entourage, but no President before Kennedy had chosen a historian as a confidant. Now President Johnson has a historian on his staff, and it is a safe prediction that the historian will become, in the future, as familiar a feature of the White House landscape as the press secretary or the social secretary. If we are to lay down ground rules for the recording of history, it is a good idea not to formulate them on the basis of emotional reaction to a particular and highly unusual case.

It is the statement that by '63 President Kennedy "made up his mind to accept Rusk's resignation after the 1964 election, and seek a new Secretary" that has excited the sharpest attention and the most ardent controversy. The objections to this allegation really boil down to a question of "good taste." If the allegation is untrue, or misleading, others (like Vice President Humphrey) will challenge it. If it is true, it by no means follows that it weakens Secretary Rusk's position, nor does it commit President Johnson. One President is not required, or expected, to adopt the views of another; the important thing is that President Johnson has confidence in Mr. Rusk.

INDEED the excitement over revelations of Kennedy's attitude toward Secretary Rusk—an attitude of somewhat exasperated admiration—is for the most part factitious. More important, certainly more relevant to the current situation, is Schlesinger's demonstration of Secretary McNamara's lack of foresight and his preference for solutions that lent themselves to statistical computation, or his revelation that Governor Harriman lacked confidence in the military and particularly in General Krulack, whom he thought "a fool." Surely more important is the story—we may almost say the evidence—that the CIA deliberately deceived both Secretary Rusk and Ambassador Stevenson at the time of the Bay of Pigs crisis, and, again, that in 1959 the CIA usurped the prerogatives of the State Department and, presumably, of President Eisenhower, in conducting its own foreign policy in Laos, and that at one time the Phoumi regime in Laos was receiving American military aid while the neutralized Souvanna government was receiving economic aid. Assuredly far more sobering than any criticism of Rusk is Schlesinger's verdict on the CIA that "The CIA had its own political desks and military staffs; it had in effect its own foreign service, its own air force, even, on occasion, its own combat forces. Moreover the CIA declined to clear its clandestine intelligence operations either with the State Department in Washington or with the Ambassador in the field."

It is a good idea to keep in mind that neither Schlesinger nor Sorensen was an "official" historian; neither was under

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MY 12 YEARS WITH JOHN F. KENNEDY
An Election Won, a Son
President Kennedy Rated 'Doers' Over 'Thinkers'
Schlesinger on the Frontier
Schlesinger Says Kennedy Downgraded Vietn
Believes President Later Saw War as 'His Gravest Failure'
JFk: Time's Toll
The Rusk Re
Schlesinger Depicts Johnson in Eclipse In Vice Presidency
The JFK Legend
MARQUIS CHILDS
THE FINAL DAYS OF
John F. Kennedy
BY HIS PERSONAL SECRETARY, EVELYN LINCOLN

any obligation either to write or to refrain from writing what he saw, heard, and thought; neither was bound to produce just the kind of report that a particular segment of the public happened to want. Assuredly such independence and freedom are desirable: Would any of us trust "official" historians, pledged to give us only the kind of history guaranteed to hurt no feelings, to reveal no secrets, to shock no sensibilities?

LET us turn, then, to the pros and cons of this debate over the wisdom, propriety, and utility of such revelations as are coming from Schlesinger and Sorensen.

There is, to be sure, no question of overt censorship. Even those who are most outraged do not suggest that. But there is a question of censorship nevertheless—censorship through the operation of impalpable pressures of critical opinion or professional disapproval, pressures that may discourage future Presidents, future historians, from embarking upon such enterprises as now agitate us.

Here are some of the arguments that are advanced against encouraging "premature" publication of affairs of state.

There is, first of all, the natural and almost instinctive feeling that this sort of thing simply isn't done—that disclosures of "private" conversations or of confidences, particularly if they reflect ungenerously on others, are in bad taste, and that scholars are bound by the canons of good taste. This attitude in turn rests on a series of assumptions—that what is disclosed was indeed confidential; that the rule of silence thus imposed by moral considerations is a continuing one; and that the scholar is bound in his scholarly as in his private conduct to respect conventional standards of good taste.

Closely allied with this is a second consideration, that publication of confidential information may do grave injury or give serious pain to men and women still alive and still in public position—a Dean Rusk, for example, or a General Eisenhower—and that the threat of indiscretions of this kind may therefore dissuade first-rate men from exposing themselves to such risks of public life. Thus society might be deprived by these indiscretions of the services of just the men it most needs.

Third, it is alleged that premature disclosures may do harm to historical truth and understanding. With the best will in the world, historians who make such revelations cannot but be partial, the revelations themselves incomplete and misleading. We know from a hundred earlier examples that anyone may misunderstand or misinterpret what he hears, or that his memory may play him false. Thus, to place authority behind a statement of policy or a judgment of character, when he who made it is no longer here to explain or elaborate it, is to harden prematurely the crust, to fix prematurely the pattern, of history.

The very danger that what was said, even if not in confidence, but merely in a moment of exasperation, or of irritability, might be reported could well inhibit those in positions of authority from speaking their minds at all, and might thus deny them an essential safety valve. Everyone needs such a safety valve, and those who bear heavy burdens need it with special urgency.

It would be absurd to suppose that writers like Professor Schlesinger and Mr. Sorensen have failed to consider all of these objections, to weigh them in the balance against the arguments for publication of what clearly appears to them to be valid history, just as it would be absurd to suppose that they have not, in fact, exercised discretion and restraint in what they have said or not said at all times.

What are some of the arguments for such publications as Professor Schlesinger's?

First, almost any historical or biographical study of the contemporary scene is bound to leave a trail of hurt feelings and injured *amour-propre*. Where only private persons are concerned, and there is no public interest in disclosures that might prove painful, there is a strong case for discretion and even for silence. But with public figures, or those whose careers affect the public, the situation is quite different. Disclosures, comments, interpretations of all kinds, just and unjust, generous and ungenerous, are part of the risks of the game and those who go into public life must be prepared to take the risks. Indeed, if we grant that there is no legitimate public interest in purely private persons, it might be asserted that the more exalted the public person the more legitmate the public interest.

WHAT of the allegation that early disclosure is bound to be partial and fragmentary, and therefore does not so much reveal, as falsify, history? True enough, but this is a criticism of all history, not just of contemporary. Historians can never hope to know the whole truth about the battle of Waterloo, the attack on Fort Sumpter, or the negotiations at Munich. If it be said that we should wait until all the evidence is available, it will be answered that all the evidence will never be available. The danger of holding off publication to some distant future is far greater than the danger of "premature" publication, and this for two obvious reasons: First, that the record might never be put down at all (who can doubt that the prospect of publication is an immense stimulus to literary creation?); second, that if we wait until all those who might be embarrassed or chagrined by any disclosures have passed from the scene, there will not be that opportunity for chal-

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lenge, correction, explanation, and elaboration so essential to arriving at the final verdict. Douglas Freeman used to say that there was nothing like a court-martial for getting at the truth about a battle or a campaign; perhaps charges and countercharges are not less necessary in arriving at the truth about politics or diplomacy.

But there is a larger consideration than any that might be regarded as merely professional. It is the public interest in getting at the truth. In our kind of society the whole public has an obligation and a right to know all that can be known about the conduct of public affairs; only if there is provision for and assurance of this can the principle of "eternal vigilance" operate. Experience has no doubt shown that some things are better arranged without the public —or the television cameras—looking over the shoulders of those who are engaged in hammering out policies. It is not a good idea—to take an extreme example—to let the public in on decision-making in time of war; it is not helpful to have "open diplomacy" if that means letting in the reporters to record the give and take around the conference table. But we all know that secrecy is the first resort of those who do not want to give an account of themselves, and that secrecy is used to cover a multitude of sins of omission and of commission—ineptitude, incompetence, blundering, and even wickedness. As the *Guardian* of Manchester has recently observed, the British policy of withholding information about government policies for fifty years "seems to be little more than politicians' and civil servants' dislike of being made to feel uncomfortable, together with the national propensity to keep power within a small elite."

We cannot, for example, have much sympathy with those who allege that secrecy is so essential to detecting lawbreakers that officials must be allowed to indulge in wiretapping; the public interest in discouraging wiretapping is greater than its interest in detecting criminals. We cannot have sympathy with those who allege that secrecy is so essential to ferreting out "subversives" that the ancient protections of due process must go by the board; preserving due process is more important than detecting alleged subversives. Those who invoke secrecy in these areas do not come into court with clean hands, and we are justified in thinking the same of those who invoke secrecy in other areas.

Thus there are doubtless risks in premature publication, but these are far less than the risks of tardy publication or of no publication. The risk to men in high places that their ill-considered remarks or opinions may echo in history long after they are gone is real, too, but far less serious than the risk that those in positions of power may come to rely on immunity from awkward disclosures.

Much of the current controversy over premature or indiscreet disclosure focuses on Professor Schlesinger's revelations about President Kennedy's attitude toward the State Department, the Pentagon, and the CIA. Now leaving aside the argument of bad taste—for it may be bad taste *not* to disclose facts to the public —is it really clear that the revelation of the President's disillusionment with the CIA and the Pentagon and his misgivings about the State Department are contrary to public interest? If the President was mistaken (or if Professor Schlesinger proves to be mistaken in his report) it is highly improbable that the position of the Pentagon, the CIA or the State will be damaged. If the Presidential judgment—or disillusionment—was justified, however, it is clearly to the interest of the nation that this be known. Thus if the CIA is really deceiving almost everybody in the government from the President down, the sooner the public knows this the better. In either event the controversy can safely be relied upon to bring into the open criticisms that have heretofore been covert, and that is all to the good. Finally, if, as has been asserted, President Kennedy's failure to act on his convictions reveals a weakness—rather than mere amiability—in his character, that, too, is a consideration of importance to the student of the executive power.

But it will be asserted that disclosures such as those by Professor Schlesinger suffer from an inherent and ineradicable vice: that no matter how accurate, how well authenticated, they may be, they are still misleading, for they leave out all the atmosphere, the nuances, the tone of voice, the gestures—all those things that suffuse any statement with a special meaning that even the highest literary art can rarely recapture. True enough, but this is true of all historical reporting with a few exceptions such as Boswell's *Johnson* or Herndon's *Lincoln*. Furthermore, there is a built-in protection here: the common sense of readers. Surely none familiar with the literature of politics will be so literal-minded as to accept whatever is reported at face value. Read-

(*Continued on page 47*)

"But how could you bring another human being into such a world! Unobtainable servants! Imitation mink! Open enrolment at Radcliffe! . . ."

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How Not to Rate a Poet

By HAYDEN CARRUTH

IN LITERATURE from time to time—though still, taking all human history into account, infrequently—people with artistic ability are born at the precise moment that permits the spontaneous exploitation of their temperaments. These are the people who create individual styles; more than that, they create styles with unmistakable elements of novelty. If they work hard and have great good luck, they become the master artists, those to whom we all look and for whom we all hope. Their works fill the anthologies of after ages, and their influence spreads broadly among other artists, and sometimes even among the people at large.

Yet master artists are not the ones who keep literature going. They are too few; in many periods we have simply none at all. Curiously, while literature is composed of the works of masters, literature is kept going by something quite different: the mechanism of a dynamic culture; and this mechanism in a real sense is sustained not by the works of masters but by the far more voluminous works of journeymen and apprentices.

Practically speaking, the cultural mechanism is a huge institutional apparatus—magazines, book publishing houses, universities, libraries, foundations, even in most countries departments of government. If this apparatus were dependent solely upon the supply of extant masterpieces, it would soon run down; it needs a steady flow of new work, texts to be printed, distributed, studied, glossed, stored, subsidized. The single purpose of all this activity, at least from the point of view of the detached cultural observer, is to keep the apparatus in good order, so that when the master artist appears he will find the means ready to hand for the dissemination of his work. And of course there is a noninstitutional side to it also: the sensibilities of all the people who are engaged in regulating the apparatus; without a constant exposure to new materials these sensibilities would wither away very quickly, for it is perfectly true that exposure to nothing but masterpieces is as bad as exposure to nothing at all. Finally, moreover, the apparatus does not consist simply of its most powerful parts, which are often called the Establishment, but of the entire concatenation from the center to the fringe, from the top to the bottom. The whole business is supported by the work of journeymen and apprentices.

Sometimes it doesn't work, obviously. A master is born who lives without recognition and works without publication. However, this is less common than the romanticists among cultural historians like to believe. Indeed, we ought only to be surprised that in a radically imperfect universe any social mechanism as deeply and necessarily entangled in subjective error as the literary apparatus should work at all.

These observations come to me as a result of a recent experience. A poem of mine has been rather badly received by the reviewers. Nothing at all unusual about that, of course, and my indignation and melancholy have no importance to anyone except myself. But the experience gives rise to thoughts that I think do have general importance, thoughts about the distinction between masters and journeymen. I hope I may be permitted to write about them in terms of my own experience, because otherwise I should need to spend weeks ransacking the histories and anthologies for other examples, which then would be no more suitable to my purpose than the one I have at my fingertips.

THE poem is called *A Pseudo-Prayer*. I wrote it a number of years ago, I think in 1958 or 1959; in any event, long enough ago to have let my first ardor of composition cool off entirely; but I did not publish it until I included it in a book that came out in the early spring of 1965. It is not my best poem, and I'm thankful in one way for that, yet it isn't my worst either; and when I came to make up the manuscript of my book I decided it was good enough to print. Besides, it was clearly related to other poems in the book. Now the reviewers have had their shots at the book, and most of them have pointed out—sometimes with actually quite funny insinuations of their own cleverness—that this poem is derivative from a poem by Yeats called *A Prayer for My Daughter*, and have complained about it on this account. I don't want to appear to be defending my poem against the reviewers, since aside from considerations of propriety I really don't feel that strongly about it, but at the same time a number of comments are in order.

First, my intention was not to disguise the poem's derivation, but on the contrary to make a point of it. I did this, or tried to do it, by means of the title, the stanza form, which is not the same as Yeats's but close to it, the more or less parallel development of ideas, and the use of somewhat Yeatsean rhetorical flourishes. Perhaps I should have gone further, adducing an epigraph from Yeats with his name stuck on it, but this didn't seem necessary, all the more because there are plenty of other allusions to Yeats, explicit and implicit, in the book. Whether or not this kind of allusive poem is poetically legitimate is an argument I don't want to get into; an endless argument and, as far as its objectives go, futile. But certainly such poems have been written in all times by all manner of poets, and in at least a few cases successfully.

Second, speaking not of the poem itself but of the experience that went into it, I can say categorically, it *was* legitimate—actual, personal, of a certain decisive magnitude. What struck me at the time was partly its distant resemblance to Yeats's experience, but much more its difference. When I wrote the poem I hoped, by pointing up its derivation, to show this difference—for one thing, the "Pseudo-Prayer" against the "Prayer"—and I even thought the fundamental meaning of the poem would be revealed *only* through the contrast that to me was obvious. But apparently I failed, since the reviewers have taken the poem to be a simple exercise in imitation and nothing more.

Third, the question of my whole relationship to Yeats, which is, all told, complicated. Greatly reduced and simplified, it is this: his work was the first and strongest influence on me when I began to write. There were others too, of course; but Yeats was the one who hit the hardest. The power of his work upon me had little to do with the particulars of what he was saying, or for that matter with most of the generality; I can scarcely imagine a poet in the modern world with a mind and experience farther away from my own. It was a sensuous thing almost completely, Yeats's rhymes and lines and stanzas getting somehow into my actual nerve endings, retuning them, controlling their own impulses and responses. Is this good or bad? It makes no difference; or at least it is something I can't afford to

(*Continued on page* 43)

Hayden Carruth is a poet whose most recent book, *Nothing for Tigers*, was published last April by Macmillan.

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The Tragic Flaw

A MISCONCEPTION is haunting the world. It is the idea that the main danger of war today is represented by the differences dividing the nations. These differences are serious enough, but they are not nearly so serious as the similarities.

What the nations have in common are ways of dealing with foreign affairs that are inconsistent with the requirements of peace. Their habits are conditioned by long centuries of acting and reacting in the arena of absolute sovereignty. These habits have invariably led to violence in the past and are producing violence today. The habits are readily identifiable. The absolutely sovereign nation arrogates to itself the right of decision, whether or not this impinges on the decisions of others. It has no desire to be governed or limited in its ability to propose or dispose. The aggregate of such desires is combustible and potentially catastrophic. Equally dangerous is the absence of objectivity by one nation in appraising the intentions or actions of others.

The tragic flaw in human society is the inability to apply the yardsticks or requirements of logic or decency that exist inside the nations to the national units in their relations with one another. Codes of morality laboriously built up over centuries for moderating and governing the behavior of men are set aside at precisely the point where they are most needed—the point of confrontation between nations. Up to that point, there are all sorts of restraints and procedures and devices for establishing the facts of a case, for clarifying meaning, for measuring action alongside intent.

Inside the nation, an individual cannot draw up his own rules of evidence or invoke the right to make summary judgments where serious disputes with other individuals are concerned. But then, suddenly, all these elaborate safeguards and civilized procedures cease to have meaning or viability at the national summits. Everything goes into reverse at that point. The distinction between defending the national interests and pursuing them becomes almost impossible to define. Judgments can be arbitrary. The men at the top cannot function outside their context; their defined responsibility is to the nation, not to the human grouping as a whole.

War is not merely the result of a sudden breakdown in communication in the affairs of nations; it is the culmination of it. The communication failure is inherent in the way nations try to communicate and in the exemptions from objective reasoning that nations grant themselves. That is why wars grind on to exhaustion; total subjectivity destroys alternatives and options more thoroughly than bombs destroy cities and villages.

All the world's institutions of learning, no matter how hallowed and ivied, remain monuments to the collective ignorance of man in the techniques for maintaining and nurturing civilization itself. All the efforts of religions to make men aware of their ethical obligations and their spiritual resources are largely wasted and marginal unless they have some bearing on the ideas and actions of the national societies in their intercourse with one another.

Meanwhile, too, all the turnings and churnings of men and groups inside the nations—the quest for individual growth and gain, the thrust for even-higher levels of prosperity—all these can only be regarded as distractions so long as the world lacks a rational or workable method for preserving peace.

At the core of man's evolutionary struggle is the attempt to create the circumstances under which individuals are more rather than less likely to be decent and rational. Students of human behavior don't exhaust themselves trying to determine whether man is inherently good or evil; they concentrate on the conditions that make it possible for the good to emerge and the evil to be arrested. Absolute national sovereignty sets the stage for the least salutary manifestations of human behavior.

It is difficult to say where the new realizations and energies will come from. Most certainly it would be unreasonable and unrealistic to expect the men who are the highest representatives of the absolute sovereignties, and therefore their prime victims, to lead the way. They need—and many of them would welcome—the full involvement of all those who understand the requirements of objectivity, whose values begin with an awareness of the uniqueness of human life, and who know how to see the connections between cause and effect.

—N.C.

Digging a Well

By S. Dorman

THE old man talked to his rig
as if it were a horse: gaddup,
ya dumb thing. All day the house
shook to the pound of the bit
chewing through red rock.
(Water, water, running clear,
come fill our cups.)
At night his rusty horse stood
in the autumn mist until
early the man came to call
it by name: ya dumb thing,
gaddup now. Sand, red rock,
trap rock, the truck leaped
with each deep bite.
(Water, we hear it
pouring in our dream well
which is never filled.)
Five days the rig made thunder
as it bored. Silence cooled
our ears like liquid when it stopped;
the old man cried: water's here!
(Water, rising clear,
driven up the shaft of day
to sunlight tilting on its skin.
We kiss the image fractured there.)

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Talking Points

MARIO PEI in his article "The Hidden Politics of Words" [*SR*, Jan. 15] took a very realistic view of the continuation of cultural colonialism in Africa and elsewhere. And he was also far-sighted enough to recognize "a larger linguistic picture, one that tends inevitably toward a single tongue for world-wide use, one in which all men, swallowing their national pride, will be able to communicate directly and practically." His expert belief in both the need and possibility of a neutral auxiliary tongue is reinforced by the current use of Esperanto in Asia, Europe, and America.

For while the élite of the developing nations has the time and money to study French and English in Oxford, Paris, and New York and use them as the *lingua franca*, this is only a temporary solution. The next generation of African leaders will not graduate from exile and jail or from the religious missionary school.

Do we understand the difficulty which the learning of English presents to the average foreigner? Do we really think that weak and newly established public school systems can put the learning of French and English into their curricula in addition, say, to Swahili in Tanzania when in the affluent United States we are still trying to teach English and decide how Amer-English should be written? I have seen how the radio stations at Dar es Salaam, Kampala, and elsewhere in East Africa were hampered by having to use seven or eight languages. And, as Dr. Pei suggests, the international auxiliary language, free from colonialist associations, provides a more comprehensive and permanent answer.

MARK STARR.

Long Island City, N.Y.

Liquor and the Law

WE WERE very surprised to read the derogatory remarks made by Horace Sutton [*SR*, Dec. 11] regarding the liquor-importation law that became effective October 1, 1965.

As I am sure you know, one of the problems facing the states today is sales to minors, and under the former federal statutes, any minor was permitted to bring back into this country one gallon of alcoholic beverages, which was tax- and duty- free. The alcoholic beverage laws in the majority of our states in the United States prohibit delivery of liquor to minors, possession thereof, home delivery of liquor, delivery by common carrier other than a licensed consignee, and importation less than that allowed by federal law. So in reality the former regulation flouted the enforcement of sales to minors and the state laws.

The passage of this new importation law has the effect of precluding the violation of the alcoholic beverage control laws of the several states, brings additional revenue into the state and federal treasuries, and greatly assists enforcement officers in carrying out their duties.

As in any other new regulation, it does take time to educate those who enforce it, but . . . I am sure that, if you have young children of your own, you would rather have the liquor confiscated than have them pay the duty and consume it illegally.

J. WILLIAM PAGE, Chairman,
Joint Committee of the States to
Study Alcoholic Beverage Laws.

Washington, D.C.

"I'm sorry, but this is a quintet."

Getting to the Theater

THE ARTICLE by John F. Wharton, "The Plight of the Out-of-Town Theatergoer" [*SR*, Jan. 22], prompts me to write and offer another idea meant to encourage the theatergoer, particularly after he has just finished his Sunday paper and is itching to order tickets. He's in the mood, ready to buy, but can't—not until Monday morning, by which time need has evaporated.

Worse yet, it isn't even possible to call up Monday morning and say, "Reserve two tickets for me." Instead, he has two choices, neither particularly palatable: get in line (if he lives in New York) or send in a mail order and hope for the best.

For whatever it's worth, I'd like to make a suggestion that someday may prove valuable: establish a theater credit card system.

The details we leave to those most directly concerned with the financial mechanics, but there are at least two main possibilities: a) have the consistent purchaser of tickets deposit $50 as a drawing account or b) follow the lead of the other credit card systems. Assume that the individual is honest, give him a credit number for identification, and hold ticket orders phoned in against this number. This would be particularly effective if some central number were established that one might call on a Sunday, thus reaching individual theaters or all of them.

What's the worst that could happen? If, after a week, a check to cover this phone order has not been received, the tickets could be sold. What a marvelously inexpensive way to accommodate the customer and make him feel wanted!

LUCIEN R. GREIF.

New York, N.Y.

WE WANTED to see the World's Fair; we wanted to stay near the center of things in the bigtown; and we wanted to see *Hello, Dolly!* All in July.

We sent our money away for reservations to: New York World's Fair 1964-1965 Corporation, to a midtown hotel, and to the St. James Theatre. All in January.

We had a wonderful time in New York. So what's the difficulty?

H. C. PETERSON.

Lima, O.

MR. WHARTON'S advocacy of a central theater agency is, I feel, well taken, but his advocacy of package deals is not. When my husband and I visit New York it is for a limited period of time. During our stay, we want to go to the theater, see some of the current museum and art gallery exhibits, shop, eat in certain restaurants, see a dance recital, and visit with two families and numerous friends. This is possible only by very careful planning (and asking our New York-based relatives to purchase tickets for us).

If we bought package deals for Broadway productions (whether they included plays we did not want to see, hotels we did not want to stay at, or dinners we did not care to eat) we would not be getting more for our money; we would merely be paying more for what we want. Suppose that in order to obtain tickets to a popular play we had to purchase comparably priced seats for two duds? Then we would be priced out of the theater just as effectively as if we had to go to a scalper.

MARGARET S. KORNREICH.

Dallas, Texas.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *SR's theater critic, Henry Hewes, offers the following clarification: "If one is interested only in 'hits,' then what Mrs. Kornreich says is true. But just as with other products, the package deal in theater tickets often serves to introduce the consumer to a show he wouldn't have gone to otherwise but may appreciate more than the overblown hit whose surface values may have made it more alluring."*

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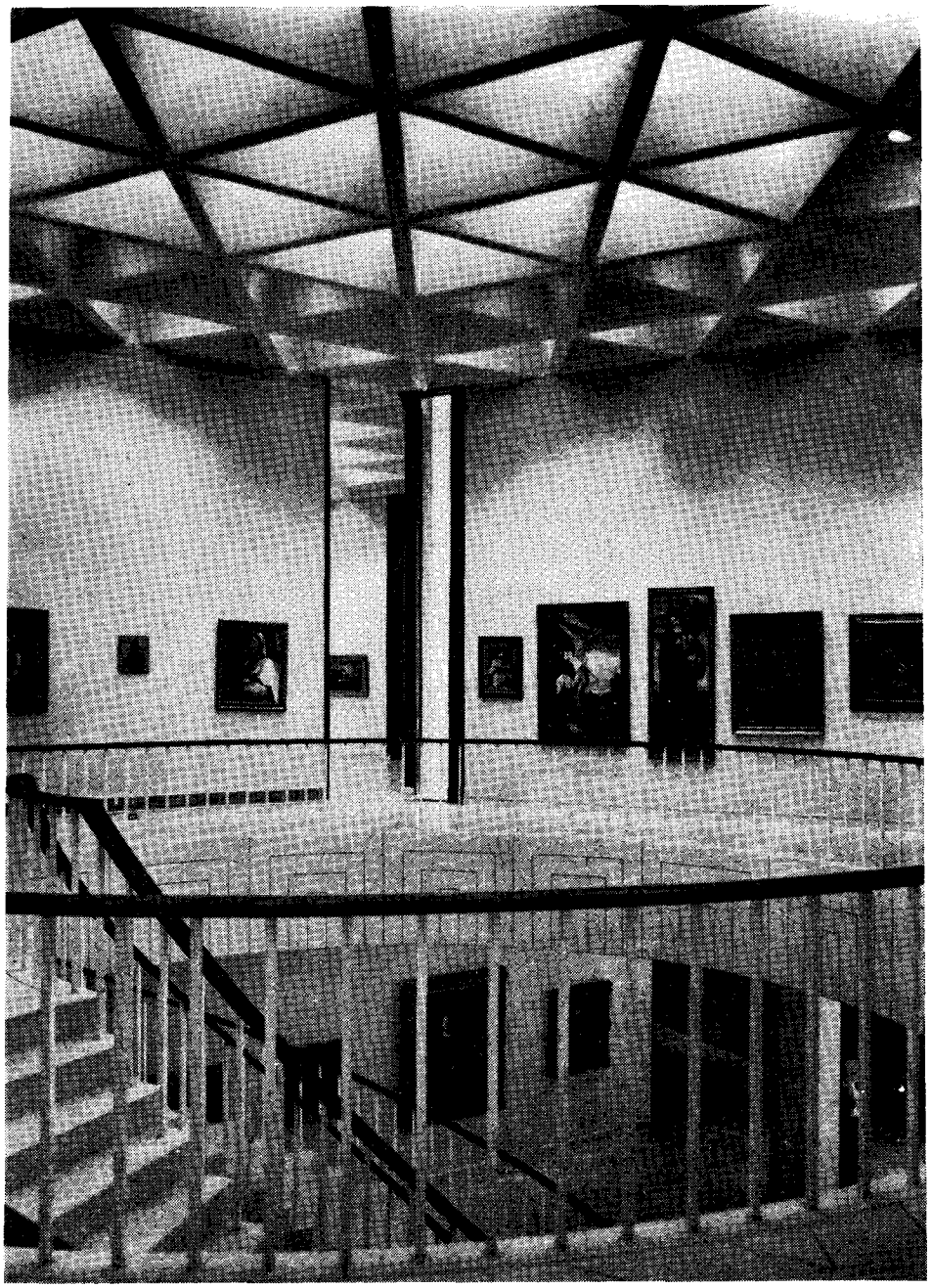
A MUSEUM GROWS IN PUERTO RICO

From a Native Philanthropist, a Gleaming New Home for a Vigorous New Art



Museum interior, with honeycomb ceiling—"views to charm the eye."

By SUSAN WEBB RICH

THE TWIN cultural influences of Europe and America, as they are shaping the newly emerging Puerto Rican identity, are impressively revealed in the new *Museo de Arte de Ponce*, the island's first major art museum. A cleanly distinctive structure designed by Edward Durell Stone, it opened in late December not in the capital city of San Juan but in Ponce, on the southern coast, the home town of its donor, Don Luis Ferré, an industrialist, politician, and philanthropist who has long taken a keen interest in his island's culture.

As an art museum, *El Museo* is simple and uncluttered. With its gardens, its small amphitheater, its patios surrounded by high white walls, its pools and fountains and plantings, and the sense of detachment from the outside world achieved through an absence of conventional windows, the museum provides room for relaxation, a sense of privacy, and views to charm the eye. Natural light, suggesting fixed kaleidoscopic patterns, streams through skylights and narrow grillwork placed where the hexagonal walls of each of the seven hexagonal galleries on the second level meet. Señor Ferré claims that his hexagonal plan and its overhead lighting create an illumination that "has no corners," and it is certainly true that no area is in shadow and that there is no blinding sheen on the canvases. The viewer never needs to stoop or sidestep.

As a symbol of the twofold influence of Europe and the United States, the architecture of the museum is imaginative. The Spanish influence is obvious in what Señor Ferré calls a "monumental balcony," where frangi pani bloom in hexagonal pots surrounding the entire second level. The enclosed gardens on the ground level and the pools and fountains in the two lower-level galleries flanking the entrance loggia suggest Spanish courtyards or Italian *cortilles*.

The "Granadino" or Garden of Spain

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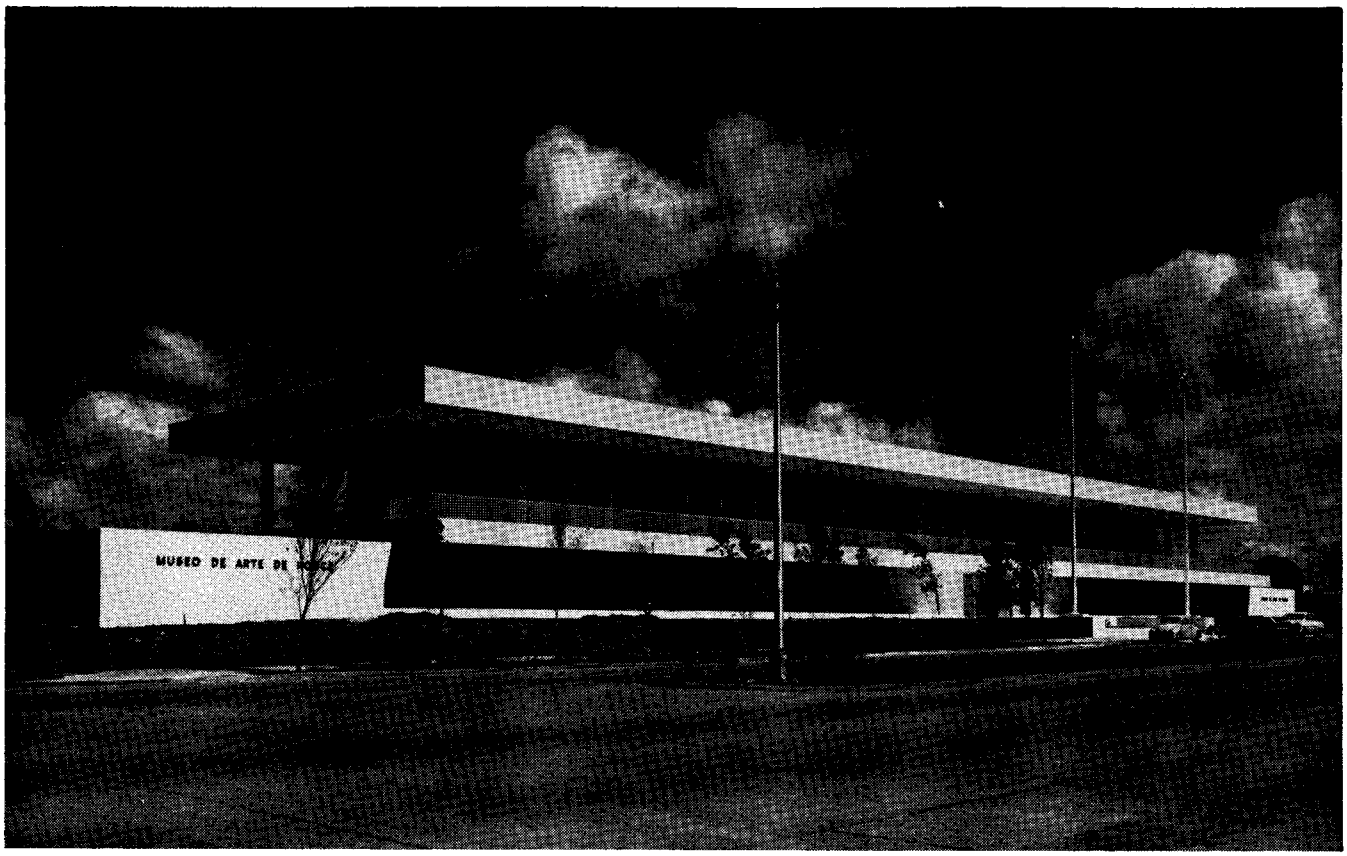

Museum exterior—"affirms the influence of Europe and America on Puerto Rico."

designed by the Spanish architect Fernando Chuéca Goitía, celebrates the island's first colonizers. Walks patterned in black and white pebbles form a pomegranate motif, symbolic of Granada, the Spanish city that presented the museum with an eighteenth-century marble fountain. Pomegranate and orange trees line the garden. Dominating all is a bust of Isabella of Castille, a contemporary work produced in a competition in Spain organized by Señor Chuéca. A small open-air amphitheater for concerts and plays opens to the left of the museum. Here the American theme is stated by a bronze bust of Lincoln done by O'Connor (see cover).

With these two influences clear to the visitor, the museum further suggests the emergence of a distinct Puerto Rican identity. Galleries for contemporary Puerto Rican art and sculpture are found on the first level, as is the Puerto Rican Garden. This is larger than either the Spanish Garden or the Amphitheater of Lincoln, and it is the most symbolic. In the center of this white, walled area, planted with flowers and young kumquat trees, is what Señor Ferré has called "The Pool of Identity." The pool is long and black; two simple square fountains, especially aerated, feed into this pool, making a vast polkadotting of white bubbles on the black surface of the water. Viewed from the balcony, the pool suggests the Oriental rock gardens of contemplation in reverse, for here white bubbles float on black water, while in the Oriental gardens black rocks stand out from a sea of white pebbles. There is serenity and assurance in this Puerto Rican garden, with its pool symbolic of the new Puerto Rican identity fed by the two fountains of American and European culture.

The financing for the new museum, a five-year endeavor that cost about $5,000,000 (including the value of the collection), has been achieved by the Luis A. Ferré Foundation. This foundation is a philanthropic organization established eleven years ago for the cultural development of Puerto Rico through fellowships and educational programs. The Ferré family has permanently set aside for the activities of this foundation its stock dividends from the Puerto Rican Cement Company. Future foundation plans include a school of architecture and of sculpture.

Although the museum's collection contains some big names (a small Rubens, works of Cranach, Jordaens, Dürer, Van Dyck, Reynolds, Gainsborough, Constable, Inness, Jacob Epstein, Murillo, and Riberas, plus a Velasquez donated by the Kress Foundation), its real strength lies in its abundance of secondary works from the past five centuries. According to Dr. Federico Zeri of Rome, an art critic and currently a visiting art professor at Columbia, the collection includes "an extraordinary selection from English, French, and Spanish schools totally overlooked in the United States."

Señor Ferré's concern with Puerto Rican culture is threefold. He fears that in its present economic boom the island is tending toward *"un piélago de vulgaridad y mal gusto"* (an abyss of vulgarity and bad taste). He fears that Puerto Rican industry is limiting itself to the purely commercial. And he is anxious lest Puerto Rico lose sight of its cultural debt to Europe and the United States.

El Museo answers these concerns. It is an example of what native industry can build, using local labor and almost entirely native materials; it will expose the country to art works never before available, and will serve as a teaching center; and it affirms the influence of Europe and America on Puerto Rico.

At the opening, the museum's architect quoted Frank Lloyd Wright, who, early in life, had to decide between two attitudes, "hypocritical humility" and "honest arrogance." Mr. Stone admitted that in this case he would choose the latter. "I find this building perfectly beautiful," he said. No sooner had it opened than it became clear that he was not exactly alone in his view.

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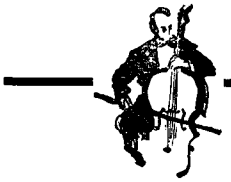

MUSIC TO MY EARS

Seven Star *Giovanni*—*Mefistofele* Revived

A PERFORMANCE of Mozart's *Don Giovanni* may be one of several things—a concert in costume of some of the greatest music ever written, a series of star turns in some of the greatest parts ever conceived, or a mystical combination of both. That it was, in its latest recurrence at the Metropolitan, a closer likeness of the *dramma giocoso* described in the score than any but a handful of performances it has had there recently is a measure of the distance that separated it from the average.

For the unusual result, there had to be unusual circumstances. Dominant among them was the adroit combination of elements, familiar (Cesare Siepi, Theodor Uppman, Jan Peerce) and unfamiliar (Geraint Evans, Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, Teresa Stich-Randall, and Rosalind Elias) to an outcome rarer than perfection—which is to say, credibility. They had in common what made the performance uncommon: a keen understanding of the part each played in the drama, a superior comprehension of the detail each had to produce.

It was the kind of performance that might be remembered by one listener for one reason and by another for a totally different one. A special one, certainly, was the superiority of Evans to any Leporello seen hereabouts in years. It was his *Notte e giorno faticar*, annoyed yet envious, that set the tone for what followed, and it was his *Madamina* that prompted the first great outburst in a sequence that would have lengthened the performance by half had the old-fashioned custom of recalls and encores prevailed. From this beginning Evans evolved, scene by scene, a characterization as complete in its way as his Falstaff, and even subtler in its application of artistic intelligence. Sir John is, after all, the central figure of Verdi's cosmos, Leporello on the periphery of Mozart's. Evans has the personality to command the stage when it is rightfully his, and the grace to retire when it rightfully belongs to others.

In this he was the worthy servant of a worthy master. A fine *Giovanni* without a fine Giovanni is a contradiction in terms, and Siepi showed not only the courtly manners but also the aristocratic art to relish a servant of Evans's qualities. He has refined his playing of the part to the point where it equals his mastery of the music whether in the urgency of the Champagne aria or the insinuation of the Serenade. Best of all, he has attained the kind of characterization that scorns the needless clowning that sometimes prevails (especially in Act II) in favor of an honest response to the abundant humors in the drama. Here, truly, was the kind of Don who could magnetize the ladies into something they had not been before.

In Schwarzkopf, Elvira had a proponent who was not only first among them in time (her infatuation predates the beginning of the play) but also the most tenacious in her devotion. She has long been the model of how this part should be played, and if circumstances have delayed her performance of it at the Metropolitan until she no longer can control the vocal line as she once did, the fault is hardly hers. It has become, dramatically, an even more consistent character study than ever, so that she can mediate, however irrationally, the Don's wayward impulses and humanize the demon by which she is driven. Vocally, she was under strain from the beginning, both as to pitch and tone quality, but by exercise of her close knowledge of the singer's craft she reserved her best effort for where it counted most—in the "Mask" trio, the sextet in the church scene, and, in her big recitative and aria, both full of fervor if tonally below par on this occasion.

Something of the same sort applied to Stich-Randall's Anna, a triumph of mind and spirit over limited means. Neither in volume nor richness is hers close to the classic voice for this role, but she attains, through sheer intelligence and a passion for precision, what may elude some with greater physical resources. From her first repulse of the intruder, she defines what she proposes to do; and she then proceeds to do it, as much in the recitatives as in the arias. Her knowledge of the vocal ground is so thorough that no turn of it presents her with a problem she has not studied and surmounted in terms of her own equipment. Thus *Non mi dir* was the musical as well as dramatic climax of her effort.

So far consideration has been devoted to those well known to the world stage of Mozart, from whom ultimate results can be expected. Prior to this performance, Rosalind Elias was not among them, but her first Zerlina elevated her to the elect, not only for beauty of sound but also for adaptation of it to a role not considered the province of a mezzo-soprano. But hers is a quality as much soprano as mezzo, as this effort demonstrated. As always, Uppman made a star's part of Masetto, and if Peerce can no longer bear himself as a young swain should, he sustained Ottavio's musical requirements with the finesse of the vocal master he is. The Commendatore, and a good one, was the new basso, Nicola Ghiuselev.

For the flow and musical character of this *Giovanni*, virtue began with the vocalists but did not end there. With seven such accomplished performers, the requirement in a conductor was not so much for direction as collaboration, which Joseph Rosenstock provided in an unobtrusive but wholly effective way. Eugene Berman's setting, so often admired for beauty, assumed a new function as part of a theatrical whole.

Oddly enough, the week also produced an operatic work which has not been given at the Metropolitan in all the years since *Don Giovanni* made its triumphant reappearance in the late Twenties. If this suggests that there is some kind of parallel virtue in it that would equally reward re-consideration, the American Opera Society's concert version of Boito's *Mefistofele* in Carnegie Hall achieved more than its immediate purpose.

Nor is there any reason to wonder whether the Metropolitan has the resources to do it justice: this was virtually an all-Metropolitan ensemble, with Nicolai Ghiaurov, Renata Tebaldi, and Carlo Bergonzi as the principals, and Lamberto Gardelli, who made his downtown debut before the week was out, conducting. Dorothy Cole, who performed Marta and Pantalis, has ready counterparts at Rudolf Bing's disposal, likewise the Wagner, Frederick D. Mayer.

When Ghiaurov made his Metropolitan debut as Gounod's Méphistophélès, it was suggested that his broad, sardonic conception would be even better suited to Boito's treatment of this character. How much better was clearly apparent from his part in the prologue, and it grew and grew as the evening progressed. The voice and the music make a perfect match, and, even in circumstances where characterization was restricted to gesture and facial play, the outline of evil genius was visibly present. Bergonzi's superb sound suited this Faust better, perhaps, than anything he has ever sung here and Tebaldi's Margherita-Elena carried her close to the memorable standard of her early years, as long as she had the strength to sustain it. Gardelli had everything—chorus and orchestra as well as principals—going his way, which was, compellingly, Boito's too. Certainly it is time that the local estimate of this modest man be revised to give proper prominence to his exceptional abilities as a composer as well as to his literary attainments (the librettos of *Otello* and *Falstaff*).

At the Metropolitan, Gardelli's assign-

(*Continued on page* 53)

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Books

LITERARY HORIZONS

Racial Reality and American Dream

IN THE summer of 1964 the University of California (Berkeley) Extension Program sponsored a seminar on "The Negro Writer in the United States," under the direction of Herbert Hill, author and teacher and labor secretary of the NAACP. Out of the seminar has come a book, *Anger, and Beyond* (Harper & Row, $5.95), which Hill has edited. Saunders Redding, Horace Cayton, Harvey Swados, and Nat Hentoff discuss the writings of American Negroes in historical terms, while Arna Bontemps, LeRoi Jones, Robert Bone, M. Carl Holman, and Ossie Davis are concerned with the problems of individual writers. Jones, Holman, and Davis discuss their own work; Arna Bontemps writes about Jean Toomer and Robert Bone about Ralph Ellison. There is also a symposium on Richard Wright in exile, with Hill, Redding, Bontemps, and Cayton taking part, and an interview with Melvin B. Tolson.

Appropriately, it seems to me, the volume is dedicated to the memory of Alain Locke, who, almost exactly forty years ago, edited an anthology called *The New Negro*, which was an eye opener for a lot of people. In addition to poetry and prose by Countee Cullen, Jean Toomer, Claude McKay, and Langston Hughes, the book contained scholarly essays by James Weldon Johnson, F. Franklin Frazer, W. E. B. DuBois, and others. Most of the writing was of high quality, and seemed to support the large claims some of the contributors made for the future of Negro American men and women of letters.

How have four decades dealt with the promises of 1925? It must be admitted that the Negro renaissance that Locke saw just around the corner is still a hope rather than a reality. But, on the other hand, there have been gains, not only in the political and economic status of the American Negro but also in his position in the world of letters. In the past quarter of a century three American Negroes—all primarily novelists, as it happens—have won both popular and critical recognition not as Negro writers but as writers. They are, of course, Richard Wright, Ralph Ellison, and James Baldwin, and the presence of each of them is constantly felt in this book. Wright is regarded as an important pioneer and, at least in *Uncle Tom's Children, Native Son,* and *Black Boy,* a highly accomplished writer; about his later years and later works there are large doubts. Baldwin at the moment is viewed with some suspicion on both political and literary grounds. The central figure at present is Ellison; *Invisible Man* is praised by several contributors, and there are frequent allusions to the essays in *Shadow and Act.*

THREE themes recur. First there is the ancient problem of art versus propaganda. So far as they recognize that there is a conflict, the contributors are on the side of art. Robert Bone, for example, attacks Irving Howe for deploring a lack of militancy on the part of Ralph Ellison. On the other hand, there is general recognition that propaganda and protest are not the same thing. Ossie Davis, author of *Purlie Victorious,* says, "The Negro in this country has to write protest, because he is a protestant. He can't help but be. He cannot accept the situation in which he finds himself, so, therefore, he is driven to scream out against the oppression that surrounds him, that suffocates him." The point is made more precisely in a passage that Hill quotes from one of Ellison's essays: "I recognize no dichotomy between art and protest. Dostoevsky's *Notes from the Underground* is, among other things, a protest against the limitations of nineteenth-century rationalism; *Don Quixote, Man's Fate, Oedipus Rex, The Trial*—all these embody protest even against the limitation of human life itself. If social protest is antithetical to art, what then shall we make of Goya, Dickens, and Twain? One hears a lot of complaints about the so-called Protest Novel, especially when written by Negroes, but it seems to me that the critics could more accurately complain about their lack of craftsmanship and their provincialism."

The second issue concerns the nature of Negro-American culture. Speaking as a sociologist, Horace Cayton states: "I subscribe to the school of thought that little, very little of African culture was brought to the United States and that that which the Negro did retain was isolated and died a rapid death. What I am saying is that the so-called American Negro subculture is purely a product of the Negro's experience in America; it is the American culture refracted through the prism of three hundred years of subordination." Nat Hentoff, on the other hand, denounces as an absurdity this statement made by Nathan Glazer and Daniel Patrick Moynihan in 1963: "The Negro is only an American and nothing else. He has no values and culture to guard and protect." Most of the contrib-

14 *SR*'s Check List of the Week's New Books
27 Literary Horizons: Granville Hicks reviews "Anger, and Beyond," edited by Herbert Hill
28 Letters to the Book Review Editor
29 An Autobiographical Novel, by Kenneth Rexroth
30 The Complete Letters of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, Volume I: 1708-1720, edited by Robert Halsband
32 The Chamberlain Letters, edited by Elizabeth Thomson
33 Against Interpretation and Other Essays, by Susan Sontag
34 Tragedy and Hope: A History of the World in Our Time, by Carroll Quigley. The Trojan War: The Chronicles of Dictys of Crete and Dares the Phrygian, translated by R. M. Frazer, Jr.
36 The Solid Mandala, by Patrick White. The Pulse of Danger, by Jon Cleary
37 The House Divides: The Age of Jackson and Lincoln, from the War of 1812 to the Civil War, by Paul I. Wellman. The Invisible Scar, by Caroline Bird
38 Harlem: The Making of a Ghetto, by Gilbert Osopsky
40 A Choice of Weapons, by Gordon Parks

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utors, I think, would subscribe to Ralph Ellison's thesis, as quoted by Robert Bone: "The point of our struggle is to be both Negro and American and to bring about that condition in American society in which this would be possible."

The third theme is not made explicit but is hinted at; it is the idea that being a Negro may be an advantage for a writer in this period of history. LeRoi Jones writes: "Dissociation from the mainstream—that is, what is said to be real by the white American image makers—is a very great virtue." Albert Murray maintains that the white writer is necessarily ignorant of large and important elements of American life today that are familiar to the Negro. Harvey Swados believes that the struggle for civil rights, in which Negroes and white people have fought side by side, is giving America a new and more hopeful spirit, out of which "will come a new kind of literature for a newer and better kind of human being."

The optimistic note is sounded not only by Harvey Swados but also by Herbert Hill and Saunders Redding. "Writing by American Negroes," the latter concludes, "has never been in such a splendid state of health, nor with such a bright and shining future before it." Remembering the hopes of Alain Locke and his associates, back in 1925, one might recommend caution. But there are good grounds for at least a degree of optimism. Wright, Ellison, and Baldwin have proved that it is possible for a Negro writer to compete on equal terms with white writers for the attention of the people, black and white, of the United States. They have had something to say to all of us not only about the state of contemporary American culture but also about the human condition. Some of the battles have been won, and the younger Negro writers can turn their attention to other matters.

—Granville Hicks.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 1175

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1175 will be found in the next issue.

ADI DSQAVUM VT ADI BVUEY SQ ADI UIFVUY VT Z RZC SC KPIQA VT DSQ YZSEM XUIZY ZCY XPAAIU. —D. B. LZC EVVC

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1174

All happy families resemble one another; every unhappy family is unhappy in its own way. —Tolstoy.

LETTERS TO THE Book Review Editor

In Hot Blood

Truman Capote's *In Cold Blood* [*SR*, Jan. 22] is, as Granville Hicks says, a very good book; but so far no critic has pointed out that the response to its publication is more a sociological than a literary phenomenon. . . At the moment, one reads or hears on every hand the admiring comment that Mr. Capote trained himself to remember conversations verbatim and that everything in the book is true. However, it is not merely the truth of the story that has created the atmosphere of excitement and adulation. . . .

Americans have learned from experience to associate money with fakery—with advertising, exploitation, public relations, bad faith, wheeling and dealing, etc. Hence when an author makes a couple of million dollars out of something untainted—something indisputably true—it is a spiritual bonanza. The public's feeling of gratitude is well-nigh uncontrollable.

But what about truth? Can it be yoked to popular success and lavish income in a new art form called the nonfiction novel? Capote, Norman Podhoretz, and others who say yes are clearly looking for some way in which probity can be maintained without the sacrifice of financial success. If the writer reports actual behavior, he does not have it on his conscience that he is debauching a sensation-hungry public. At the same time, if he picks the right kind of behavior to report on truthfully, he can mesh in perfectly with the established celebrity-and-success mechanisms. But as Emile Capouya remarked, in the same issue in which *In Cold Blood* was reviewed, "In art, impossibilities that are made to seem likely are much more effective than anomalous truths." . . .

The nonfiction novel is a patchy makeshift, not a new art form, because the novelist who sticks to the facts has abdicated. Mr. Capote worked hard, but, when it comes to senseless death, his books falls a long way short of Thornton Wilder's imaginative *Bridge of San Luis Rey*, and when it comes to American tragedy, Capote is superficial compared with Theodore Dreiser. Even in an automated age, novels have to be written in hot blood.

Margaret Halsey.

White Plains, N.Y.

Stalin's Tongue

In his review of my book *The Rise and Fall of Stalin* [*SR*, Dec. 11] Mr. Harrison E. Salisbury writes: "He has a keen ear for mountain poetry and legend, including Stalin's own youthful verse (considerably improved over the faded Georgian originals I first saw in the Tbilisi library some years back)."

What puzzles me is the suggestion that I have "considerably improved" Stalin's poetry. If he had read the book more carefully, he would have noted that the translations were made by Professor George Nakashidze of Columbia University, and they are in fact extremely accurate renderings by one of the greatest of modern Georgian scholars.

It was interesting to learn that Mr. Salisbury has seen "the faded Georgian originals" at Tbilisi, but I am not at all clear what this has got to do with the translations in my book, since he knows no Georgian. I have seen a good many Tibetan manuscripts, but this does not help me to make a judgment on a Tibetan text.

Stalin's poetry throws considerable light on the workings of his adolescent mind, and I went to some pains to discover the original texts. This proved to be astonishingly difficult, and some thirty or forty letters were sent out in an effort to track them down. One of the letters went to Mr. Salisbury,

who had printed versions of two of the poems in one of his books. He answered courteously that he could be of no help to me, for his own versions were based on Russian translations provided for him by an interpreter. So his versions were translations of translations, with the inevitable result that a "considerable improvement" took place.

I am also a bit puzzled by those "faded Georgian originals." Czarist paper had a high rag content, and does not fade very easily. The next time Mr. Salisbury is in the British Museum he may care to take down the Georgian magazine *Iveria*. He will see Stalin's poems printed on good white paper in good black ink. It looks as though it was printed yesterday.

Robert Payne.

New York, N.Y.

As I said in my review, Mr. Payne "has a keen ear for mountain poetry and legend." But I did not say he had a keen eye for precise accuracy.

This view is borne out by Mr. Payne's present comments. I did not say in the quotation which he cites that he had "considerably improved" Stalin's poetry. I said it had been improved from the Georgian originals.

Mr. Payne makes a legitimate point about my nonknowledge of the Georgian language. He also possesses a nonknowledge of Georgian.

(*Continued on page 40*)

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Sad of Mind But Glad at Heart

An Autobiographical Novel, *by Kenneth Rexroth (Doubleday. 367 pp. $5.95), chronicles the poet and critic's first twenty-one years during the early part of the century. Emile Capouya's essays and reviews appear regularly in SR.*

By EMILE CAPOUYA

MR. KENNETH REXROTH calls this account of his first twenty-one years an autobiographical novel, but it does not appear to contain any more romancing than we would expect to find in a formal autobiography. Of course, for a member of the middle class Mr. Rexroth had a pretty colorful twenty-one years of it, so we must alter our standards for him. At the age of five or so he fell in with an old Potowatomi Indian, and through him gained an intimate knowledge of the flora and fauna of Elkhart, Indiana. The taxonomy, however, was all Potowatomi, and when Mr. Rexroth forgot that language, as in time he did, he lost the natural history that went with it. Now, that is a story that some might be inclined to doubt; but what will they say when they learn that Mr. Rexroth once went partners with a Gila monster, selling treatises on diet to the peasantry? No, this is clearly a case in which it is better to accept absolutely everything.

The life that Mr. Rexroth himself describes as picaresque began in South Bend in 1905. His parents were fairly cultivated middle-class people, natural radicals of a kind that has been at a discount in the Middle West and elsewhere for some time. Setting aside Mr. Rexroth's own affectionate account, if we are to judge by what the scholars call internal evidence, their effect upon him must have been salutary. He was orphaned quite young, but he seems to have already developed self-confidence and the intellectual curiosity that is a form of courage.

For some little while after his parents' death he lived with relatives, but by the time he was in high school in Chicago, he came into a legacy that enabled him to begin in earnest the career of self-education that he has been pursuing ever since. A benevolent and forbearing legal guardian allowed him to quit high school, and to carry on the course of readings he chose for himself and to engage in experiments in painting and poetry. He was in and out of little-theater groups, participated in the soapbox culture of the Twenties, studied the amatory arts with an Indian dancer, consorted with people on the windy side of the law, and had a fine time generally. A handy young fellow, he found himself all sorts of improving jobs, and had the wit to join the IWW. In the pleasant weather he wandered over the country, learned to pack over mountain trails in the Northwest, and make his own trail, too. He married, wandered down the West Coast with his wife, and, to his own surprise, settled in San Francisco. That brings him into his early twenties, and I for one am anxious to know what happens next.

Even before Mr. Rexroth's autobiography was published, it was clear from his literary journalism that he was an immensely learned man. With all his store of information, he holds views that are generally original, not to say heterodox, not to say idiosyncratic. Sometimes, as for example when he suggests that Melville and Hawthorne are mere children compared to the great Continental novelists, it is hard to decide whether he knows more than you do or cares less. Perhaps it is just that he is willing, in such cases, to trust a peculiarity of his temperament so far as to raise it to a canon of judgment. If that is so, it is easy to conceive that his intuitions will sometimes contradict the received opinion. What is remarkable is that he should be courageous enough, or brash enough, to entertain those judgments anyway. That trait is a rarity with the erudite—except for the system-builders among them, and Mr. Rexroth is a contemner of systems.

Indeed, he is so distrustful of system-making that he regards philosophy—and, by extension, science—as having no other ultimate validity than they may derive from esthetic coherence and shapeliness. That doctrine is very tempting on days when we are weary of struggling with the paradoxical relation of science and philosophy to life, when we feel too beaten down to struggle longer with the fact that Plato is sublime but wrong-headed, Aristotle profound but bourgeois, and the best scientists of our day anxious to get us all killed. But Mr. Rexroth's principle rests on assumptions that he does not discuss—that the "real world" to which science and philosophy make reference is in fact unreal, or if real then unknowable, or if real and knowable then chaotic and absurd. Those possibilities seem to me to be no more likely than that the world is real enough, knowable enough, and orderly enough to support speculation whose validity is not esthetic only but representational and instrumental as well, so that it can give us a usable picture of reality and a tool for dealing with it.

The issue is particularly important when we get to thinking about Mr. Rexroth's own philosophy, the one that emerges from the engaging social and intellectual chronicle of *An Autobiographical Novel* and its tissue of anecdote and impromptu theorizing. Like all decent and intelligent men, Mr. Rexroth assumes that politics is a depart-

"I understood China much better when Pearl Buck was writing about it."

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ment of ethics, that the question of how men live in large is related to their manner of living in little. Nevertheless, since on his principles a humane and coherent political philosophy has no relation to any practical political system, he is forced to conclude that personal ethics and public concerns can never be brought into harmony. He does not say that in so many words, but he does urge that the contagion of personal example in dealing lovingly with one's family and one's circle of friends is the only civilizing power of any consequence. I take that to be a counsel of despair. While Mr. Rexroth is being friendly to his friends, President Johnson is being unsentimental, pragmatic, and other terms dear to Arthur Schlesinger, in the great world outside our window. President Johnson, it seems to me, has more influence over the quality of Mr. Rexroth's friendships than Mr. Rexroth has —and will so long as we are persuaded that the private life and the public life are incommensurable. The New Machiavellism goes further than the old in asserting not merely that politics is necessarily amoral, but rather that immorality in politics is morally justified. Mr. Rexroth's metaphysics leave him defenseless against that assertion, even when it takes the practical form of poisoning his life.

Clearly, he is not alone in his opinion, and he came by it honest. An entire generation was morally routed by the scrimmage between the corruptions of capitalism and the corruptions of Marxism. That is why Mr. Rexroth's radical individualism looks more like quietism. Since he is so obviously one of the right sort, I would wish for him a more eupeptic view of men's capacity for civilizing themselves by taking thought and taking action. Particularly since his gloomy outlook is at odds with his ebullient temperament. In John Ciardi's phrase, he is a creature of intellectual pessimism but glandular enthusiasm. It's the glands that wrote the book, mostly, and a very entertaining one it is.

Lady in Pursuit of Enlightenment

The Complete Letters of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, Volume I: 1708-1720, *edited by Robert Halsband (Oxford University Press. 468 pp. $13.45), first part of a projected three-volume edition, portrays one of the eighteenth century's most extraordinary women during her courtship and elopement and as an ambassador's wife in Constantinople. George Winchester Stone, Jr., is dean of the Graduate School of Arts and Science at New York University.*

By GEORGE WINCHESTER STONE, JR.

ROBERT HALSBAND has already given us in his *Life of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu* a scholarly and eminently readable biography of the lady who speaks for herself in this first volume of her *Letters*. The story is complete in the former, the relationships worked out, the significant evaluated and separated from the trivial. Here Mr. Halsband provides the sparest of introductory material, commenting briefly on her three most important early correspondences. The longest, that with Edward Wortley Montagu, spans their long courtship and early married life. Her letters to her girlhood friend Philippa Mundy are here printed for the first time. The third group comprises Lady Mary's "Turkish Embassy letters."

Mr. Halsband includes all the apparatus needed at this point by the scholar or serious student of the eighteenth century: an alphabetical index to correspondents, and complete, readily accessible footnotes identifying persons and places and clarifying obscure passages in the text. Presumably an analytical index will appear when the third volume comes into print; Lady Mary's letters deal with so many aspects of the period —society, politics, diplomacy, music, art, theater, literature—that historians in these fields as well as biographers of other eighteenth-century figures will require a quick guide to her detailed accounts.

The Female Traveller
Let Men who glory in their better sense,
Read, hear, and learn Humility from hence;
No more let these Superior Wisdom boast,
They can but equal Mat-ge at most.

—*From the book.*

Lady Mary: "'Tis look'd upon as *in a degree Criminal to improve* our Reason, or fancy we have any."

Although the majority of the letters in this volume have appeared before in bad, good, or spurious versions, there are eighty that have been hitherto unpublished. While the present format is certainly adequate for scholarly purposes, some readers will wish the letters had been numbered in sequence, as was done to such good effect by George Kahrl in his three-volume edition of the Garrick letters. The book includes three reproductions of Lady Mary's clear handwriting, and four portraits by different painters display her charm.

As the correspondence develops the manner changes almost imperceptibly, from the conventional formality which a style-conscious young girl adopts even with her intimate friends to a crisp straightforwardness with now and then a well-turned flourish. She likes a dish of gossip, and develops a private terminology for discussing eligible and non-eligible suitors. In a letter to Gilbert Burnet she rebels against the narrowness of female education:

> We are permitted no Books but such as tend to the weakening and Effeminateing the Mind, our Natural Deffects are every way indulg'd, and tis look'd upon as in a degree Criminal to improve our Reason, or fancy we have any. We are taught to place all our Art in adorning our Outward Forms, and permitted, without reproach, to carry that Custom even to Extravagancy, while our Minds are entirely neglected. . . .

But Lady Mary managed to get herself out of this box by extensive reading and constant attention to all aspects of the world about her. In an effort to open to herself the life and writings of other peoples she made it a point to learn languages, acquiring some German, competence in Italian, fluency in French and Turkish. Early on she fancied herself an exemplary Augustan type, writing to Wortley:

> If you expect Passion I am utterly unacquainted with any. It may be a fault of my temper. Tis a stupidity I could never justifye, but I do not know I was in my Life ever touch'd with any. I have no Notion of a Transport of Anger, Love or any other. I here tell you the plain state of my Heart. . . .

Curiosity may have tempted Wortley

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to test the stated premises further. After a stormy courtship the couple eloped; but in the meantime, in this series of fifty of her letters and extracts from about thirty-five of his, the cold financial arrangements that formed the basis for marriages at this period are not only hinted at but argued at some length. The comedy of the time exploited such situations; but the reality lies revealed in letters such as these. More important for the individuals concerned, over the two-year period of the courtship Lady Mary came to love Wortley as romantically as any heroine in later plays, novels, or poems:

> I should not hesitate one moment [to elope], was I not resolv'd to sacrifice every thing to you. If I do it, I am determin'd to think as little of the rest of the world—Men, Women, Acquaintance and relations—as if a deluge had swallow'd them. I abandonn all things that bear the name of pleasure but what is to be found in your companny. I give up all my Wishes, to be regulated by yours, and I resolve to have no other study but that of pleasing you. . . .

After marriage Lady Mary wrote to her husband with what some have called a shrewd cynicism, but which may be evidence of her concern for his political and economic welfare; it may even have been intended ironically:

> Thô I am very impatient to see you, I would not have you by hastening to come down lose any part of your Interest. . . . I need not enlarge upon the Advantages of Money. . . . If it was possible to restore Liberty to your Country . . . by reducing your selfe to a Garret, I should be pleas'd to share so glorious a poverty with you, but as the World is and will be, tis a sort of Duty to be rich, that it may be in one's power to do good, Riches being another word for Power, towards the obtaining of which the first necessary qualification is Impudence, and . . . the 2nd is Impudence, and the 3rd, still, Impudence. . . . The Ministry is like a play at Court. There's a little door to get in, and a great Croud without, shoveing and thrusting who shall be foremost; people that knock others with their Elbows, disregard a little kick of the shinns, and still thrust heartily forwards are sure of a good place. Your modest man stands behind in the Croud, is shoved about by everybody . . . almost squeez'd to death, and sees a 1000 get in before him. . . .

Lady Mary's economic and political awareness was equaled by her care for sanitation in unsanitary times (she was willing to experiment with the Turkish custom of vaccination for smallpox by having her small son inoculated); her understanding of relative standards of morality and her refusal to judge all by the customs of the English. Her embassy letters and the account of her travels to Constantinople have, of course, long formed part of the reading of any serious student of the eighteenth century, and since their first publication in 1763 have provided the bases for paintings as well as other portrayals of the exotic Middle East. Their freshness and the richness of their detail carry over to our own time.

UPON her return to England by the long land route, Lady Mary crossed Mt. Cenis in Savoy—a breathtaking experience in those days, commented upon by all who made the journey. Despite the excessive cold and late-September mist, she was romantically appreciative, and her description reminds one of the reactions of John Dennis and Joseph Addison:

> The prodigious Prospect of Mountains cover'd with Eternal Snow, Clouds hanging far below our feet, and the vast cascades tumbling down the Rocks with a confus'd roaring, would have been solemnly entertaining to me if I had suffer'd less from the extreme cold that reigns here.

One of the most interesting things to emerge from this volume is Lady Mary's unselfconscious depiction of herself as a true daughter of her time, for whom each act and person and event had not only its immediate significance but also its relevance to the course of history. One feels that her constant allusions to the writings and political history of Greece and Rome constitute no parade of learning, but rather an assimilation of the past and a sense of participation in the continuity of Western civilization in its encounters with the East. At the same time she never loses for a moment her awareness of the present and its problems and disappointments, along with its rewards and minor triumphs and joyous complexities.

Mr. Halsband in providing this excellent edition opens up one more door to the fascinating documentation of an age that was equal to the Enlightenment it boasted. And in the span of twelve years which these letters cover their writer grows from the girlish Mary Pierrepont, aged nineteen, to Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, wife of a British Ambassador, mother of two, respected friend and confidante of Whig politicians, London intellectuals, and foreign policy-makers at the courts of Europe from Paris to Vienna, Belgrade to Constantinople.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich and David M. Glixon

COMBINAMES

The puzzle devised by Marjorie Wihtol of Middletown, N. J., hinges on a list of composite titles, and the combined names of their authors: The surname of the author of the first part of each title is the same (with one slight variation in line 6) as the given name of the author of the second part. For example: *It Can't Happen in Wonderland* is a blend of *It Can't Happen Here* and *Alice in Wonderland,* and the answer is LEWIS, which merges Sinclair Lewis with Lewis Carroll. Only the shared name is listed. If you can't assign the correct composite authors to each composite title, you may take a peek at their full names on page 39.

The Legend of Ecstasy ( )	1. ALLEN
Under Milk Mountain ( )	2. ARNOLD
Anthony Consent ( )	3. CARSON
Idiot's Laughter ( )	4 CONRAD
The Turn of the Chips ( )	5. ELLIS
Studies in the Psychology of Pigs ( )	6. GRAHAM(E)
Finnegans Mouth ( )	7. HENRY
The Wind and the Glory ( )	8. IRVING
Miniver Stallion ( )	9. JAMES
The Heart of Grass ( )	10. JOYCE
Presidential Gantry ( )	11. ROBINSON
The Fair Maid of Gatsby ( )	12. SCOTT
The Gift of Chartres ( )	13. SHERWOOD
Silent Wedding ( )	14. SINCLAIR
Dover Wives' Tale ( )	15. THOMAS

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Wits, Whigs, and Paul's-Walkers

The Chamberlain Letters, *edited by Elizabeth Thomson (Putnam. 384 pp. $6.50), a selection from the complete two-volume edition, offers a vivid picture of Elizabethan-Jacobean England. The latest book by Bernard Grebanier is "The Great Shakespeare Forgery."*

By BERNARD GREBANIER

IT IS strange that most readers—and even scholars—who are no strangers to such contemporaries of Shakespeare as Daniel, Drayton, Nashe, and Campion have not even heard the name of John Chamberlain (1554-1628). The eleventh-thirteenth editions of *The Encyclopaedia Britannica* (I will not have anything to do with the jazzed-up fourteenth), though full of information on other Chamberlains, including the Lord Chamberlain, Joseph, Joshua, Neville, Alex, C.J., and even Chamberlain, South Dakota, and Lake Chamberlain, Maine, has not a word about John. *The Cambridge History of English Literature,* for all its many volumes on his period, ignores him. I know of only one history of literature which does not, and in that Professor Tucker Brooke, while justly calling him "the prince of letter-writers of his age," allots him a scant half-dozen lines.

Yet historians have long been familiar with Chamberlain and have leaned heavily upon his letters; no other writer of his time has afforded a clearer or more valuable commentary on the events of the three decades beginning with 1597. He is quite as informative concerning his era as Pepys is on the Restoration; and his letters did not have to wait for more than a century to be deciphered, as did Pepys's diary. If he is not at all "quaint" like Pepys, he is certainly more charming and far more irrepressibly English. Both for his personality and the quality of his correspondence he deserves a high place in the field of belles-lettres. It is probably to encourage this long overdue recognition that Elizabeth Thomson has prepared her excellent and delightful selection. She has earned our thanks.

John was a younger son of Alderman Richard Chamberlain, who presently became Sheriff of London. Alderman Chamberlain notes in his will that, because the boy had been "tender, sickly, and weak," he wished to have him "brought up to learning" either in England or abroad. The lad entered Cambridge in 1570, but did not trouble to take his degree. Inheriting enough money to live with modest comfort, he chose to lead the quiet life of an observer of the passing scene. He numbered among his intimate friends some of the most distinguished men of his time; he had various correspondents, but most of his letters were addressed to his closest friend, Dudley Carleton, who eventually was appointed Ambassador to Venice, and with whom Chamberlain spent about a year there. The greater part of Chamberlain's life, however, was spent within a few minutes of St. Paul's in London, the center of excitement in England. In those days gentlemen, noblemen, habitués of the court, and members of all the professions used to meet at the cathedral and walk from eleven to noon in the middle aisle, and again from three to six in the afternoon. All the important news quickly wended its way there, for these men were well-informed, some of them having connections close to the throne. Since Carleton expected Chamberlain to supply him with the latest news, the latter early became an inveterate "Paul's-walker."

"Guess who we just elected the man of the century?"

HIS letters bring his epoch vividly to life in a thousand vignettes: Elizabeth entertained the Duke of Bracciano, an Orsini, "very graciously, and to show that she is not so old as some would have her, danced both measures and galliards in his presence"; when this guest left she "sent him a cup of gold of sixscore pound and a jewel, for the which he gave the bringer, Michael Stanhope, a chain of fourscore pound." "An ordinary youth," Dormer by name, "hanged himself on Sunday not far from our lodging upon shame that he was beastly drunk the day before." "Sir Henry Cary is come out of the Low Countries so Spanish in attire as if he were in love with the nation." "The Pope hath lately made eight new Cardinals, all Italians, so that it seems they will tie the Holy Ghost to choose a vicar of that nation." "The King [James I] is at Thetford where he was received by three cormorants that had planted themselves upon the church and would not be removed either by ringing of bells, shouting of the people, or shooting pieces at them, till after much levelling one of them was taken down with a bullet, and then his fellows flew away." Visiting one of Carleton's sisters, Chamberlain reports that the apricots in the orchard were "the fairest and weightiest that I have heard of . . . Indeed this hath been the greatest year of apricots" on record.

There are many insights into the character and behavior of his contemporaries. His remarks on the death of the founder of a great library, Sir Thomas Bodley, may stand as an example: "to his brothers he hath left very little, and to his brother's sons, who are his heirs and must hold up his house and name, scant anything . . . But his servants murmur and grumble the most . . . some of them having served him and her very painfully above two and twenty years . . . and the best not reaping after so long expectation above twenty pounds, the rest ten . . . And all this for a vainglory and show of good deeds, for he hath given about seven thousand pound to his library . . . This and such-like

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makes me know and esteem the world as it is, nothing but vanity." Of his own experiences we have more than a few touches; for instance, after trying medicines for his illness, he concludes that "physic is a very casual thing and doth ordinarily more harm than good . . . I am resolved to commit myself to good order and government and let physic alone, and if I had done so from the beginning I make no doubt but I had been a sound man by this time."

Sturdy in his common sense he seems ever to have been. Professor Wallace Notestein whose *Four Worthies* contains the only important essay that has ever been written about Chamberlain, finds him thoroughly English in his engaging frankness and his "way of explaining a situation with a considered moderation," and admires him for "a certain generosity of outlook"—this "critical old bachelor who saw through shams and disliked pride and pomp." When a woman in desperation stabbed her husband to death, and was, of course, hanged, Chamberlain could nevertheless speak up to justify her deed, since it had been established that the husband had subjected her to brutal beatings. On the other hand, he was also thoroughly English in his anti-papism: "On Whitsun Eve there were four priests hanged at Tyburn who died very confidently and were suffered to talk their full; but whose fault it was I know not, but sure it was not well. They had been banished twice at least and would take no warning." Such would have been the reaction of the vast majority of his compatriots.

Mrs. Thomson, who has taught history and political theory at various colleges, is the daughter of N. E. McClure, who in 1939 published Chamberlain's complete correspondence in two volumes. Choosing the passages of greatest interest to the general reader and modernizing the spelling, Mrs. Thomson has very sensibly arranged her anthology in the following integrated groupings: Elizabethan Chronicle, Gazette 1598-1612, Private Lives and Public Service 1600-1610, Prince Henry and Princess Elizabeth 1612-1613, Private Lives and Public Service 1611-1614, The Howards and Robert Carr (the notorious Overbury murder case), Gazette 1612-1619, Private Lives and Public Service 1614-1617, Sir Walter Raleigh, Trade and Empire, Private Lives and Public Service 1617-1624, Gazette 1619-1624, The Spanish Marriage (proposed for Prince Charles), and Last Letters. Each section is preceded by an explanatory introduction giving the contemporary background, and the text is amplified by footnotes identifying persons and the occasional obsolete word. A. L. Rowse's preface is informative and appreciative.

This is a volume that belongs on every bookworm's shelf.

A Plea for Art Unexplicated

Against Interpretation and Other Essays, *by Susan Sontag (Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 304 pp. $4.95), adds up to an "autobiography of a sensibility." Jonathan Baumbach is the author of "The Landscape of Nightmare: Studies in the Contemporary Novel."*

By JONATHAN BAUMBACH

THIS is a hard book to like and a harder one not to admire. In a free-wheeling collection of twenty-six essays —about half of which were originally published in the *New York Review of Books* or *The Partisan Review*—Susan Sontag indicates with impressive assuredness that she knows a lot about some things and at least as much as any other authority about everything else. What puts one off more than the extravagance of her judgments ("Most American novelists and playwrights are really either journalists or gentlemen sociologists and psychologists"), or the knowing, sometimes messianic shrillness of her tone, is Miss Sontag's concern with being, above and before all, fashionably *avant-garde.* One can't resist the suspicion that "the new sensibility" she heralds in these essays is her own, and that much of her esthetic doctrine is a complicated and unconscious self-promotion.

Cultural historian, esthetician, taste-maker, literary critic, drama reviewer, film *aficionada,* Miss Sontag is knowledgeable and intelligent about a wide range of subjects that matter.

In the title essay the author makes what seems to me an especially valuable distinction about the job of the critic. "The function of criticism should be to show how it is what it is, even that it is what it is, rather than to show what it means." What riles Miss Sontag, as it should, is the critic doing dirt on art under the academically respectable guise of translating its mystery into intelligible abstractions. "In a culture whose already classical dilemma is the hypertrophy of the intellect at the expense of energy and sensual capability," Miss Sontag writes with characteristic overstatement, "interpretation is the revenge of the intellect upon art."

No one—no American journalist, certainly—writes more perceptively about the cinema, which "is the most alive, the most exciting, the most important of all art forms right now." In what is perhaps the most illuminating essay in the collection, Miss Sontag accounts brilliantly for the extraordinary power of Robert Bresson's apparently undramatic films. Though the style of Bresson's masterpieces, *Diary of a Country Priest* and *A Man Escaped,* is cool, reflective—the narrative intentionally duplicating what we have seen or what we are about to see—both films move us profoundly. As Miss Sontag points out, "the detachment and retarding of the emotions through the consciousness of form, makes them far stronger and more intense in the end." Bresson's films give us serious pleasure because of their purity. "For Bresson, art is the discovery of what is necessary—of that, and nothing more."

On Godard's *My Life to Live,* the most Bressonian of new-wave films: "It shows that something happened, not why it happened. It exposes the inexorability of an event." On Resnais's *Muriel*: "Its virtues, such as its intelligence and its extraordinary rewards on a purely visual level, still retain something . . . of that preciousness, that studied air, that artiness that infests *Hiroshima* and *Marienbad.* Resnais knows all about beauty. But his films . . . are cautious, somehow, overburdened and synthetic. They do not go to the end, either of the idea or the emotion which inspires them, which all great art must do."

Miss Sontag has her own predilection for preciousness, as in the justly notorious "Notes on Camp." While she is aware that "one runs the risk of having, oneself, produced a very inferior piece of Camp"—a campy disclaimer, after all—Miss Sontag plays her game of what is and what isn't with flamboyant solemnity, with passionate humorlessness, exemplifying, it would seem, the very style, the very ethos she purports to define: "Jews and homosexuals are the outstanding creative minorities in contemporary urban culture." "To name a sensibility, to draw its contours and to recount its history, requires a deep sympathy modified by revulsion." This essay gives pleasure, if one takes it right, because it is itself so preposterous.

Perhaps what makes *Against Interpretation* valuable and exciting is not so much its erudition, which is considerable, or its high level of intelligence, but its passionate irresponsibility, its determined outrageousness.

These essays make up a kind of autobiography of a sensibility, one that is likely to instruct us, whether we like it or not, for many years to come.

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One Man's Opinion About the Present

Carroll Quigley—"an assurance that seldom flags."

Tragedy and Hope: A History of the World in Our Time, *by Carroll Quigley (Macmillan. 1,348 pp. $12.50), examines the transition from the Europe-dominated civilization of the nineteenth century to our present world and its problems. Goldwin Smith, professor of history at Wayne State University, wrote "The Heritage of Man," among other books.*

By GOLDWIN SMITH

THE MAN who attempts to write "a history of the world in our time" has a hard and heavy task. Professor Carroll Quigley begins his massive book by describing "Western Civilization in Its World Setting," and moves on slowly through long sections about the Russian Empire to 1917, the First World War, the Versailles peace arrangements, finance, commercial policy, and business activity from 1897 to 1947, international Socialism, Germany from the Kaiser to Hitler, Great Britain and appeasement, changing economic patterns, the Second World War, the problems created by nuclear power and new weapons systems. He fills his pages with facts, outlines, "basic" lists, tables, and creaking categories. For those who approve of this way of writing history his rambling volume may have a certain excellence. Others may feel that things would have been easier for the reader if the raw materials had been reduced.

Professor Quigley writes with an assurance that seldom flags and a confidence that his readers cannot always share. For instance, he tells us that the solution to the problem of Latin America "is not . . . to redistribute incomes . . . but to change the patterns of character and of personality formation so that excess incomes will be used constructively and not wasted. . . ." It may be rather undemocratic to "change the patterns of character and of personality formation" in Latin America or anywhere else. It may also be difficult.

The author believes that the Castro revolution in Cuba can be explained by "two intersecting factors: (1) the personality deficiencies of the Cubans themselves, such as their lack of rationality and self-discipline, their emotion and corruptibility, and (2) the ignorance and ineptitude of the American State Department. . . ." In Professor Quigley's judgment, the decision to launch the Bay of Pigs attack upon Cuba was "worse than a crime; it was stupid. . . . the whole operation, patterned on Hitler's operations to subvert Austria and Czechoslovakia in 1938, was bungled as Hitler could never have bungled anything."

Enough of that. Let us turn the camera to the United States and the election of 1964. Readers who remember it may conclude that Professor Quigley is not quite right in saying, ". . . the major political issue in the country was the financial struggle behind the scenes between the old wealth, civilized and cultured in foundations, and the new wealth, virile and uninformed, arising from the flowing profits of government-dependent corporations in the Southwest and West. . . . the older wealth stood for values and aims close to the Western traditions of diversity, tolerance, human rights and values, freedom, and the rest of it, while the newer wealth stood for the narrow and fear-racked aims of petty bourgeois insecurity, and egocentricity." This, surely, is not the language of careful appraisal and cool reasonableness.

The book jacket states that *Tragedy and Hope* is "a unique work, notable in several ways." It is indeed.

The Greek Poem in Roman Prose

The Trojan War: The Chronicles of Dictys of Crete and Dares the Phrygian, *translated by R. M. Frazer, Jr. (Indiana University Press. 185 pp. $6), reveals the shoddy, Pax Romana reworkings of the Iliad of Homer that ironically provided more scaffolding for subsequent literature than the original epic. Lionel Casson, professor of classics at New York University, is author of "Masters of Ancient Comedy," "Six Plays of Plautus," and many other translations from Latin and Greek.*

By LIONEL CASSON

SHAKESPEARE's *Troilus and Cressida,* Chaucer's *Troilus and Criseyde,* Caxton's *Recuyell of the Historyes of Troy* (the first printed book in English), the many ballads and stories and poems of the Middle Ages whose subject is the celebrated struggle between Greek and Trojan have no connection or merely the faintest with Homer's immortal epic. Their inspiration, as it happens, stems from a pair of fourth-rate pieces of literature written almost a millennium after Homer's day.

During the first and second centuries A.D., the worldly and sophisticated age of the Pax Romana, one literary genre that enjoyed somewhat of a vogue was the updating of ancient legends, the retelling of them in down-to-earth terms that did away with such fairy-story stuff as divine interventions, immortal horses, magic armor, and the like. Naturally, a prime target was Homer. Two particular reworkings of the *Iliad* lived on to gain wide popularity among the literati of the Middle Ages and, consequently, to have an important effect upon the course of Western literature: the *Ephemeris Belli Troiani* (*Journal of the Trojan War*), by "Dictys of Crete," and the *De Excidio Troiae Historia* (*History of the Fall of Troy*), by "Dares the Phrygian."

Who actually wrote them we have no idea; the alleged authors are part of the reworking: for added verisimilitude the narratives are cast in the form of eyewitness reports attributed to fictional active participants, to Dictys, a member of the Greek armed forces, in the one case, to Dares of Troy in the other. Prefacing Dictys's account is a letter supposedly from a high-ranking Roman official,

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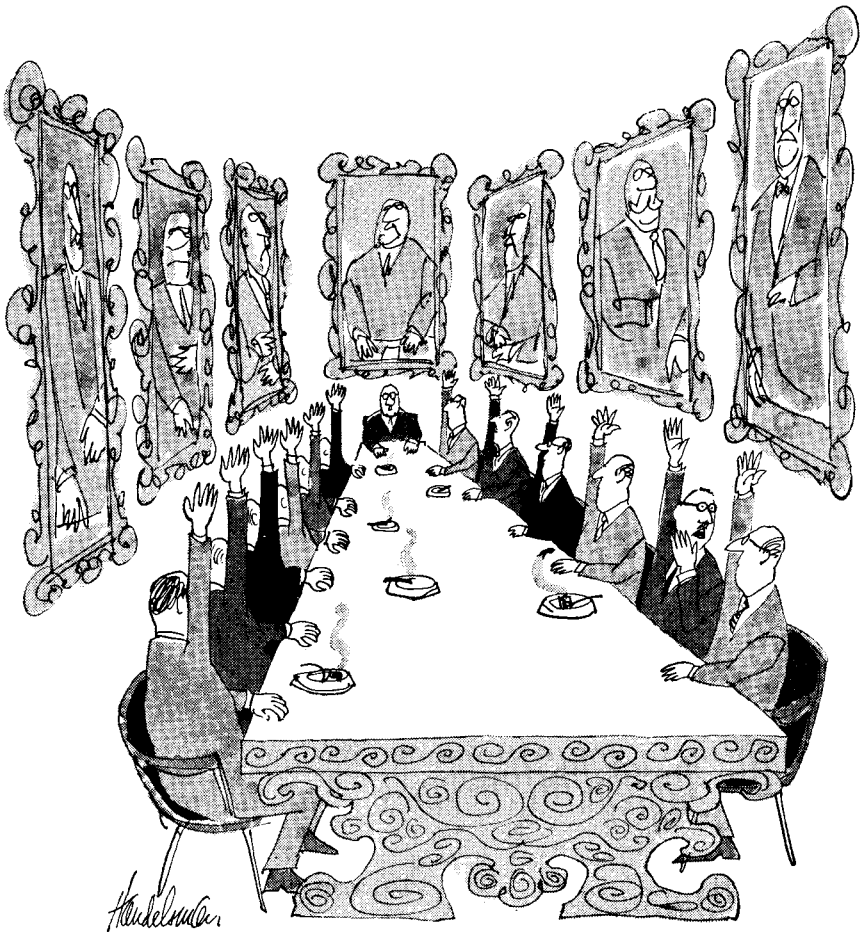
which tells how the manuscript was miraculously discovered after having spent centuries in a tin box in Dictys's grave—a device which, with variations, reappears in Poe, Dickens, and a host of lesser lights. Prefacing Dares's is a similar letter ascribing the miraculous discovery of his manuscript to a well-known Roman biographer.

Of the two, the Dares was far more widely read and had the greater influence, partly because it favored the Trojan side (medieval sympathies were solidly pro-Trojan), partly because it was written in kindergarten Latin. Dares's version compresses the whole of the *Iliad* plus half a dozen other legends about Troy into some thirty pages, has the Trojans win practically every battle (except the last, of course), replaces Homer's unforgettable scenes on Olympus and confrontations of god and man with jargon about organization, logistics, tactics, etc., has Achilles ever on the battlefield and never sulking in his tent. Finally, it kills him off not with an arrow in the heel but with a dagger stroke in the side delivered during a secret conclave at which the great hero was ready to betray the entire Greek army to satisfy his uncontrollable passion for a shapely Trojan princess.

This miserable rump version of Homer's grand tale inspired a lengthy epic, *Le Roman de Troie*, by the twelfth-century Norman poet Benoit de Sainte-Maure; Benoit's poem inspired a Latin prose imitation by the thirteenth-century Sicilian physician Guido delle Colonne; Guido's work inspired a poem by Boccaccio, and it is Boccaccio's inspiration that we must thank for Chaucer's gentle and sorrowful *Troilus and Criseyde*. In the fifteenth century Guido's Latin was translated into French; Caxton turned the French into English—and Shakespeare's mocking and bitter *Troilus and Cressida* owes most of its material to Caxton with some additions from Chaucer and Chapman's Homer.

Dictys's version, though much more extensive and better written, has played but a minor role in literary history and, as a consequence, has had less attention. Though translated into French, German, and Italian, it was never put into English. R. M. Frazer has done us signal service by filling that lack, and he has enhanced his book's value no end by including a new translation of Dares. The renditions are straightforward and readable—almost too much so: Dares, whose Latin has all the elegance of a ticker-tape dispatch, is considerably upgraded in Frazer's English. The introduction is concise and informative.



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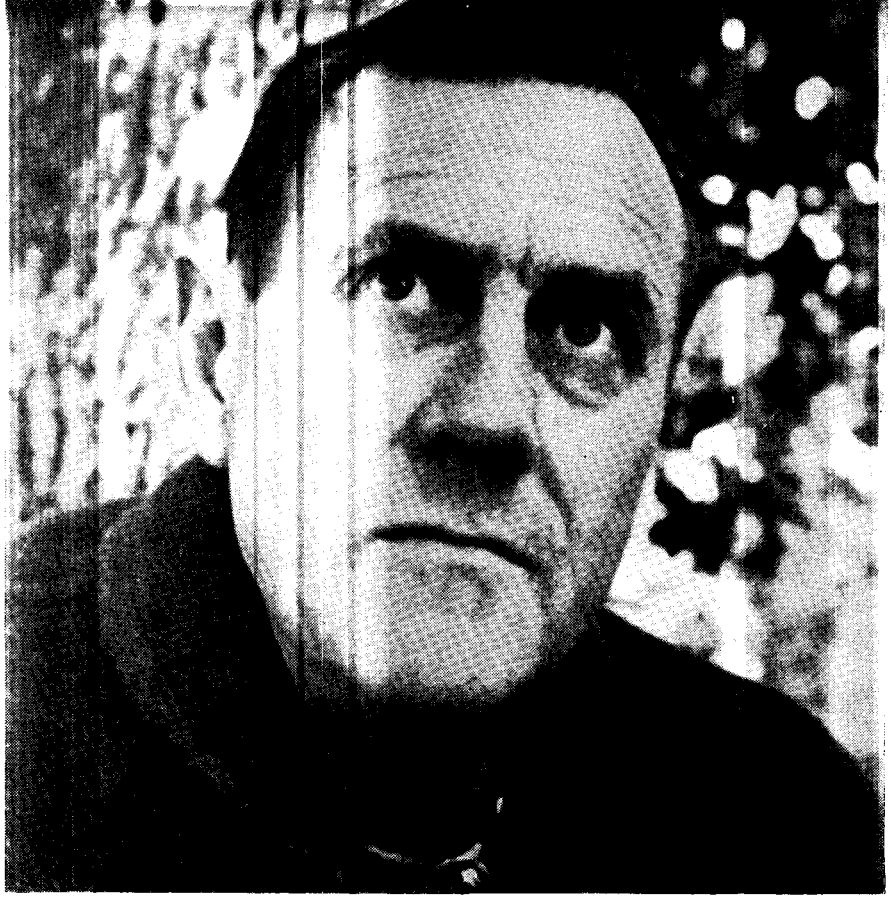

—Boris Cook, Sydney.

Patrick White—"very much his own man."

Message in Marbles: "There is another world, but it is in this one." Paul Eluard's words serve as epigraph to Patrick White's novel about twin brothers, Waldo and Arthur Brown, who stumble hand in hand through both worlds—down Terminus Street on the ragged edge of an Australian suburb, and simultaneously through the intense landscape of their own minds. Waldo's mind is a purgatory: sardonic, withered, dominating, and unloving; and *The Solid Mandala* (Viking, $5) first presents these bachelor brothers' long life together from Waldo's astringent viewpoint. But the atmosphere subtly changes as Arthur's lyric version of the same story emerges. For Arthur's half-witted mind is beatific; he sees and knows the totality of human experience, and uses his childish playthings—glass marbles—as mandalas (the Oriental symbols of wholeness Jung was so interested in) to communicate his wisdom to others.

The brothers' enclosed world seems narrow; they live with their despondent parents, surrounded by ugly people in an ugly suburb of Sydney. But the tale expands in meaning far beyond its confines of time and space. Various polarities develop: most obviously between Waldo as frustrated artist, critic, and intellectual, and Arthur as a true poet. Yet, most subtly, familial and sexual identities shift and change between these aged and quasi-androgynous brothers until between them they have exhibited an extraordinary range of physical, emotional, and moral experience. In a devastating climax one world (Waldo's) ends in Gothic horror, while the world within (Arthur's) persists, asserting its joyfulness. The two worlds are held for our contemplation in complex suspension.

The novel is heavy with symbols and *leitmotivs* (there are perhaps too many nudges—*e.g.*, the club-footed Oedipean father building a Greek pedestal onto his collapsing suburban home), but, and here lies its greatest virtue, *The Solid Mandala* is totally convincing on a realistic level. Every page is vibrant with live people in live contact. Moreover, White makes what seems eccentric, claustrophobic, even repulsive (the book is almost obsessionally cloacal, for instance) also wonderfully fresh and human, so that paradoxically this dark and bitter vision is full of exhilarating energy and wit. The reader is constantly interested and surprised. White is very much his own man, but who else writing today has learned so fruitfully from Joyce about denotating the urbanized sensibility, or from D. H. Lawrence about evoking man's liberating natural energies?

—Bernard McCabe.

Cliff-hanger in the Himalayas: Jack and Eve Marquis, in Jon Cleary's *The Pulse of Danger* (Morrow, $4.50), are a husband-and-wife team on a field expedition into the mountains of Bhutan—he an Australian botanist, leader of the expedition; she a reluctant camp-follower who would rather be at home bearing the children they talk about but do not produce. He prefers *megacarpaea polyandra* and *gooral* shooting to domesticity. Their marriage, reasonably enough, is coming apart at the seams.

While Jack is out potting a *gooral* he is attacked by a leopard but rescued from death at its claws by the handy intervention of an Indian Army officer, one Lieutenant Colonel Dalpat Singh, who happens by with a Sten gun. The colonel has a prisoner, General Li of the Chinese People's Republican Army.

The colonel, a decadent princeling with an Oxford accent, is trying to get the general, a dedicated Communist who speaks better English than the colonel, back to H.Q. for questioning and examination of certain mysterious but highly important papers he carries: mysterious because written in Chinese, which no one but the general can read, highly important because most of the rest of the plot would be nonsense if they were not. (Nobody ever finds out what their importance is.) Pursued by Chinese Communist troops, who quite obviously do know what the papers contain, since they are wholly willing to knock off the entire expedition *and* the general to get them back, Jack, Eve, the decadent princeling, and the dedicated Red take off over the high spine of the Himalayas.

Along with them and a small group of Bhutanese porters go Nick Wilkins, a poorly-balanced entomologist who loves Eve and is jealous of Jack; Nancy Breck, half of another husband-and-wife team on the expedition, who is monomaniacal on the subject of Chinese Reds because they killed her parents-in-law, Quaker missionaries; her husband, Tom, who loves his wife but would like to forget about his parents.

During their flight from the pursuers, doggedly at their heels, they encounter a couple of bands of wandering lamas, the lamas' man-killing dogs, a semi-naked hermit in search of Peace, and forty million American dollars in cash, which they burn to keep from the Commies and, incidentally, as a funeral pyre for Nick, who is the first to go. Besides doses of dialectical Confucianism from the general, they also have to contend with blood-sucking leeches, cannibalistic beetles, avalanches, sheer walls of ice to be scaled, gunfire, freezing cold. Jack and Eve, ennobled and brought closer together by the experience, survive it.

The story is a good, clean, straightforward example of ladies' magazine serial fiction, and I for one am surprised that it has not already appeared in that form. Within its limitations, *The Pulse of Danger* genuinely holds your interest from instalment to instalment.

—David Dodge.

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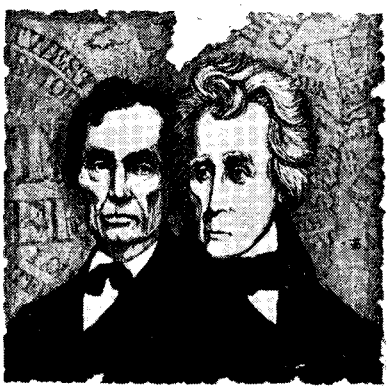
From Expansion to Secession



—From the book jacket.

Lincoln and Jackson—a transition of power to the backwoods men.

The House Divides: The Age of Jackson and Lincoln, from the War of 1812 to the Civil War, *by Paul I. Wellman (Doubleday. 488 pages. $6.95), offers a guided tour through the political maneuvers that characterized America's growing years. Harry Hansen has written several volumes on United States history and is a member of the Society of American Historians.*

By HARRY HANSEN

THAT estimable series of historical writings called "Mainstream of America" and edited by Lewis Gannett provides another high drama of politics and war in Paul I. Wellman's swiftly moving narrative about the first half of the nineteenth century in the United States. The aim of this series, to present facets of American history with clarity to the man who wishes to be informed as well as entertained, is carried out in Mr. Wellman's guided tour through the mass of political maneuvers, personal chicanery, selfish and unselfish motives that characterized the growing years of the young republic.

In placing his emphasis on Jackson and Lincoln Mr. Wellman shows the transition of political power to the backwoods men and how they became committed to the preservation of the union. He demonstrates how imminent was the danger that the United States might have remained confined to the terrain between the Atlantic Ocean and the Mississippi River, with several other nations, possibly Mexican or Texan, stretching to the Oregon, and Britain sniping along the Canadian border and in the Caribbean. Expansion was far from welcome to many self-satisfied Northerners, and the rebuffs that Sam Houston received might well have wrecked annexation of Texas but for the steady support of Old Hickory.

The author's method is to portray the full sweep of the westward advance without halting for research in untilled fields. Thus much of history is a twice-told tale, but this does not deter Mr. Wellman from giving the familiar portraits of Lincoln, Jackson, and their contemporaries in full. These years of decision are vital to an understanding of how America grew. They include the situation that produced the war with Mexico, the California gold rush, the thrusting back of the Indians, and the conflict with the Mormons. How the boundaries of the continental United States were determined ought to be a welcome story to Americans who have taken the extent of their country for granted.

Mr. Wellman provides a fairly full account of the Mexican campaign, and concludes that blame for the defeat rests not on the Mexican soldier but on the jealousy, incompetence, and venality of his leaders. In the Lincoln story he gives careful attention to the issues raised by the Dred Scott decision and to the positions of the two rivals in the Lincoln-Douglas debates. The chronicle ends with Lincoln's first inaugural, when his declaration that "the union of these states is perpetual" echoed Jackson's famous toast: "Our Union: it must be preserved."

Newspapermen have been proficient in making comprehensive and vivid presentations of American history. Like Carl Sandburg, Claude Bowers, and Bruce Catton, Mr. Wellman profits from his newspaper experience. A native of Oklahoma and a confirmed investigator of Western lore, he has more than book-knowledge of the plains and the mountains.

Looking to the Past for Progress

The Invisible Scar, *by Caroline Bird (McKay. xviii, 364 pp. $5.95), finds the genesis of the Great Society in the Great Depression of a generation ago. B. Hughel Wilkins is associate professor of economics at Oregon State University.*

By B. HUGHEL WILKINS

WHEN the recent Congress adjourned, the world had witnessed what seemed to be an amazing performance. In an impressive procession the Great Society bills, nominally social reform measures, became law. President Johnson proposed them; an obliging, even eager Congress enacted them.

Notably, however, with the exception of civil rights, there were no well-organized group efforts to arouse the public to demand the reforms. Furthermore, with few exceptions, the legislation failed to generate impassioned opposition. What opposition there was seemed to be for the sake of form or came from extremists with relatively little economic power and less political influence. Yet, at the same time there were indications of dissatisfaction with the Great Society among the young and the intellectuals, people who should have been especially pleased.

Caroline Bird's explanation for this is more adequate than most that have been advanced. That is, the Great Society measures are in accord with the views of society held by the nation's power structure. In fact, they are more nearly conservative holding actions than liberal reforms. The views of those wielding power today did not begin evolving in 1960. Rather, Miss Bird argues, they stem from the searing experiences of the Great Depression of a generation ago.

In addition to showing how the Depression altered attitudes toward life in general, the New Deal antecedents of the Great Society are enumerated. The Job Corps is a revived CCC. The work-study program is a new version of the National Youth Administration, of which Lyndon Johnson was a young administrator. Federal support for local non-profit work comes from the Works Progress Administration. The use of food stamp plans, extensions of the minimum wage, the Appalachia program, expanding Social Security, and even Medicare are shown to be ideas given currency during the Depression. When President Johnson came into office, he "duplicated the moves of the President whom he had watched take control of the crisis of 1933."

In important ways, the events of the 1930s foreordained the Great Society of

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—Joan Sydlow.

Caroline Bird—"an agonizing choice."

the 1960s. Men, now in positions of power, matured while such measures were being formulated. At the same time, they were acquiring a theoretical structure which makes such activities seem reasonable parts of the whole social system. This theoretical framework is an extension of that proposed by J. M. Keynes in 1936. Keynes established the possibility that capitalism could be rescued from its maximum crisis with minimum changes. In thirty years, Keynesian economics has become orthodox economics. The economists of the New Frontier and the Great Society continue in the main stream of that orthodoxy.

The powerful men of the 1960s, who started their rise in the 1930s, include not only men in government but also men in the private bureaucracies that have virtually replaced the legendary entrepreneurs. The managers of General Motors and the other firms making up our welfare capitalism are, Miss Bird points out, no less concerned about stability, growth, employment, and security than the government bureaucracy. Enough individuals are named to make a convincing case. Disagreements are over a bit more or a bit less, not over the welfare measures themselves. Civil rights in the 1960s is an exception, but, Miss Bird argues, the New Deal dodged the problems of the Negroes.

Our policy toward armaments, however, fits the general pattern. The New Deal did not end the Depression; World War II did. Relatively few Americans were hurt by the war, and most came out of it better off than they were when it started. To the current policy-makers, there is "an agonizing choice between unemployment and the risk of atomic war." However, to them war means "the war that ended the Depression, a wonderful bonanza for everyone."

Although the volume contains minor errors of theory, fact, and typography, the main thrust of the book is not impaired. More distracting is Miss Bird's inability to convey the pathos of the Depression; some passages are reminiscent of Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr.'s *The Crisis of the Old Order,* but Miss Bird's presentation is not as moving.

Nor do the author's own Depression experiences strengthen her argument; even if Vassar girls did start scraping their own dishes during the Depression, some people may not be impressed. Perhaps it is true that if Smith as well as Vassar girls were concerned about the desirability of maintaining democracy as a form of government, everyone was, but the sample seems a bit restricted.

The merit of Miss Bird's book lies in the numerous insights it provides along with a wealth of memory-provoking incidents. After reading it, one might well speculate that history may withhold a judgment of greatness from an Administration that is facing the problems of the 1960s with solutions of the 1930s.

Segregation Could Kill the City

Harlem: The Making of a Ghetto, *by Gilbert Osopsky (Harper & Row. 259 pp. $6.95), scrutinizes the years 1906-26 for the roots of the present plight of the metropolitan Negro. Professor of economics at Columbia University, Eli Ginzberg wrote "The Troublesome Presence: American Democracy and the Negro."*

By ELI GINZBERG

NO ONE who has worked in the field of Negro historiography will minimize the difficulty of finding the building blocks out of which strong edifices can be constructed. The difficulty is even greater when the focus is on a locality or, as in *Harlem: The Making of a Ghetto,* on one section of a great metropolis. An inspection of the book's scholarly apparatus, which includes a bibliographical essay of eleven pages and notes that cover forty-seven, indicates the amount of research that went into its making. The reviewer, however, must be concerned with the result, not the effort.

Gilbert Osopsky tells how a formerly upper-income area, Harlem, within a relatively short span (1907-1920) became transformed into the largest Negro ghetto in the country. His account of the early days of Harlem is particularly absorbing. I agree with the thrust of the lengthy section he devotes to the estrangement between whites and Negroes throughout the history of the city (and the nation), which deepened when the number of migrants from the South began to increase rapidly. Professor Osopsky describes well key Negro leaders and the emergence of Negro political power. There are other important themes (the New Negro in the Jazz Age) which the author opens up and follows at least part way.

However, the analysis moves at too many levels simultaneously and sequentially to probe deeply. Although interesting in their own right, his digressions and elaborations do not really contribute

—Roy De Carava (from the book).

Brownstones in New York City at 139th Street designed in 1891 by Stanford White.

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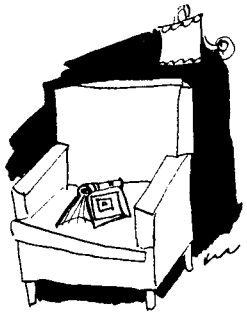
much that is new, although the non-specialist will find them informative. Finally, the flow of in-migrants to alternative housing receives insufficient attention, as do housing discrimination in the other parts of New York City and the role of the municipal government.

But it is ungracious to point out what the author has failed to do. The important point is that he has written a book which will provide a significant historical dimension to the present plight of the urban Negro and the impact of his deprivation on the larger community of which he is a part. In the heart of the analysis—the making of a ghetto—Professor Osopsky provides a fresh, insightful account of how an overbuilt, upper-middle-income white neighborhood was nibbled at, invaded, and finally inundated by the Negro masses who pushed



against the softest spot in a discriminatory real estate market. The role of the real estate broker, white and Negro, is deftly sketched, as is the unsuccessful defensive behavior of the white property owner.

It is unsettling to recognize that if the dates 1906, 1916, 1926 are blocked out the statements hold for 1966. As the author indicates, the ghetto is the creation of the white Northerner who, having failed to contain the Negro in the South or to speed his return to Africa, was determined to keep him at arm's length. The costs to the Negro have been appalling. What the white Northerner is only now beginning to learn is that a ghetto in a specialized urban society spells serious trouble not only for the disadvantaged minority but for the more affluent majority. Metropolitanism and segregation are inherently antagonistic. Unless segregation goes, metropolitanism cannot survive.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column One should read: 8 (Washington Irving Stone), 15 (Dylan Thomas Mann, 1 (Hervey Allen Drury), 13 (Robert Sherwood Anderson), 9 Henry James Hilton), 5 (Havelock Ellis Parker Butler), 10 (James Joyce Carey), 6 (Kenneth Graham(e) Greene), 11 (Edwin Arlington Robinson Jeffers), 4 (Joseph Conrad Richter), 14 (Upton Sinclair Lewis), 12 (Walter Scott Fitzgerald), 7 (O. Henry Adams), 3 (Rachel Carson McCullers), 2 (Matthew Arnold Bennett).

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No Catch for the Hawk

***A Choice of Weapons**, by Gordon Parks (Harper & Row. 274 pp. $4.95), records the author's battle against poverty and racism to achieve success as a photographer, composer, and novelist. Edwin M. Yoder, Jr., is associate editor of the Greensboro (N.C.) Daily News.*

By EDWIN M. YODER, JR.

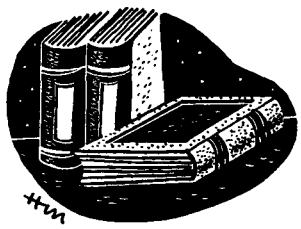
IT WOULD console one's conscience to believe that the "choice of weapons" which enabled Gordon Parks to surmount the stigma of color and become a celebrated photographer is a live option for every gifted American Negro. But for every Parks whose pilgrim's progress ends at Time, Inc., or with the performance of one of his compositions in a Venice concert hall, perhaps dozens are stifled by poverty, dope, despondency, or the dead-end of some despairing ideology like that of the Black Muslims. "We shall overcome," chants the civil rights anthem; but let those who think the conquest easy begin with this book.

An artist's autobiography naturally deals with wounds and bows—with traumas and their part in shaping a craft. For Parks all other wounds are overshadowed by his involuntary error of having been born the wrong color. And the shattering experiences of his youth and young manhood were imposed not by the stupidities of authority or circumstance but by the ritual insensitivity of the clean, white, and well-fed.

You begin in Kansas, the youngest son of an immense brood born to a mother whose strength is stern, proud Methodism. One day she comes home, "spitting blood," to die. The matriarchy collapses. Only the "choice of weapons" suggested in the title remains as a legacy from the mother "who placed love, dignity, and hard work over hatred." Your brother-in-law in St. Paul throws you out and tosses your cardboard suitcase through a window into the snow. For shelter there is the all-night trolley; for food, in desperation, a pigeon the dogs killed, roasted over burning newspapers in a freezing street.

School, a luxury for the merely poor, becomes difficult and then impossible. Piano-playing, waiting tables, other odd jobs stave off starvation. But just as a break comes with a dance band, the Depression renders bands superfluous and throws you upon the alien world of Harlem, where you learn to fight rats with shoes and are very nearly arrested for pushing dope. The CCC offers another brief respite, and finally a Rosenwald Fellowship makes possible a photographer's job with the Farm Security Administration. Full of hope you come to Washington, only to find that the Capital, too, is a white man's domain. World War II comes, the FSA is absorbed into the Office of War Information, and just as you set off overseas to photograph the exploits of a Negro air corps unit you discover that publicity, too, is for white heroes only. Through it all, the reminders of race are present hourly. Whether you clean vile spittoons in a Chicago flophouse or try to buy a topcoat at a modish Washington department store, the epithet "black bastard" lurks, spoken or implied, in numberless encounters.

After 274 pages of this, relieved only by sporadic kindness or a stroke of good luck, the ending in wartime Harlem as black people "button up" against "the hawk over the ghetto" is abrupt and merciful. Appropriately, there is no resolution, although we know that this particular Christian made it out of his own Slough of Despond. But we know also that for too many—like the hapless killer whose gas-chamber execution is vividly described in the prologue—it ends in a catch for the hawk.



This is an excellent introduction to what it must have been like to be black and ambitious—and poor—in the America of a generation ago, when nearly every door was sealed to Negroes as never before or since in American history. Mr. Parks writes simply and incisively, although an unnecessary tremolo occasionally sounds when it is least expected, as if a tiny corner of the author's keen sensibility harbored a thwarted soap-opera writer. Perhaps it does; there could be worse subjects.

But then, much of the power of *A Choice of Weapons* derives from one's realization that for Mr. Parks "success" was not wildly unlike the vision of white middle-class America: good pay and comfort, dignity, a shot at recognition. It was not as a febrile prophet, after all, but as a humorous human being who liked to make music and photos and looked to society to respect and reward his ambition that he braved the insults and the rats and choked back moments of fury and despair. Let us not so condescend as to call this vision commonplace; none is, really. It was at least usual enough, however, as to make astounding and heart-sickening the obstacles Mr. Parks faced in its realization.

Book Review Letters

Continued from page 28

If, as he concedes with regard to Tibetan manuscripts, he is not competent to make a judgment of Tibetan texts I wonder why he should be competent to make a judgment of Georgian texts?

The next time I am in Georgia I will have another look at the "faded Georgian originals" (if they have not by this time been locked up) to see if I can determine what the rag content may be.

HARRISON E. SALISBURY.
New York, N.Y.

Omission

IT IS MOST SURPRISING, to say the very least, that 1965, the year of the Rudyard Kipling Centenary, passed without any mention whatsoever in your magazine.

Aside from the importance of this event in current literary history, this omission is equally surprising in view of the fact that 1965 was marked by a notable series of Kipling Exhibitions by several leading universities, colleges, and outstanding private collections while no mention of these collections appeared in your columns. As a literary magazine, these omissions are indeed difficult to understand especially as other publications have marked the Kipling Centenary with comprehensive articles on Kipling's life and works.

Furthermore, the Kipling Centennial Year was distinguished by a number of important books on the subject of Rudyard Kipling, his life and his works. Not a single reference was made by the *Saturday Review* of these publications during 1965. This omission is equally difficult to understand. It is, of course, possible to ascribe these failures to the inability of your editors to differentiate between an author's political beliefs and his outstanding place in English literature.

The late Admiral Lloyd H. Chandler, a recognized Kipling authority, in his remarkable book, *A Summary of the Work of Rudyard Kipling*, said, "The answer is that Mr. Kipling, somewhere and somehow, has something that appeals to every man, woman or child; to every art, profession and occupation; to every mood, to every feeling and to every experience."

To this, let me add a quotation from the Rt. Hon. Sir Winston Churchill, who said on November 17, 1937, "We meet here tonight . . . to honor the memory of a writer, of a man and of a force. . . . There seems to be no gallery of human activity which he could not enter easily and unchallenged, and which, having entered, he could not illuminate with a light, unexpected, piercing, enchanting, and all his own.

"There have been in our own time greater poets and sages . . . But in the glittering rank which he took by Right Divine there has never been anyone like him. No one has ever written like Kipling before, and his work has been successfully imitated by none. He was unique and irreplaceable."

CARL T. NAUMBURG,
Vice President and Secretary
for the United States,
The Kipling Society.
New York, N.Y.

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The Coming of the Jet Age in Samoa—2

Pago Pago in American Samoa—old ways among the new.

THE OPENING of the new air-conditioned hotel in Pago Pago and the regular jet service that Pan American has scheduled into the stunning new international airport introduced a new era to Samoa, but in no way did the improvements signal the disappearance of the old customs. Flag Day ceremonies, which are normally held on April 17 in Tutuila to commemorate the first appearance of the Stars and Stripes, were postponed from last year so they could be a part of the gala week. After the bands had played, the children had sung and marched, and each of the visiting Congressmen and Congresswomen had been given a taste of *'ava* in the traditional Polynesian royal greeting, the Mardi Gras continued in high South Pacific style.

Fifty-man crews put their boats to sea in the *fautasi* race. By long tradition *fautasi* racers go into serious training before the events. They may not smoke or drink, and they are, as it was so quaintly explained to us, denied the companionship of their families. Like almost everything else that was held outdoors that week, the *fautasi* boat race took place in the rain.

At night, with the weather cleared somewhat, Freddie Letuli Olo brought his troupe of young entertainers to the pool side of the hotel. I had seen them a few years before when they played and danced and sang at Government House before their trip to the World's Fair in New York. They had done so well abroad that Freddie had returned to be elected a high talking chief.

What was visible in the airport and the hotel and in the improved roads was only part of what Governor Rex Lee had wrought in five years since he took over. In the morning the Congressmen were off to the Michael J. Kirwan Educational Center, named after one of their members who had heard Lee's plans and dreams and had showed his faith by producing the money. The Educational Center is a television studio, beaming six channels of telecasts, more than most U.S. towns. During the day the Samoa station transmits educational television. One channel can handle two grades. Classes scattered through the islands get half an hour of televised instruction, then thirty minutes reinforcing what they have seen and heard.

Lee decided on this daring method because he found that the Samoan teachers, who were on the job when he arrived, often had little more than six months' education themselves. American teachers wouldn't be able to communicate. Now, using the tube, highly qualified teachers are able to give uniform lessons to all pupils across the islands. The lessons are microwaved from the Kirwan studios, then radiated from the towers atop a mountain. In order to service the sending station, a cable car had to be built to carry equipment to build the transmitter and, ultimately, the personnel to man it. The cable car was later pressed into double duty as a tourist attraction. One afternoon when the weather lifted a bit I rode it across the bay, a fascinating excursion that will give rubbernecks who come to Pago Pago a view of the canneries, of a stray turtle lolling in the bay, of the Pago Pago School, nestling into the green like a Samoan village. Then we seemed to change our course and go straight up, straight into the clouds, emerging on the mountaintop. The transmitting station was a spotless headquarters, a mass of dials and machinery and a handful of men content, apparently, to live on the mountain and watch their dials. On the very summit of the mountain Lee planted an observation tower for the tourists. The 360-degree view was obscured by another mountain, so the Samoans cut off its top.

I have heard Lee's efforts and accomplishments tossed off as "a colossal boondoggle," but they are hardly that. For one thing, it would soon have cost far more than the $2,600,000 laid out for the educational TV system to bring proper teachers down to Samoa, provide housing for them, and return them home on leave. From a moral standpoint and from a humanitarian one, it is refreshing to see the government spending its millions for purposes that will elevate education and well-being.

The gratitude of the Samoans has been shown here in touching and colorful ceremonies. In one, called "Ta'alolo," the guests were asked to assemble once

Samoan chiefs — nice work if you can get it.

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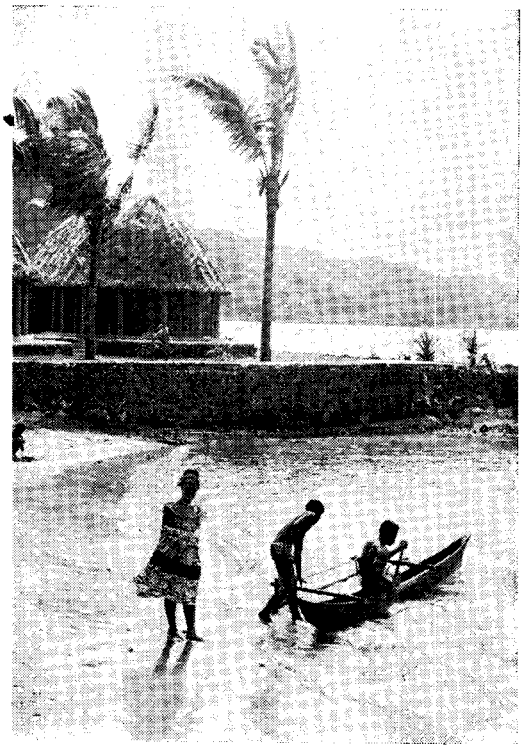
more on the Fagatogo Malae. As it turned out, the *Monterey* of the Matson Lines was in the harbor that morning, and by the time I got to the Malae the square was ringed with people. More in honor of Boat Day than the Ta'alolo, the whittlers and the lei-makers had spread their wares all around the green—giant squares of tapa, carved double canoes, beads and shells, skirts made of leaves and tapa. On the parade ground, Sergeant Pao Pao, an ex-Marine, was done up in his World War II dress blues again, sending his militia drill team through a complicated close order drill. Then came the disarming children, a group from Manua, an island five hours away by boat. They were dressed in tapa skirts, wore wristlets and beads and, led by a ten-year-old who beat a wicked beat on an old gasoline drum,



Beach at Pago Pago—a new era.

they performed the ancient slap dance with incredible rhythm and savoir-faire.

A speech from some out-island chief was shouted across the parade ground. The marching band of Western Samoa swept by, and then came the offerings by the high district chiefs. They wore huge headdresses of women's hair, often 300 years old. Their bodies were oiled and their tattoos gleamed. They advanced on the lawmakers, shouting their greetings, bearing finely woven cloths, carved boats, tapa cloth, handmade trays. The trinkets were piled in a corner later, to be divided among the Congressional party. Most of the fine mats were presented in person as one presents one's most treasured possession. They take over a year to make, a chief told me, and they are kept in storage like gold. "This is our gold," he said. "The more fine mats you have, the more wealth you have acquired." It has happened in the past that foreign visitors receiving the mats and finding themselves something less than impressed, gave them to the hotel maid when they checked out. One official confided that he was hoping it wouldn't happen this time.

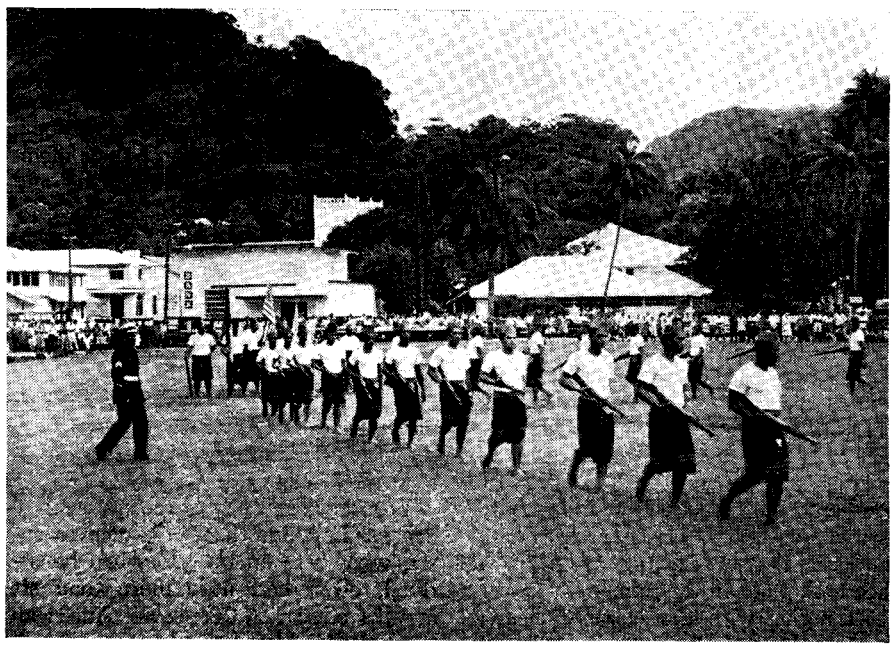
While I was in American Samoa a number of significant observers buzzed over to Western Samoa, the independent nation that is just eighty miles away—among them, John Gates, chairman of the board of Pan Am's Intercontinental Hotels; Edwin K. Hastings, Hilton's vice president in the Pacific; George Wimberly, a prominent Honolulu architect who has been specializing in Pacific hotels; and William Mullahey, who had gone into the South Seas with the first ship that carried the supplies to build Pan American's airfields in the early Thirties. They followed the trail of Honolulu's Walter Collins, an engineer and planning expert who had toured the islands for two weeks looking for hotel and resort sites.

Western Samoa is fifteen times as large as American Samoa, and its 120,000 citizens give it six times the population of its neighbor. The airport is a grass field with a shack on one end, but it takes little more than the ride into town to show how different the islands are. The long, flat ride into Apia is relieved by grassy fields, shady breadfruit trees, mangos, impressive churches, and cocoa plantations left by the Germans who held the island from 1900 to World War I. The roads are the contribution of the Seabees, who built them when our Marines came to train for the bloody work that was to be done at Tarawa. We passed stands that sold coconuts, and youngsters who offered coconut oil in Coke bottles, and bicyclists carrying strings of fish.

We went, as all wayfarers seem to do, to Aggie's Hotel, which creaks because in parts it is 120 years old. It is, in its tumbledy informality, the very essence of a South Seas inn. It sleeps eighty, offers the questionable refreshment of an unappetizing pool, serves its meals on the second deck amid bursts of hibiscus flowers impaled on coconut reeds and views of the flame trees. Along with the steak and potatoes, Aggie is likely to dispense fried breadfruit and boiled taro tops, which is more than anyone can say of Honolulu where the hotels shun the local fare as if it were fit only for cats.

Aggie has been running her hotel for thirty years, and has received all the come-lately writers who have fetched up in Apia in search of tales of the Pacific. She was born too late for Robert Louis Stevenson, who stayed first with Harry J. Moore in a house occupied now by the Gold Star Transport Company, Ltd. Later he moved to a hillside estate called Vailima, later occupied by the Germans, then by the New Zealanders who ran the islands from 1919 until independence came a few years ago. The chief of state lives there now, with a view of the sea, an avenue of teakwood trees, masses of purple bougainvillea spilling over the porte-cochere, and orchids and alamandas blossoming in patches scattered over the soft, grassy slopes.

The relics of the colonial days can



Militia on Flag Day—Mardi Gras, Pacific style.

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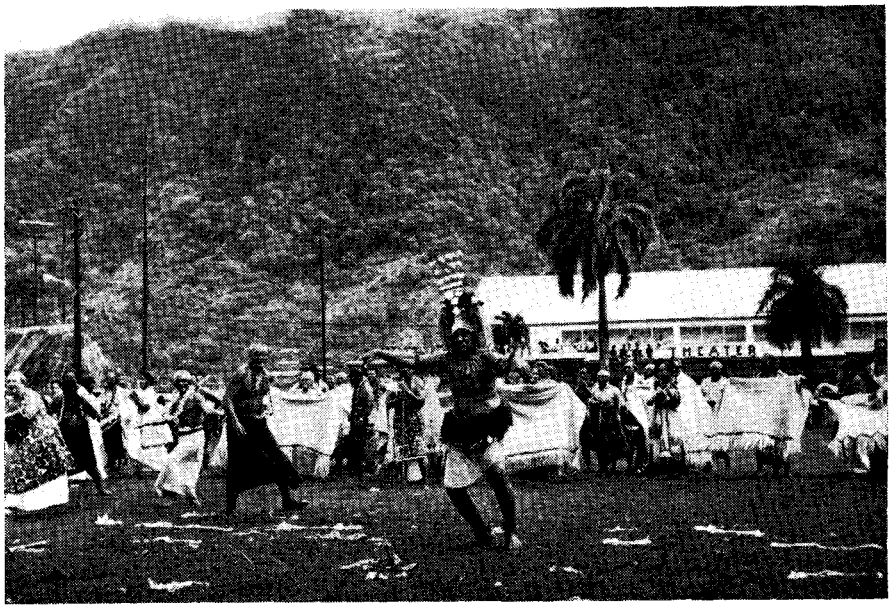
still be seen in Apia, in the old-style white helmets of the police that are reminded of the Bengal lancers, in the wheel of the *Calliope*, the British ship that got away when a hurricane in 1889 intruded on American, German, and British men-of-war about to decide who would control Western Samoa. The wreck of the German ship *Adler* can still be seen when the tides are right. The Casino Hotel, another wreck, is still viewable, too; indeed it can be stayed in. It was once the company hotel of the Zweigniederlassung der Deutschen Handels und Platagen-Gesellschaft der Sudseeinseln zu Hamburg, a combine that has been anglicized to the Western Samoa Trust Estates.

In Western Samoa only the chiefs can vote and only the chiefs can run for office. Just before independence the country had three main chiefs. When one died, the remaining two decided to rule dually. A constitutional convention decreed that they would do so for their lifetimes, and that after the death of both the convention would elect a new ruler from the legislative assembly. After independence came, Tamasese, who was looked upon as the father of the independence, died. He was placed in a white family crypt on a peninsula near the parliament, just outside town. Malietoa, his partner, became chief of state and went to live in Stevenson's old home. Mata'afa became prime minister.

When I looked in at the parliament house the other day, the legislature was not in session. The sides of the building were open to the pleasant trades and the overhead spinning fans were still. The fluorescent lights in the soundproofed ceiling were turned off and the great speaker's chair, presented by the government of Tonga, was empty. A chicken pecked contentedly on the lawn under the breadfruit, as it might well do during a session. It was perhaps 100 yards to the nearest banana patch, and maybe fifty yards more to the edge of the sea. If you want to be a legislator in Western Samoa, it's a mighty pleasant place to work.

—Horace Sutton.

This is the second of two articles on Samoa. The first appeared last week.



Above, high district chief on Flag Day; below, band from Western Samoa.

Rating a Poet

Continued from page 21

worry about, since there is no remedy and there never will be a remedy. I have done work very far removed from Yeats's in mood, meaning, and formal intent, and I expect to do much more; but I think any reader genuinely responsive to the sensuous aspects of poetry will always be able to trace, in any work I ever do, this first ineradicable influence.

My use of terms taken from the trades and crafts is somewhat confusing. In a sense every master passes, in his personal evolution, through the phases of the apprentice and the journeyman, though sometimes these are startlingly compressed; Yeats himself might be a more typical case, since his characteristic style developed rather slowly. From another point of view, that of the sociology of literature, we can see that occasionally a writer who is destined to be a journeyman manages to elevate himself to the role of master, though the probability of this is far more remote in literature than it is in the other trades; only one example from recent American poetry comes readily to mind, that of Robert Frost. As for the transition from apprentice to journeyman, naturally it is more common, but still not so common that it isn't a reason for celebration when it occurs.

For the journeyman is a fine poet, a genuine poet, fully mature and individual. Indeed, he may possess—some obviously do—all the attributes of greatness, lacking only the opportunity to use them. He is made, or kept, a journeyman, not by his personal capacities but by the accident of his time and place. Roethke, Lowell, and Berryman are splendid poets. In another tradition (equally traditional) so are Olson, Creeley, and Levertov. They have all written bad poems, of course, and their works leave plenty of room for the application of the individual reader's taste and judgment; but putting these matters aside, one can say they are extremely gifted people—extremely. Some of their poems will be remembered for a long time, and will probably always be found in the anthologies of our period, though Berryman may have limited his chances in this respect through his heroic concentration on close-knit, long poems. Yet who can doubt that these poets, to whatever heights they may rise, will always be overshadowed by the masters of our era: Pound, Yeats, Williams, Eliot, Cummings, H.D., perhaps even Marianne Moore and Wallace Stevens?

If these six younger poets that I have named, or a couple of dozen others that any of us could name, had belonged to the generation of the masters, very con-

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ceivably they would have been masters themselves; then when the opportunities for major invention were open, then when the cultural impetus was mounting. That was the perfect moment. They missed it, they came later. It would be absurd to call this a misfortune, but it certainly is a fact. They made their poetic appearance at a time when the opportunities were closed; instead they found "only" the array of glorious inventions confronting them, the major styles, with no practical possibility of going beyond them or around them. What was left to do was simply to discriminate and define their individual talents within the context of the major styles, which were already becoming the traditions, even the conventions, of our age. And this is the work of the journeyman: Roethke defining himself within the style of Yeats, Creeley within the style of Williams.

OF course I am oversimplifying. There is more to Roethke's work than his poems in a Yeatsean manner. The means by which the journeyman defines his own poetic temperament within the established character of the age are extremely various and complex, and certainly I don't recommend my own explicitly allusive poem as a very good or efficacious model. In a way the proliferation of genius among the generations of journeymen is a more surprising cultural spectacle than that of the masters themselves. We study the masters, we love and sometimes hate them, to an extent we shape our lives in their image; but the journeymen, our contemporaries, speak to us more intimately and with greater immediate force.

The journeyman performs the same work as the master, defining and recording the life of his time, sharpening and reinforcing his technique, exploring untried moods and subjects, but his product is smaller, more limited, and lacks, inevitably, the spirit of the really new.

And then there are the apprentices, generally two kinds, I think: those who will, or may, become journeymen; those, a larger number, to whom this ambition is unattainable. Their work, in both cases, is imitation—making copies—and nothing more.

Finally, a word to critics and reviewers: bear these distinctions in mind. They have something to do with the justice of your pronouncements, though justice in literary judgments is such a nebulous, hypothetical thing that probably we should say no more about it. More to the point, these distinctions are needful in understanding our cultural situation as it actually is and as it changes from year to year, decade to decade; the coercive limitations it imposes on us all and the real nature of the means we use to resist them.

BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Charity Springs Eternal

HOW MUCH choreography can a musical comedy profitably use? *Oklahoma!*, *West Side Story*, and *Hello, Dolly!* are examples of smash-hit musicals in which dancing was the predominant ingredient. But all these were composed of non-choreographed dramatic sequences that led to overwhelming dance numbers. Now, in *Sweet Charity*, we appear to have moved to total choreography, a musicalized story conceived in dance images, in which even the dramatic conversations are performed as precisely designed movement.

The show bravely points a gun at its own head from the opening scene when it first pops its Chaplinesque protagonist at us. She is a dance-hall hostess named Charity, but as played by Gwen Verdon she is transparently a girl who dreams of true love in a life filled with the other kind. Miss Verdon tells us this immediately by the forlornly akimbo way she stands and moves. And throughout the evening she springs recklessly on to produce an infinite supply of gauche manifestations so varied that we are never conscious of a repeated gesture.

The most pitiable thing about Charity is perhaps her realistic refusal to be a charity case. When hopefully she gives her heart to a worthless man, she feels she is not giving him anything of worth. Thus her eventual disappointment is discounted in advance. To celebrate this in a musical comedy requires either a willingness to follow the fairy-tale cliché of virtue rewarded or, more realistically, to salute the blind, die-hard courage of a damned and defeated spirit.

Taking its inspiration from Fellini's 1957 film, *Nights of Cabiria*, *Sweet Charity* chooses to attempt the latter. Its ammunition includes the brilliant conceptions of choreographer Bob Fosse, the comic genius of playwright Neil Simon, and the endearing personality and vitality of Miss Verdon. Helping, too, are at least a couple of good songs by Dorothy Fields and Cy Coleman, Irene Sharaff's stylishly sleazy costumes, and Robert Randolph's simple settings with their ingenious electric-sign subtitles. The inferno-like atmosphere of a taxi dance-hall is stunningly created by a number titled "Big Spender," in which the girls drape themselves over the railing to entice their customers with fraudulent flirtation. Then the contrasting elegant artificiality of an ultra-sophisticated discothèque is satirically demonstrated in three energetically blasé dances. "The Aloof," "The Heavyweight," and "The Big Finish." And a second-act production number digresses wildly and entertainingly into a jazz church service.

Somewhat less frantic but more touching is Miss Verdon, wild-eyed under the brim of a top hat, and pixieishly attired in an overcoat from which the hanger hasn't been removed, as she turns a second-hand relationship with a famous movie actor into the drolly ecstatic "If My Friends Could See Me Now." Similarly, near the end, Charity's newfound joy and security erupt into a stirring solo dance against the background of a brass band and colored lights.

While the plot is sparse and really serves mainly to give the dancers a chance to change costumes, it is nevertheless peppered with some effective comedy. Most amusing is the desperate moment when Charity, terrified that her cigarette smoke will reveal her presence in the closet, suddenly solves her problem by exhaling into a plastic clothes-bag and zipping up the smoke inside it. And there is an inspired hilarity to the scene in which Charity is stuck in the elevator with a shy accountant. The latter is portrayed with devastating panic by John McMartin. This comic New Yorker-cartoon quality is sustained even through the romantic scenes, to keep them from becoming tritely sentimental. It also keeps us from becoming too involved; a certain distance is essential to our acceptance of the show's outcome. While that outcome disappoints by being neither make-believe happy nor ironical-absurd, it is realistic and within this musical's chosen depth of focus.

For what *Sweet Charity* has to say is simply that for the true innocent hope is more important than the materialization of it, that the ups and downs of such a romantic attitude are preferable to the duller undeluded pursuit of life's necessities. However, where *Man of La Mancha* exults in its romanticism, *Sweet Charity* dances nonstop around it, never forgetting to remind us that the detail of modern life is insuperable. Mr. Fosse's choreography has relentlessly created much of that detail, defying us not to admire its flawless execution, from the opening curtain to the final moment when the never-resting show rests its case. All things considered, we are inclined to find in its favor. For to complain that *Sweet Charity* may be too well choreographed for its own good would be sourly uncharitable.

—HENRY HEWES.

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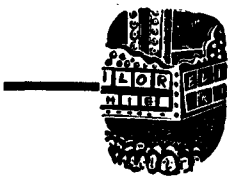


Golden Eggs

THE NAME of a new movie, *The Money Trap*, is also the best explanation of what is wrong with it and several other current releases. Movies, as everyone knows, are produced to make money; the hopes and prayers of thousands of artists and stockholders accompany each film as it makes its way to the market place. Each represents a considerable gamble, and perhaps the headiest exhilaration known to the industry comes when one unexpectedly pays off. But once that pay-off happens—as it did so resoundingly for the James Bond films, for example—the gamblers tend to close in for some sure-thing bets. Harry Saltzman, the producer of the Bond series, had peddled the Ian Fleming properties in Hollywood for five years before he could find a studio to back him. Now every studio in town has at least one sexy superspy on its roster, with more to follow as long as the market holds up.

But if the original Bond films seem to defy the law of diminishing returns (the current *Thunderball* is even bigger than *Goldfinger*, which was bigger than *From Russia with Love*, etc.), their numerous imitators might well supply the brakes. Such kissing cousins of Bond's as *Our Man Flint* and *That Man in Istanbul* have obviously studied their prosperous relative with deep respect; they have caught his flip insouciance, his refinements of palate and dress, his physical prowess in battle and bed. What they have missed, however, is the suggestion of vulnerability that makes Bond's hairbreadth escapes so exciting, and the sense of slapdash, tongue-in-cheek foolishness that makes Bond's harebrained adventures such fun. In their eagerness to go Bond one better, they overdo on both the heroics and the humor.

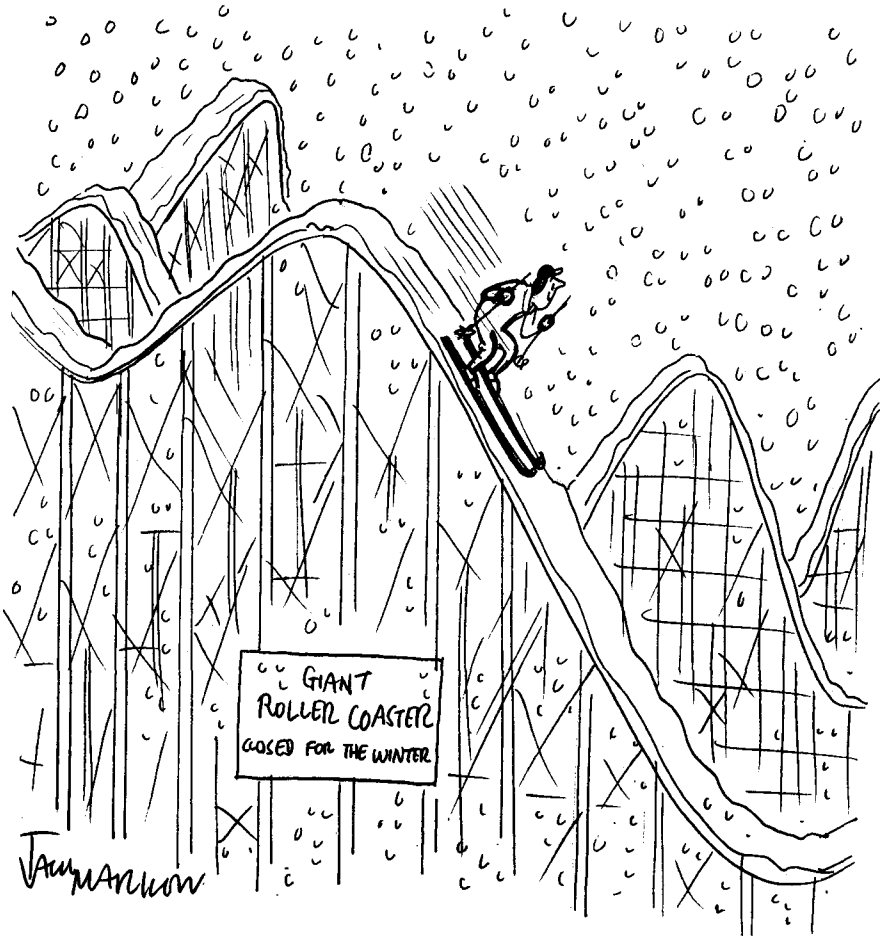
Actually *Our Man Flint*, as written by Hal Fimberg and Ben Starr, presents James Coburn as an agent who is the epitome of impregnability. Attacked, he kills with karate. Entombed, he cuts his way free with an acetylene-flamed cigarette lighter. Bombed, he is warned by a sixth sense of the impending explosion. Plainly there is just no stopping him, as the gang from Galaxy ultimately learn to its sorrow. But what the audience learns, just before he blows their base to smithereens, is that Galaxy's purpose is to bring world peace through control of the weather. Perhaps, since one of the triumvirate of scientists at the head of Galaxy is clearly Chinese, Flint was right to question their motives. Nevertheless, a plan for world peace these days would seem to warrant more of a hearing than vouchsafed here—particularly since Flint's concept of personal freedom, in whose name he pulls the switches of destruction, narrows down to a Playboy pad with four loving doxies in constant attendance.

Just as in the old Western films, the mere identification of a man as the hero presumably gives him unbridled license to kill, maim, deceive, or make love. In *That Man in Istanbul*, the perennially juvenile Horst Buchholz is cast in the unlikely role of an American gambler deported to Turkey. When Sylva Koscina, an equally unlikely FBI agent, recruits his assistance in locating a missing scientist, Buchholz begins to shoot or otherwise assault practically anyone who crosses his path, and asks questions later—if there is still time. No matter that he is correct in his choice of victims; the basic morality of the picture seems to be that being on the right side—ours, of course—is justification enough for any sadistic outrage or brutal murder. James Bond may shrug off such a charge with a suave smile and a sophisticated quip. His celluloid relatives, unfortunately, lack his humor and assurance, and hence also his appeal.

Failure of another sort hobbles much of *Lord Love a Duck*, George Axelrod's first attempt at producing, writing, and directing a film. Without the precedents of such free-wheeling English enterprises as *Tom Jones*, *A Hard Day's Night*, and *The Knack*, this satiric investigation of teen-age morality would be inconceivable as the product of a major studio. As it stands, *Duck* is still pretty incredible, more easily described than explained. Roddy McDowall plays a high school Merlin, ready (and able) to grant any wish that springs into Tuesday Weld's pretty little head. Does she want a dozen sweaters in the latest, sexiest shades? He gives her thirteen. Does she want to be a movie star? He arranges a meeting with a "beach blanket" producer. Are Tuesday's chances for stardom imperiled by her husband? Roddy pursues the gentleman with a bulldozer. And precisely here is the difficulty. Too much of the film's point is pursued by a bulldozer, not enough with the scalpel.

As to *The Money Trap*, its cast is almost self-explanatory, Glenn Ford, Rita Hayworth, Ricardo Montalban, and Joseph Cotten all starred in this kind of cops-and-robbers melodrama twenty years ago. The only question is, can they still do it profitably today?

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.



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TV AND RADIO

All the Way to the Bank

THE comic book, lowliest member of the *kitsch* family, is television's wave of the future. With a *biff zowie, zam,* and *kerplunk, Batman,* ABC Television's new twice-a-week series based on *Batman and Robin,* a pulp classic, has *powed* its way to the top ten in Trendex ratings, rescuing the network from its depressing No. 3 position and clearly pointing the way to a bull market in comics next season. *Mandrake the Magician* is being rushed to the assembly line, according to one report, and program executives are busily scanning the field for other proven favorites of the vast comic-strip-reading public.

Television has, of course, seen many versions of comics before, from *Popeye* to *The Flintstones,* and from *Superman* and *Captain Video* to *Dennis the Menace.* But *Batman's* present version (there was an earlier film serial called *Batman and Robin*) is a significant breakthrough in television as "camp" art, in that it has living actors playing comic-strip roles with the utter simplicity of thought and speech of the printed characters. Priests of high art may shudder at the very thought of comics and television as esthetic pretenders, yet *kitsch* in the electronic age is a seething world, and out of the McLuhan boil come cultural developments that are not easily ignored.

Batman, as many a Harvard grad who devoured him as a boy will tell you, is an action-adventure comic spun out of *The Scarlet Pimpernel,* double-life tradition. Bruce Wayne, handsome young philanthropist with the soul of a Boy Scout, and Dick Grayson, his ward, pantywaist their time in a mansion with French lessons until a secret hot line from Gotham City's police commissioner summons them for help in trapping arch criminals like the Riddler, the Penguin, and the Joker.

Wayne becomes Batman, Dick becomes the Boy Wonder. Donning masks and circus capes and operating from a secret bat cave with atomic reactor (safety catch on), they duel the bizarre villains with wits and fists, presumably satisfying the viewer's mysterious longings and fantasies arising out of tension, boredom, or *angst*-driven adolescent reaction to a time of troubles. All this, in true camp fashion, is expensively produced; the sets wear no lean, hungry, B-picture look.

And, in keeping with their print-comic predecessors, Batman and the Boy Wonder, unlike Napoleon Solo and Illya in *The Man from U.N.C.L.E.,* are not "in" on their absurdities and incongruities. The caped crusader, in a crowded nightclub, refuses a ringside table because he does not wish to be conspicuous. He orders orange juice at the bar. Robin is given to such exclamations as "Holy flypaper! We're stuck!" The terse dialogue is unadulterated comic strip. Animated title sequences are interwoven with live action. Fast music coheres all elements.

The effect, therefore, is not to humanize the comic hero but to dehumanize the live actor. This is the secret of *Batman's* success. The viewer, his own identity dissolving in the real, awesome, automated, nuclear world, recognizes that it is the live actor playing Batman who has been turned into a thing, an instrument, a device. He recognizes the truth about himself in the modern world, applauds it, and allows *Batman's* producers to laugh all the way to the bank. Television has been criticized in the past for downgrading the novel it borrowed, the play it adapted, the film it cut up for commercials. Fishing in the backwaters of popular culture, it has achieved its first indigenous artistic triumph—it has upgraded the comics. Historians of culture in the future may well say that television's early attempts at art were the smaller-than-life dramas of Chayefsky, Nash, Mosel, and Foote, but that the medium attained full stature as an art form with the larger-than-life comic *Batman.*

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

The Vastness and Indifference of the World

By Richard Eberhart

I SAVED a chipmunk from a cat.
But does it matter?
The cat was too dandiacal
And kept the struck chipmunk
Waiting in its mouth.
I thought it maniacal,
As well as in patience angelical.

Meanwhile, a wife was talking to a daughter
In serious tones of manners and what was the matter
With the world, and to young tears laughter
Dafter would seem than any animal slaughter,
Indeed I was held spellbound
(Somewhat hellbound so I felt)
Between the drama of the larger and the smaller animals.

Meanwhile the cat was scared off
And the bitten, smitten chipmunk hobbled,
Without thanking me, quickly to some under bushes
As if he did not know how close to death he was,
Who had been held patiently in the cat's jaws
While she decided how long to wait, in her
Elegance, to dandle him another blow toward death.

I meted out my justice, I became a justicer
Of nature, I became a conscientious objector
To cats, and I obstructed nature. Obtrusive
I. I by instinct defended the weaker animal
And saved a chipmunk from a cat.
The human dialogue went on, however,
And the evening cocktail party, pressed with

Significance, and oppressed with ignorance
Of what I considered real, not seeing it,
Could not have cared less
And was not all that impressed
With the indifference of the cat to kill at once
And the slowness of the chipmunk to revive itself
But for the poet's intervention, which is to save the world.

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Continued from page 20

ers can be expected to know something about human nature, even Presidential nature, which is not very different—and they will keep in mind that Presidents like to blow off steam, or indulge their sense of humor, or of mischief, just as they will keep in mind that Presidents, like other people, are not always masters in their own House: remember Lincoln's wistful remark to the importunate petitioner, "Madame, I have no influence with this administration." As we all allow for the play of personality in ourselves and in our own associates, so we all make allowances for it in public men. Who now holds it against Lincoln that he could never resist telling a good story; who counts it against Churchill that his wit was irrepressible?

What shall we say of a fourth objection, that the danger of unseemly publication may induce timidity or counsel silence, in those who should be encouraged to speak their minds, and that it will thus invite more stringent rules about security or about publication? A serious consideration, this, for what we need is less restriction, not more. But may we not say of this problem what Justice Holmes said of an analogous situation: "Not while this court sits"?

These matters are, after all, up to the President, the Secretary, the General, whoever is involved. If he knows that he is indiscreet, or if he fears disclosures, he may impose his own security measures, and doubtless will; Mr. Schlesinger himself gives some examples of this. The simplest of all security measures is for the President not to invite historians or journalists to be part of his official family, not to give them his confidence. Presidents are, after all, in command of the situation. If they appoint a Boswell to act as recorder they must be presumed to know what they are about. We cannot lay down the rules; a Roosevelt, a Kennedy, a Johnson will lay down his own rules, and everything is to be gained from variety and experimentation.

What of the final objection, that unrestricted or premature disclosure may impair the national security? We need not take this charge seriously. In the first place, the kind of men who win the confidence of Presidents can be expected to be quite as patriotic as the rest of us, and quite as intelligent, too. It is most improbable that they would knowingly impair the national interest. Second, the cry of "security" is one which we have learned to discount; it rings out whenever there is anything to conceal. There is, after all, a national interest in knowing all the facts of public affairs as soon as possible, which overrides any interest in concealing facts as long as possible. It is more important, for example, that the pros and cons of major issues—let us say the Bay of Pigs episode—be aired, and that the public be invited to weigh the charges of incompetence in the CIA and the Pentagon, than that these matters be hushed up, or that any branch of government be shielded from publicity and criticism.

All very well, it will be said, but this assumes that a Roosevelt, a Kennedy, an Eisenhower, a Johnson will be there to impose his wishes on those to whom he gives his confidence. What happens when fate intervenes—as it did in April 1865, in September 1919, in November 1963? There is perhaps no answer to this challenge other than the elementary observation that principles of conduct should not be based on exceptions or on fortuity. Furthermore, in our kind of society much must of necessity be left to the common sense, the intelligence, and the virtue of the individual. We cannot contrive rules to anticipate all conceivable vagaries of human character.

We may confidently believe that no President or high official will put his confidence in men palpably wanting in judgment or integrity. We may confidently assume that the public is intelligent enough to disregard writers clearly wanting in judiciousness or integrity. We may be sure, too, that the principle of the countervailing force will operate: that each disclosure will call forth other disclosures, each interpretation inspire other interpretations, and that, out of all this, something like the truth will eventually emerge. This is the familiar method of history in free societies; the alternative is "official" history.

Those who would, directly or indirectly, impose restraints upon the historian are, for the most part, those who believe in censorship in other realms as well—in literature, art, drama, politics, and history. They are the men who are sure that while they can always be trusted to think for themselves; others cannot. They assume that the public is a great booby, easily misled. They know that *they* do not need protection, but they assume that the public does need protection. They are those who believe that government and politics are mysterious things, that politicians and the military operate in some esoteric fashion which can be understood only by the initiate, and that their operations should therefore be shrouded in secrecy. They are basically men of little faith, who do not trust the common sense of their fellow men or the ability of truth to survive the competition in the market place of ideas.

"Know the joy of helping someone without the slightest danger to yourself of getting involved."

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Singing Their Way West

The Mormon Pioneers—The Columbia Records Legacy Collection Album—Stereo LS 1024, $10.70.
Sweet Nebraska Land—Folkways Records FH 5337, $5.79.
The New Christy Minstrels Sing and Play Cowboys and Indians—Columbia CL 2303, $3.79.
Lorne Greene's American West—RCA Victor LSP-3409 Stereo, $4.79.
Johnny Cash Sings the Ballads of the True West—Columbia deluxe 2-record set C2L 38, $7.58 (Stereo C2S 838, $9.58).

THOUGH there wasn't much migration beyond the wide Missouri before 1845 and President Polk, the generations on either side of the Civil War went through such intense personal hells to open up the vast Western wilderness that their legacy has come to be the authentic American folk drama. Television rapidly discovered what the movies had always known—that the U.S. public will respond to almost anything about the West, stale and repetitive as the story can be. And, in consequence, singers early and late have found indigenous ore almost anywhere West. In the folk recordings here reviewed there is a common soil; the common enemy is nature herself, not the treacherous red man, as in TV and movies.

Most important in this newest batch is Columbia's *The Mormon Pioneers*, a pressing remarkable for its total integration and narrative unity. Other quasi-historical recordings these old ears have heard rationalize events to suit available music. But the Mormon record settles quickly into an amalgam of historical fact punctuating folk and trail songs of the mid-nineteenth century, touching and sometimes surrounding the birth pangs of the Mormon church and its great trek Westward under Joseph Smith and Brigham Young. Alternating songs with brief narration from old letters, orders of the day, journals, memoirs, excerpts from contemporary publications, and other indigenous sources, the format fits like a glove on the hand.

Nine songs and eight narrations comprise Side I, starting with the famous "Come, Come Ye Saints," happily reiterated at the end of Side II by the Mormon Tabernacle Choir. The titles tell the story pretty well: "Tittery-Irie-Aye," "The Ox-Team Trail," "Whoa, Haw, Buck, and Jerry Boy," "Mormon Battalion Song," "On the Road to California," "This Is the Place," "The Sea Gulls and the Crickets," and "Brighter Days in Store." Some are sung by a chorus, others by such fine individual folk voices as Jack Elliott, Ed McCurdy, Clayton Krehbiel, and Oscar Brand. The best of them are "Tittery-Irie-Aye," "Whoa, Haw, Buck, and Jerry Boy," and "On the Road to California," this latter being as rollicking a folk song as I've ever heard. The next-to-last selection on Side I, "The Sea Gulls and the Crickets," is followed immediately by a letter from the City of the Great Salt Lake in mid-summer 1849 telling of the remarkable plague of crickets which, as they were about to destroy everything the Mormons had grown for next year's food, were themselves gobbled up by swarms of sea gulls sent, so far as the Mormons were concerned, by the Lord Himself, and described in the letter as "feathered in angel white."

SIDE II has seven more songs, plus the reiterated "Come, Come Ye Saints," and who should turn up here but our old friends "I Was Seeing Nellie Home" (it's called "The Campfire Meeting" in this version, with a different set of words) and "Camptown Races" (it is "Johnston's Army Song" here, with indigenous words). With a background of banjo, guitar, harmonica, Jew's harp, and drums we are led through the wilderness from persecution in Illinois to suffering, starvation, and death along the trail West. One of the saddest songs you'll ever hear is a lovely, lilting item called "Once I Lived in Cottonwood," brokenhearted memories of a soft Southern home ending with

If I was back in cottonwood
I would not come at all.

Overall, these Mormon songs and narrated extracts give one the feeling of integrity and unvarnished truth. This isn't Hollywood cowboy-and-Indian nonsense; these are flesh-and-blood people who receive U.S. mail four times a year in their salty resting place, who grow beards and mustaches to protect their faces from bitter wind and glaring salt, and whose motto is, of necessity: "Let the beginning and end of all your thoughts be utility." I must say, finally, that I never realized before hearing this splendid Mormon record how much U.S. folk music is written in 6/8 time nor how effective a finger-plucked banjo can be in honest hands.

The other records are relatively unimportant Western clichés, though *Sweet Nebraska Land* does try to get away from the TV-Hollywood prototype. Roger Welsch does the vocal here for the Nebraska centennial celebration, playing a twelve-string guitar, a five-string banjo, and an autoharp besides. Few of the songs were new to me, though most of the verses had been altered to fit local situations. To the tune of "Turkey in the Straw" we hear again "Whoa, Haw, Buck, and Jerry Boy," memorializing the sad and horrible winter quarters trekking Mormons set up on the present site of Florence, Nebraska, after being driven West from Nauvoo, Illinois, by outraged Christians. By all odds the most beautiful song on either side of this relatively amateurish recording is one dug up by WPA workers years ago called "Goodbye, Old Paint, I'm a'Leaving Cheyenne," folk song writing at its best.

As for the other three releases, the least distinguished is Johnny Cash's ballads of "the true West," whatever that may mean. Cash has great range, hitting some tenor notes and often dropping close to low C, but his hoarseness (probably fashionable) and a tendency to recite a sort of Edgar Guestish philosophy from time to time with music behind doesn't add up to much for me. The New Christy Minstrels are something else again when they play and sing at cowboys and Indians. They possess a gentle sweetness and humor; their "Three Wheels on My Wagon" is a first-rate spoof of Western lore. Prettiest songs here are "Corn Whiskey," "Red River Shore," "Ida Red" (one hell of a country dance tune), and the primitive "Navajo." Using customary folk instruments behind voice, the Christys never take themselves too seriously. They jes sing and sing good. Finally, Lorne Greene's pressing would mystify anyone unfamiliar with *Bonanza* since he hasn't much of any voice and does many items in recitative. While the "Pretty Horses" is haunting and "Wagon Wheels" and "Tumbling Tumbleweeds" are tuneful, the thought is never far away that this recording would not have seen the light of Camden if *Bonanza* hadn't been a smash on TV these many years. Speaking of "Wagon Wheels," I'm certain that a century from now collectors of folk music from the American West will include it in, as they say. After hours of steady listening to this sort of music, your correspondent has come to the conclusion that there's no substitute for a catchy tune and memorable rhythms. All the ki-yi-little-dogies in the world don't add up to a nimble right hand on banjo and guitar or a sweet country voice making you laugh and cry.

—RICHARD L. TOBIN.

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FOUR POETS AND ONE ACTOR

DESTINATIONS: FOUR CONTEMPORARY AMERICAN POETS. *Norman Pritchard, Jerome Badanes, Paul Blackburn, and Calvin C. Hernton in readings of their own poems.* (ELP 3501. Two sides. Mono. No accompanying text. $4.98.)

POEMS OF GERARD MANLEY HOPKINS *read by Richard Gray.* (Spirit 1001. Two sides. Mono. With accompanying text. $4.98.)

The Essence Label (ELP) is a division of Powertree Records, Inc. (144 West 57th Street, NYC 10019), and the Spirit Label is under the auspices of the Catholic Poetry Society, (232 Madison Avenue, NYC 10016). About all they have in common is that both labels were previously unknown to me. One, I am afraid, is a bad job of record making and the other is an extraordinarily good one.

With the exception of Paul Blackburn, a few of whose poems I have spotted here and there in the littlest of the little magazines, the poets who read on the Essence release are new to me. Jerome Badanes, I note, recently won a Hopwood Award in Poetry at the University of Michigan, and as a former winner of the same award about a million years ago, I welcome him in the common bond of a thrilling experience. Essence, I gather, has set out to introduce four "younger" poets, and I should be glad of the introduction. The trouble is that I am not at all sure it has been accomplished.

All four poets seem to be rather self-serious young men and all four are—some more and some less—unaccomplished readers. Neither self-seriousness nor a poor oral delivery, to be sure, are necessarily damaging counts against a poet, especially against a young one. But if a reading is the only access to the poems, as it is in this recording, then a poor reading must offer a poor access. When a word is fumbled, the listener has no way of knowing what it should have been. When a rhythm is singsonged or monotoned to death, or thrown away by a voice that flats it in self-conscious earnestness, the listener has no way of sensing for himself what the rhythm might have been in the inner ear of his own reading.

I am afraid I am back at my self-appointed vocation of belaboring recording companies for not providing texts to accompany their readings. The listener, I will insist, must follow with both ear and eye, listening as he reads and reading as he listens, for only so can he sense the interplay of the projected voice and the inner rhythm (the expectation) of the poetic line and of the total poetic structure.

It is the more infuriating to be denied a text when one could have been supplied so easily. World as it is, if these four poets have ten relatives each, the album will sell forty copies in the United States alone. Add a few author's copies for the poets and a few review copies, and the total distribution is still well under a hundred; a mimeograph machine might have supplied that many texts.

AS things stand, I can only report that I find little to recommend in this recording as a reading, and as little to serve me as an introduction to the work of the poets. I shall have to await a chance to read them for myself less self-consciously than they read themselves.

The Spirit release, on the other hand, is not of new poets introducing themselves, but of a distinguished actor interpreting the work of a master poet. The art of the poetry is known here: what we are concerned with is the art of the reader.

It is, I believe, something like the highest art, but I am afraid I must, nevertheless, scold producer John F. McKinney for leaving too many unedited fluffs in the tape. In the third line of the first poem "God's Grandeur" Gray reads "ooze from oil" instead of "the ooze of oil," and I count four other times when words are bobbled, transposed, misread, or added. Five missed notes, I submit, are too many for a fifty-minute performance. Every such bobble is the producer's absolute responsibility, and one is too many. The listener has a right to a reverent handling of the text and to a flawless recording of it. With modern tape techniques, nothing less than a flawless editing will do, and all that is necessary for such an editing is a willingness to be devotedly patient.

Poor editing aside, Richard Gray achieves the best Hopkins reading I have yet heard, and one I must prefer even above Cyril Cusack's (Caedmon, TC 1,111, $5.95), my previously preferred one. The essence of Hopkins, as I read him, is in the interplay of gentleness and violence. The poems are sweet with love and tenderness, yet ablaze with religious awe and with physical sensation. The language and the rhythms of the poems must often respond to both forces at once. Cusack gives me the gentleness of Hopkins but does not satisfy my sense of his violence. Gray gives me both and even the two at once.

His special tour de force in this release is his reading of the long "The Wreck of the Deutschland." Gray's ability to sustain the pace and the intensity of such a poem while building to a grandly achieved climax would be enough in itself to put this album in the top inch of any collection of poetry readings. The fact is, however, that all of the album is passionately and sensitively read, the rendering of "The Wreck of the Deutschland" being particularly notable only because it offers so particular a challenge. Richard Gray has a big voice but a sensitive one, its power always modulated by the intimacy of his response to Hopkins's line. The result is whole delight.

—JOHN CIARDI.

"Well, at my age I certainly didn't come here to learn to play the harp."

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RECORDINGS REPORTS: JAZZ LPs

TITLE, PERSONNEL, DATA	REPORT
Ran Blake: *Plays Solo Piano.* Blake, piano. ESP 1011, mono, $4.98. Francis Thorne: *Piano Improvisations.* Thorne, piano. Owl 5, mono, $3.98.	Ran Blake's is the least abrasive of several albums issued by the lively ESP company. The newcomer to his music will be well advised, however, to begin with the interpretations of standards like "There'll Be Some Changes Made" and "Sleepy Time Gal," where the point of departure is substantially indicated. Gunther Schuller, in the helpful notes, suggests that the pianist is a product of a process "special to the history of America since its discovery," but musical hybrids are surely older than that. Francis Thorne's friendship with Duke Ellington and study with Paul Hindemith might have accounted for some extrasensory hybridism, too, but where Blake's subjective explorations ignore frontiers Thorne's improvisations—on standards—are contained within the limits of a relative orthodoxy. They are no less imaginative because of that, and his distinguished musicianship makes them immediately palatable.
Rusty Dedrick: *A Jazz Journey.* Dedrick, trumpet and flugelhorn; Urbie Green, trombone; Bill Barber, tuba; John La Porta, alto saxophone and clarinet; Al Klink, tenor saxophone and flute; Boomie Richman, tenor saxophone; Gene Allen, baritone saxophone and bass clarinet; Teddy Charles, vibes; Don Burns, accordion; George Duvivier, bass; Don Lamond, drums. Monmouth 6502, $3.79; stereo, $4.79.	The arrangements Dedrick has written for his ten pieces have such color and variety that the group sounds bigger than it is. He and Urbie Green emerge creditably, but interest in the soloists generally tends to be overwhelmed by the ensembles—a rare fault today! To admirers of the Claude Thornhill band, in which Dedrick played, the set will probably have especial appeal. That the memory of the big bands dies hard is also shown in a Cadet album (4050) by the Fred Wacker Big Band, a vigorous, brass-dominated combination that plays a dozen standards arranged by Mike Simpson.
Ella Fitzgerald and Duke Ellington: *Ella at Duke's Place.* Ella Fitzgerald, vocal; Ellington or Jimmy Jones, piano, with 14-piece orchestra. Verve V-0470, $4.98; stereo, $5.98.	The expected optimum is not achieved on the first side because of surprisingly muddy recording, but "Azure" ends well with impromptu choruses in which the singer is accompanied only by Ellington, bassist John Lamb, and drummer Louis Bellson. The second side opens strongly with the new "Imagine My Frustration," and here Miss Fitzgerald gets severe competition from Johnny Hodges on alto saxophone. The material itself is challenging, since most of the more obvious Ellington songs were included in the pair's previous four-record Verve set (4010-4), but if the results are uneven ("Cottontail" runs uncomfortably fast), there are nevertheless many exceptional moments.
Earl Hines: *Grand Reunion, Vol. II.* Hines, piano; Roy Eldridge, trumpet; Coleman Hawkins, tenor saxophone; George Tucker, bass; Oliver Jackson, drums. Limelight 86028, $4.98; stereo, $5.98.	This set is similarly constructed to Limelight 86020, which was recorded live at the Village Vanguard with the same personnel on the same day in March 1965. Accompanied by bass and drums, Hines plays three of his familiar piano vehicles (always with differences of interpretation), and is then joined by Hawkins for a somewhat hectic "Sweet Georgia Brown," Eldridge is added on the second side for "Take the 'A' Train," Hawkins drops out for "The Man I Love" and Hines for the final "Undecided," which reduces the group to what Eldridge describes as "The Hungarian Trio," of trumpet, bass, and drums. Good recording conveys a feeling of warmth and spontaneity, the most finished performances being the piano solos and Eldridge's feature, "The Man I Love."
Willis Jackson: *Smoking with Willis.* Jackson, tenor saxophone; Franklyn Robinson, trumpet; Butch Cornell, organ; Vincent Corrao, guitar; Bob Bushnell, bass; David Niskanan, drums. Cadet 763, mono and stereo, $4.98. *Together Again.* Jackson, tenor saxophone; Jack McDuff, organ; Bill Jennings, guitar; Wendell Marshall or Tommy Potter, bass; Al Johnson or Bill Elliott, drums; Buck Clarke, conga. Prestige 7364, mono and stereo, $4.79.	Jackson's return to jazz from the rhythm-and-blues field was followed by a series of Prestige albums in which he frequently revealed considerable potential as an uncomplicated, swinging saxophonist. The Cadet set contains three numbers by the Beatles and other indications that he is perhaps once more eyeing pastures less bleak than those of jazz. He is heard to better advantage on the Prestige in a renewed association with Jack McDuff. The influence of Ben Webster is heard in his work on the well-titled "This'll Get to Ya," where the relaxed tempo brings out the best from all concerned. The influence appears less beneficial for slow ballads, on which Jackson is often uncertain or excessively dramatic.
Tony Parenti: *Tony Parenti's Downtown Boys.* Parenti, clarinet; Dick Wellstood, piano; Sam Ulano, drums. Jazzology J-11, $4.98; stereo, $5.98.	Born in New Orleans in 1900, Parenti preserves in his style much of the joy and lacy lyricism of that city's most famous clarinetists. He knows how to phrase melody to good rhythmic effect, and his woody tone gives his choruses an "authenticity" that is here enhanced by Wellstood's informed accompaniment. The power and assurance of the pianist's foundation renders a bass superfluous, and his playing generally resembles no one's so much as Fats Waller's.
Horace Silver: *The Cape Verdean Blues.* Silver, piano; Woody Shaw, trumpet; J. J. Johnson, trombone (on second side only); Joe Henderson, tenor saxophone; Bob Cranshaw, bass; Roger Humphries, drums. Blue Note 4220, $4.79; stereo, $5.79.	The ingredients of "The Cape Verdean Blues," Silver explains, derive from Cape Verde folk music, from the Brazilian samba, and from "the good old American funky blues." This unusual mix proves catchy and satisfying. His solo, in which the left hand repeatedly answers the phrases of the right, has a rare intensity, but then the thrusting drive that characterizes Silver's performances always originates at the piano. The leisurely and rather mysterious "African Queen" is another worthy creation, the piano's role again being notably significant. The second side, despite J. J. Johnson's presence, is far less rewarding.
Lucky Thompson: *Lucky Is Back!* Thompson, tenor and soprano saxophones; Tommy Flanagan, piano; Willie Ruff, bass; Walter Perkins, drums. Rivoli 40, $3.98; stereo, $4.98.	At a time when anger and resentment are expressed in jazz by a variety of deliberately ugly tones, the refinement Thompson has brought to his is the more remarkable. On tenor saxophone, it incorporates the softness of which Lester Young was capable with the smoothness of Don Byas, and it is perfectly suited to the vein of haunting melancholy that he explores here. The album is superior in many respects to its immediate predecessors, not least in Flanagan's resourceful contributions, which, for all the gentle touch, are firmly propulsive.
Randy Weston: *Randy!* Weston, piano; Ray Copeland, trumpet and flugelhorn; Booker Ervin, tenor saxophone; Bill Wood, bass; Lenny McBrowne, drums; Big Black, conga; Sir Harold Murray, special percussion. Bakton 1001, $3.79; stereo, $4.79.	All but one of the compositions in this set are Weston's, and they reveal a talent superior to that of several better-known jazz "composers." The pastoral "Berkshire Blues," the laughing "Congolese Children," and the deeply evocative "African Cookbook" are indicative of his scope. A soloist with a generous style (he has big hands), he is also a coalescent agent who provides a rich harmonic base and pertinent ensemble punctuations, the latter having unusual individuality and meaning. The group works well together and Booker Ervin, a formidable artist, is outstanding on "African Cookbook." —STANLEY DANCE.

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THE OTHER SIDE

A Britten Premiere—Tonal Web by Tallis

NORMALLY record releases tend to be plentiful in January, but this year two major groups, EMI and DGG, are holding back their first 1966 issues until February. This move has surprised some, but I suspect that with the increasing emphasis on bargain discs (most of them reissues of old recordings), monthly lists will tend to dwindle somewhat, both in size and in importance. Old habits die hard but, with the industry in its present state of ferment, it is not impossible to envisage a time when cheap issues appear weekly ("pop" singles do so even now) and full-price discs are released at bimonthly or quarterly intervals. Meanwhile, the extraordinary proliferation of cheap stereo discs poses a serious problem: should mono recordings, electronically enhanced for stereo reproduction, be sold with labels reading simply "stereo"? Our major companies have, to the best of my knowledge, hitherto been scrupulously honest in describing such discs as "electronic stereo," "Breitklang," or what have you, but one would like to see some sort of declaration of intent drawn up that could be signed by every single manufacturer. Should anyone refuse to sign, we can draw our own conclusions; at present the public lacks all protection, and I have certainly heard the odd so-called stereo disc that contained no noticeable "stereo information."

The Decca-group January releases contain at least one recording of the greatest possible interest, Britten's *Curlew River*. First performed at the 1964 Aldeburgh Festival—in Orford Parish Church, where Decca also recorded it—this "parable for Church performance" has been taken by some as the beginning of a new phase in Britten's creative output, but I do not feel this to be the case. Certainly it is one of this incredibly gifted composer's outstanding achievements to date—"in the flesh" and scarcely less compelling in this magnificent recording; but such economy of means—five solo singers, a male chorus of nine voices, and seven instrumentalists—has long been a Britten hallmark. Of course, any truly original work is "new" in some sense: in *Curlew River* two distinct elements contribute to the individual character of the music—the processional plainchant "Te lucis ante terminum," which begins and ends the work and from which Britten has derived most of his thematic material, and the decidedly Oriental feeling that permeates some instrumental ritornelli.

Curlew River is based on *Sumidagawa*, a Japanese No-drama that deeply impressed Britten during a visit to Tokyo just ten years ago. The story of a demented mother seeking her lost child has been transplanted by William Plomer to an East Anglian setting and turned into a Christian morality play performed by a company of monks, acolytes, and lay brethren. This element of two-tiered impersonation—in a proper performance even the instrumentalists (the scoring is for flute, horn, viola, double-bass, harp, organ and percussion) wear monks' habits—lies at the root of the work's ritual nature, yet the absence of any direct identification with the character of the madwoman, whose sanity is restored when she finds the tomb of her lost child and the boy appears to her in a vision, in no way robs her plight of its power to move us.

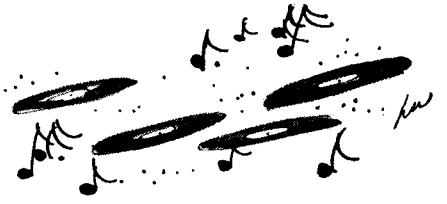
THE performance, led by Peter Pears (Madwoman), John Shirley-Quirk (Ferryman), Harold Blackburn (Abbot), Bryan Drake (Traveler) and Bruce Webb (Voice of the Spirit), is directed by the composer and by Viola Tunnard (public performances dispensed with a conductor) and can only be described as superlative. In particular the work of the instrumental ensemble—Messrs. Adeney, Sanders, Aronowitz, Knussen, Ellis, Ledger, and Blades—is absolutely astonishing: seven superbly skilled players serving a composer of rare genius. Nor can the recording, produced by John Culshaw, be faulted at any point; stereo production is suitably discreet, avoiding any hint of inappropriate theatricality, and the sound quality is a model of clarity and naturalness. Decca's "backroom boys" also deserve a special vote of thanks for having succeeded in fitting the seventy-minute work onto a single disc without any loss of quality and at a perfectly normal volume level. It used to be said of Puccini's later operas that he tailored their paragraphs into four-minute lengths so that they might fit conveniently onto 78 rpm discs, but after the thirty-five-minute Cello Symphony and now *Curlew River* no one can accuse Britten of making life easy for the recording engineer.

After such an experience, other Decca issues appear to wear a rather workaday look even if they do include commendable discs by the London Symphony under Rafael Frühbeck de Burgos (Schumann's *Rhenish Symphony* and Mendelssohn's *Midsummer Night's Dream Overture*) and the Vienna Philharmonic under Maazel (Tchaikovsky Overtures, an impressive *Hamlet* and a *Romeo and Juliet* somewhat lacking in passion or panache), the debut on this label of Zubin Mehta, whose Bruckner No. 9 I find interesting but not altogether convincing, a splendid Chopin-Debussy-Ravel recital (including an outstanding performance of *Gaspard de la Nuit*) from Vladimir Ashkenazy, and a slightly disappointing collection of lieder by Wolf, and Pfitzner from Hermann Prey and Gerald Moore.

On the associate Oiseau-Lyre label we meet the Pro Arte Piano Quartet for the first time, performing Mozart's magnificent pair in G minor and E flat with skill and artistry, if not with the penetration once achieved by Clifford Curzon and members of the Amadeus Quartet. Though the collective title may be new, the team's individual members have long been associated with the Melos Ensemble and other leading chamber groups, as well as with the Oiseau-Lyre label, which here provides a recording of excellent quality. From another allied company, Argo, comes an exceptionally beautiful program of music by Thomas Tallis, recorded in King's College Chapel by the resident choir and the Cambridge University Musical Society Chorus. The latter is required for the disc's high spot: a performance of the astounding forty-part motet, "Spem in alium," a compositional tour de force that yields some of the most gorgeous webs of sound ever devised by man—music at once remote and yet so sensuous as to make one feel that it is being absorbed through one's pores.

The latest CBS list (alias American Columbia, as had better be stressed since a transatlantic visitor recently asked me, much to my surprise, what these "new" record initials stood for!) includes the second installment of Bach's "48," performed with customary vocal obbligato by Glenn Gould, as well as exciting if slightly mannered performances of Sibelius's Fifth Symphony and *Pohjola's Daughter* from Bernstein and the New York Philharmonic. Neither of these, however, gave me anything like the enjoyment I derived from a group of six miniature "concertos" for two organs by the eighteenth-century Spaniard, Soler. As played here by E. Power Biggs and Daniel Pinkham, these charming pieces are quite irresistible, and CBS's excellent recording does full justice to the delightful interplay of timbres.

—THOMAS HEINITZ.



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New World Ballads

ANCIENT BALLADS TRADITIONALLY SUNG IN NEW ENGLAND. *Compiled and edited by Helen Hartness Flanders. University of Pennsylvania Press. 4 vols., 344, 320, 326, and 297 pp., $10 each.*

Mrs. Helen Flanders has been a lifelong ballad collector, and her collaborative volumes, including *Vermont Folk-Songs and Ballads, Country Songs of Vermont, The New Green Mountain Songster,* and *Ballads Migrant in New England* are indicative of her sharply defined regional interest. These books were, however, preparatory to her major work, which began to appear in 1960 and is now completed with the fourth volume. Although she draws about a hundred specimens from her earlier collections, she has not merely repeated herself. *Ancient Ballads Traditionally Sung in New England,* despite the omnibus cast of its title, does not print ballads based on British broadsides or ballads native to America. It addresses itself exclusively to the Child ballads contained in the archive she has deposited at Middlebury College.

Of the 305 distinctive ballads which Francis James Child established late in the last century as the canon of English and Scottish traditional balladry, some 130 have survived in oral circulation in the United States. Mrs. Flanders and her co-workers (chiefly the invaluable Marguerite Olney) discovered versions of more than eighty of these, not counting a few "presumptives" which are represented by nineteenth-century Irish printed texts and for which there is no evidence of New England currency. The four volumes, with some 500 texts and almost 300 tunes, stand as the most extensive record of New World survival, surpassing in scope the Barry *et al: British Ballads from Maine,* A. K. Davis's Virginia collections, and other large gatherings from Oklahoma and North Carolina. Cecil Sharp, who found examples of forty-five Child ballads in the Appalachian country a half-century ago, tapped that rich district at a fortunate time, and his tune recoveries outnumber those in any other American collection. Given the steady attrition of ballad-singing folk, the continued vitality of New England tradition is remarkable—the more so because the Flanders collecting was largely after 1930 and was intensive only in Vermont.

Although its size is impressive, the real merit of *Ancient Ballads* lies in the generally high quality of variant texts and tunes. Fragments abound and perhaps swell the pages unduly; but the customary New World deteriorations—the loss of supernatural elements, the drift toward sentimentalism, the occasional disappearance of narrative leaving merely a lyric—are overshadowed by firm, coherent texts. Three dozen variants of "The Golden Vanity" embrace most of the story-types found in America. "The Farmer's Curst Wife," also liberally represented, includes an interesting find in which the shrewish wife is herself the farmer. Another remarkable text is a version of "The Wife of Usher's Well" in which the return of the three dead sons has been so shorn of ghostliness that the temporary appearance of revenants who will not accept gifts from their mother is replaced with a materialistic story line, complete with the anticipated wedding of one son. Some of the most interesting examples of the tension between persistence and change can be seen in the sizable number of "retakes," some of them months apart, some several years.

Tristram P. Coffin has supplied knowledgeable introductions to each ballad complex. Musical annotations by Bruno Nettl describe and classify the tunes, and his general analysis offers a revealing comparison between New England and Southern tune behavior, most striking in the comparative scarcity of pentatonic melodies in the Northeast. Mrs. Flanders's work, supplementing Phillips Barry's, is a monument establishing the wealth of British tradition surviving in the northern tier of New England states. It will be indispensable to the student of folksong and popular culture.

—CLAUDE M. SIMPSON, JR.

Cowbird

By Edward Kessler

DURING the spring
construction boom when
no birds rest,
vacationing in first-class nest
of robin, vireo, or wren,
she squanders time,
plops a leisurely
egg, then skips the wood.
Twigs and twine of motherhood
she hates, and trite responsibility.
Poor proper birds!
The foundling's half-grown
before these sense-
less pawns of Providence
make out their own.
By then he's king,
a fat, tyrannical pest
that nobody dares
oppose, crowding legitimate heirs
out of the nest
to unfamiliar ground.
The cowbird's will
to choose her way to live
makes even the Prodigal Son
conservative.
No moral here. Just skill.

Music to My Ears

Continued from page 26

ment was to direct the season's first performance of *Andrea Chenier* in place of Fausto Cleva, whose health has made a two months' leave of absence advisable. He drew a strong outline of the kind of sound he wanted from the orchestra, kept the rhythmic detail sharp and, in general, gave a shape to the sound of this score it has not always had in the past. Most of the applause went to Renata Tebaldi as Maddalena, Franco Corelli as Chenier, and Anselmo Colzani as Gerard, but Gardelli merited all he received.

If there is anything rarer on the program of a symphony orchestra concert in New York than a flute concerto, it would be a flute concerto by such a composer as Carl Nielsen, whose most " familiar" music is something that is played two or three times in a decade. Indeed, the flute concerto has been waiting for forty years (it was written in 1926) for the introductory performance that was offered to a Philharmonic audience by Leonard Bernstein and the fine new solo flutist of the orchestra, Julius Baker.

There is, as a result of the sustained effort by a few determined men such as Bernstein, an impression beginning to emerge of the manner of mentality Nielsen's was—crusty, musically individualistic, emotional but far from soft, with an unexpected shaft of humor here and there. Most of these qualities come into play within the concentrated length of this concerto, which has two movements but gives the impression of four (the tempo sequence is fast-slow, slow-fast). To speak of a flutist performing tongue in cheek is to deal in metaphor, not in musicianship; but that is the nature of what Nielsen requires the soloist to do if he is to match the quirky humors and unexpected tonal combinations of this diverting work. Musically as well as metaphorically, Baker made the contradiction seem almost convenient.

As well as presiding over the Boston Symphony in its most recent visit to Philharmonic Hall, Jean Martinon made known the claims to consideration of the Rumanian composer Marius Constant by sponsoring his "Twenty-Four Preludes." They might be described as "Preludes to Applause," for the dominant content is orchestral cause designed to produce audience result.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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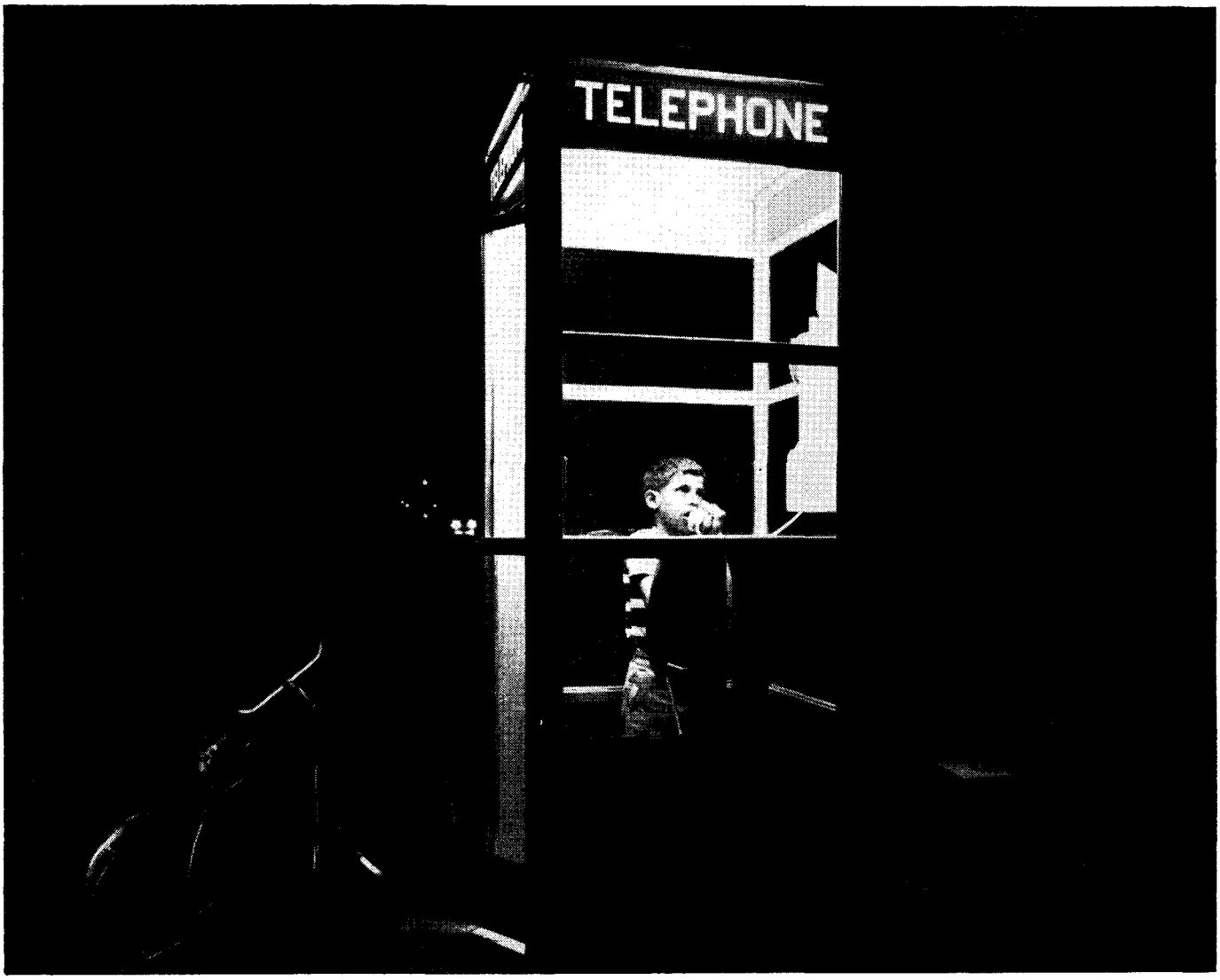

Put yourself in Pedro's place and decide what you would do!

Pedro Rodriguez is a resourceful 8-year-old who lives in New York City.

Last spring, Pedro went to spend his Easter vacation with relatives in Boonton, N. J. A few days later, he grew homesick, so he slipped away on the bicycle he had with him and started for New York.

After seven long hours of pedaling through strange streets and towns, he realized he was hopelessly lost. It was ten o'clock at night and he had only 15¢ in his pocket.

Through the darkness, Pedro saw the friendly light of a phone booth, dropped his lone dime in the slot and dialed "Operator." Mrs. Anna Appleton, Night Chief Operator in Bloomfield, N. J., took over the handling of his call.

Pedro knew few English words and Mrs. Appleton couldn't understand his frantic Spanish. But her calm voice reassured the boy and she held him on the line while she enlisted the help of a Spanish-speaking student at a nearby college. Patiently, they pieced together Pedro's story.

But how do you find a boy in a booth who has no idea where he is? Mrs. Appleton knew only that the call must be coming from one of five adjacent communities. In quick succession, she called the police in each town and asked them to check.

The Fairfield police found Pedro in a booth only a block from their headquarters. His mother came to get him and the story had a happy ending—thanks to a boy who knew enough to dial and an operator who lived up to the Bell System's long tradition of serving and helping, whatever the need.

Have you trained *your* children how to dial "O for Operator" in case of emergency?

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American Telephone & Telegraph and Associated Companies

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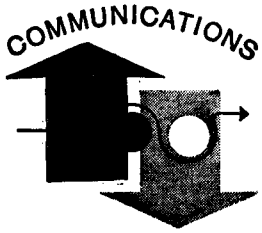
COMMUNICATIONS

Communications Editor: RICHARD L. TOBIN



EDITORIAL
By Richard L. Tobin **55**

LETTERS TO THE COMMUNICATIONS EDITOR **56**

HOW TO WRITE AN EDITORIAL
By Herbert Brucker **58**

MADISON AVENUE: THE FUTURE OF ADVERTISING
By George Lazarus **60**

CAN I HAVE ONE?
By Cathey and Edward Pinckney **61**

SELLING BY MAIL: WHEN A BOOK HITS THE JACKPOT
By John Tebbel **62**

PUBLIC RELATIONS: ON BEING A NO MAN
By L. L. L. Golden **64**

BOOKS IN COMMUNICATIONS: THE NEW JOURNALISM
By James F. Fixx **65**

Compulsory Arbitration in Communications

PRECISELY three years ago this week we wrote in these columns an editorial under the heading "Let's Arbitrate Communications Strikes," a conclusion arising out of the newspaper desert New York had become as a result of a prolonged strike. We said then that since democracy depends to an amazing degree upon a truly informed and communicating public, any diminution of communications detracts from democracy's well-being. We added: "It is no more logical to allow a lingering strike against a newspaper than to permit the engravers of U.S. postage stamps to walk out over their grievances."

Although it was technically a local matter, the recent tragic transit strike in New York City dramatized how union power of that magnitude can strangle and paralyze the greatest and most powerful metropolitan area in the U.S. Long before the treacherous and costly strike had been settled, we and probably a great many others who live and work around New York had come to the same conclusion: that these shenanigans should never again be allowed to cripple the communications center of the world and that some means simply had to be found to bring all major disputes between management and labor in the communications field under compulsory arbitration, preferably at the federal level.

Three years ago this month we explained in part how the compulsory arbitration system might work. We reported then: "It is a method of settling disputes between employees and their employer by seeking and accepting a decision by persons not a party to the dispute. Such arbitration may be compelled by the government, as in New Zealand or in Australia, or it may be by voluntary agreement of employees and employer, as in Europe and in the United States. In this country, the government occasionally persuades both parties, as in a strike in an essential industry, to come together and compels witnesses to testify. A board of arbitration then makes the decision which is binding on both sides. Arbitration can also be adjudicated in a court similar to a court of law, with judges, witnesses, cross-examination, exhibits, and a decision."

We see in February 1966 no reason to change our mind about proceeding with compulsory arbitration at the federal level in communications industries and we are happy to note that President Johnson in his State of the Union message suggested to the Congress that some federal means should be agreed upon to prevent intolerable disasters like the New York transportation (and newspaper) strikes. Indeed, we feel much more intensely about the proposition now than we felt even three years ago when we had only newspapers in mind and the experience of inconvenience rather than near-paralysis and strangulation. Three years ago we said: "If American courtroom judgments and procedures in other matters are relatively fair, as we know they are, then the newspaper worker, whether printer or editorial writer, will have nothing to fear from arbitration while staying at his post. The publisher will not live under the threat of bankruptcy through periodic strikes. The public will not lose the life-giving flow of information unavailable anywhere except in the detailed columns of the permanent

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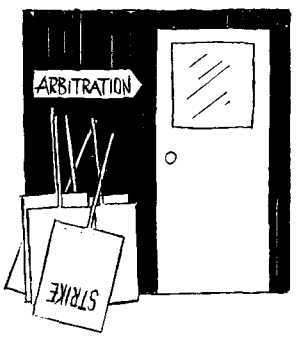
printed record." We concluded then that compulsory arbitration was the only procedure that makes any sense in communications fields. We feel more strongly about this now than we ever have before.

What communications labor groups should be involved in compulsory arbitration? Certainly not those who entertain us on TV and radio, or even theaters, motion pictures, or the lecture and concert platform. Omission of these vital services would offend us but would not strangle and paralyze our civilization. What, then, should be involved in compulsory arbitration? We believe it should encompass all news broadcasting and telecasting; all newspaper publishing where it involves information for the public but not necessarily features, entertainment, or advertising; all news magazines, stripped perhaps to bare essentials during the period of arbitration; all airlines, railroads, subway, bus, or other motor services, both local and interstate; all telephone and telegraph lines and services, and any other fundamental essential communication without which democracy and free exchange of thought and movement are endangered.

One way of guarding against a repetition of something as lugubrious as the New York transit walkout would be for Congress to backstop state laws by bringing public employee strikes within the penalties, restraints, and province of the Taft-Hartley Act and its cooling-off processes. The corrosive effects and paralyzing dimensions of the New York transit tie-up call for massive and imaginative measures, and labor is well aware of this. Walter P. Reuther, president of the CIO and as powerful a voice as there is in organized labor, rightly states that "society cannot tolerate stoppages which endanger the very existence of society." However it is done, done it must be. And, it seems to us, no better means of safeguarding the public from a repetition of the public calamity of January 1966 in New York could be found than to bring all U.S. communications employees and employers, as detailed above, under the sensible tent of compulsory arbitration. We thought so three years ago; we feel more strongly about it now after the most cynical and dictatorial experience in thirty-three years of professional communicating in New York. —R. L. T.



Letters to the Communications Editor

Half-truths and Nicholas Samstag

THERE IS A THEORY—advanced, I believe, by Alfred Adler—that a person tends to become that which he most violently opposes. Hitler opposed the Jews as the chosen people of God only to proclaim the Germans the master race. Vance Packard, in *The Hidden Persuaders*, employed the very selective fact-finding and verbal sorcery for which he excoriated advertising. Nicholas Samstag, in the preview article of his book, *Bamboozled—or How Business is Bamboozled by the Ad-Boys* [*SR*, Jan. 8], bears eloquent testimony to the validity of the theory.

Mr. Samstag cites a news item from the *New York Times* concerning the admission, in court, by a television producer for a particular advertising agency that, while he knew models used in commercials for a reducing tablet had been on severe diets, he nevertheless provided them with scripts attributing the weight loss to the pills alone. He then refers to this as "interesting testimony on the advertising world." The testimony is not on the advertising world but on a particular advertiser and a particular advertising agency.

Some years ago, Young & Rubicam ran for its client, Fletcher's Castoria, a campaign warning the public not to buy or use bottles containing a label of a particular color because of a mistake that had been made and discovered in the formulation of the product. Yet Mr. Samstag chose to cite neither this nor any other employment of advertising in the public interest even as an "exception" to what he attempts to prove is the general rule. Mr. Samstag must be aware of the annual awards given advertising in the public interest by *SR*. He may even have served on one of the juries. If, as he charges, "the advertising-promotion man must deceive his market just to hold his job," can he explain how the persons who write these award-winning messages hold their jobs long enough to complete them?

Mr. Samstag's trouble seems to lie in his assumption that there is such a thing as a "whole truth." He writes, "Nobody with any sense expects to find the whole truth in an advertisement." It would appear that to satisfy Mr. Samstag an advertisement should contain an almost engineering-like listing of a product's complete specifications. Or perhaps he would be satisfied if an advertiser listed just a few faults since, as he insists, "there's bound to be something wrong (or imperfect) with almost anything" —including, I suppose, Mr. Samstag's thesis.

Actually, the advertiser is rare today who will take a product to market if it has serious faults. For every advertiser must reckon with the moment of truth—at which people try the product and learn whether it lives up to what the advertising promised. Most modern products are made to such exacting standards that competition is as hard put to call attention to a competing product's faults as to claim any particular superiority for its own. It is in this area that the public enjoys the best protection against deception. For if a product does happen to be substandard, that fact is loudly trumpeted by every competitor. And this can be particularly deadly today when advertisers no longer observe the niceties of citing Product A, Product B, etc., but instead name names.

Would it satisfy Mr. Samstag if an advertiser listed *small* faults that a competitor might just possibly miss? Volkswagen has admitted that it looks like a beetle and is America's slowest fastback. What could Cadillac confess? What could a beer say that constituted a small fault? Should Chase-Manhattan advertise, "You have a friend at Chase-Manhattan, but just possibly an enemy, too?"

It will be interesting to check the advertising Mr. Samstag approves for his book as well as the blurbs he allows on its dust jacket. I hope they tell the whole truth.

WALTER WEIR,
West, Weir & Bartel, Inc.
New York, N.Y.

THE PREMISE OF Nicholas Samstag's piece is itself a half-truth, used by him to catch an editor's fancy—which would be no worse an offense than slanting half-facts at overweight pill eaters if he were not attempting to merchandise a moral judgment. That makes Mr. Samstag's half-truths more onerous.

The moral issue for the ad man is really no different from that of the lawyer or the editorial writer. All three are advocates, attempting to adduce the most persuasive case for any issue they may represent. If, in the heat of their advocacy or greed, they exceed accepted canons or customs, they are shysters. There is no particular evidence that there are more shysters in advertising than in, say, article-writing or accountancy. But it's probably true that shyster advertising is often more apparent, and thus susceptible to catchpenny comment.

Perhaps Mr. Samstag's real lament is that he sees the talents of gifted advertising people lavished on the advocacy of products and causes which he feels are underserving. There are many who might join in such a lament. But that's much different than a blanket accusation of immorality.

CHARLES T. NEWTON,
President,
International Information Institute.
La Jolla, Calif.

NICHOLAS SAMSTAG'S ESSAY on the self-delusion of advertising people—half-truth as a voluntary conditioned reflex—exposes him to the same criticism he levels at us in the advertising business. He has overlooked a psychological possibility and is therefore dealing in a fractional truth.

I must be personal. I believe that nothing and nobody is perfect or even close; I believe that both individual and group con-

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duct is basically self-seeking and unreflective; I believe that some things will go right and some things will go wrong. When I witness human frailty or when something goes wrong I may be displeased or disappointed but I am never surprised. When I see human goodness or when something goes right, I am always pleased and frequently surprised. Because the latter case is more frequent than the former, I am an optimist.

Because imperfection is eternal and obvious, I do not have to indulge in Mr. Samstag's calculated fault-finding. Nor do I have to blind myself to the fact that the products and institutions I promote are less than perfect. Of course they are less than perfect. Knowledge of their faults helps me focus on their merits—which I am paid to do. And the happy fact that in many cases the faults are few and the merits many —this *is* possible—helps me to extol the merits without being hypocritical.

Perhaps it's just a matter of being able to live with complexity and cope with ambivalence. It makes hard work of writing copy. But it also means that one *can* impose order on the chaos of this peculiar business.

BOWEN KERRIHARD,
Vice President,
Mort Linder and Associates.

South Bend, Ind.

IN WHAT WAS AN otherwise excellent article by Nicholas Samstag, I am afraid the writer was guilty of the dissemination and perpetuation of at least one half-truth. He writes, "Nobody ever calls the advertising-promotion man or the politician an 'honest man'" . . . and ". . . the salesman and politician are in much the same class as the advertising-promotion man. . . ."

As a reader, I am surprised that a man who can write such a glowing indictment of advertising men should have to fall back on such an old and weary cliché to try to make his point. But, even more important, as the wife of a politician I have first-hand knowledge of and can testify to the veracity and integrity, not only of my husband, but also of a large number of other politicians, including U.S. Senators, governors, state legislators, and on down the line to city councilmen. I think Mr. Samstag is not only guilty of keeping alive a tired and malignant myth about politicians, but he sounds very much like the ad men he condemns with this repetition of what is something less than a half-truth.

MRS. NORMAN C. ANDERSON.

Madison, Wis.

I EAGERLY READ your excerpt from Nicholas Samstag's forthcoming book, *Bamboozled—or How Business Is Bamboozled by the Ad-Boys.* I found nothing in the excerpt titled "Because You Have Always Told Half Truths . . ." about the biggest bamboozlement of all, that of overselling space. I know this is a space age we are living in, but business has bought entirely more ad space than is necessary for the job.

I am thinking specifically of grocery ads in newspapers, and this principle might be applied to page ads in magazines too. I will challenge any grocery store that it can do the same amount of business year in and year out with a one-page ad as with a two-page ad.

Before me is a statement from the advertising manager of one of the largest food-store chains in the South. He states, ". . . It is not the size of an ad that pulls; rather it is what is in the ad itself." He goes on to reveal that he has used half-page ads or less to better advantage than two-page spreads because of what was in the ad. But then he adds that if all advertising factors were favorable that he would "run a two-page spread and get plus sales over a page ad any day of the week!" It is the same man speaking. All of which goes to show how thoroughly brainwashed are the business men by the ad-boys.

Let me throw this at the ad-boys: I will offer to work for one-third of the money I can save any supermarket chain if I am allowed to handle the grocery advertising. And I speak as one who has sold newspaper ads and created layouts.

J. WILSON HARRISON.

Spartanburg, S.C.

The Queen Has Whooping Cough

I CANNOT HELP but write and thank you for R.L.T.'s superb editorial "The One-World Concept of Mass Communication" [*SR*, Jan. 8]. It is really a frightening matter, with opportunities, of course, for good, but with such tremendous possibilities for worldwide error and prejudice, of which we already have enough. I really believe this is what the New Testament foretells—a world mind, and an evil one at that. Thank you for your editorial.

WILBUR M. SMITH.

San Marino, Calif.

R.L.T.'s EXCELLENT editorial "The One-World Concept of Mass Communication" reminded me of a quote credited to Thoreau when the first Atlantic cable was laid. "And then? What will we know? That the queen has whooping cough?"

FANCHON HAMILTON.

Thornwood, N.Y.

A FELLOWSHIP in memory of Edward R. Murrow, made possible by a $300,000 grant from the CBS Foundation, has been established by CBS and the Council on Foreign Relations. To be known as the Edward R. Murrow Fellowship, the award will go annually to a promising American foreign correspondent, making it possible for him to increase his perspective by study and reflection uninterrupted by daily or weekly deadlines. William S. Paley, Chairman of CBS, said in commenting on the grant, "The standards of excellence Ed Murrow set in his perceptive, eloquent, and courageous reporting remain unsurpassed. He was among the first to appreciate unique capabilities of broadcast journalism for worldwide instantaneous foreign affairs reporting. Here, as elsewhere, he strove for perfection. Nothing could more fittingly reflect his lifelong concern than this fellowship, with its high purpose of helping others attain greater competence in this vital field."

No Recruiting, Please

ALFRED BALK concludes his otherwise commendable article with a rather strong, and I believe unwise, suggestion for recruiting future journalists [*SR*, Jan. 8]. An "all-media campaign" such as the one Mr. Balk foresees would, in the long run, defeat his own admirable intentions. Journalism is one field that must be staffed by able, aspiring persons—persons who, out of a genuine sense of dedication commit themselves to the profession as their life's work. There is no room here for the student, dazzled by the influential mass media, who wastes his time and money training for journalism and then discovers it is not quite what it was made out to be. No recruiting, please; it is better that the field is partially filled by really capable individuals than to have it saturated with untalented, disillusioned "victims of the draft."

HERMAN C. NEUHAUS.

Athens, O.

AS A STUDENT majoring in journalism, I found Mr. Balk's article "Where Are Tomorrow's Journalists?" of particular interest as well as encouraging. I am now aware of new prospects in a field which I have been told was more concerned with experience than talent. It is indeed reassuring to know that there is someone interested in the progress of a student. Much too often professionals fail to realize that experience must begin somewhere in order to accumulate sufficient time to be considered "experience."

KAREN HEWITT,
Editor, *Cauldron*,
Virginia Intermont College.

Bristol, Va.

IT SEEMS TO ME that Alfred Balk answers only a part of the question he poses in "Where Are Tomorrow's Journalists?" I would certainly endorse the efforts of the media to improve their communications with the high school set, but I also believe that their job is much bigger than a bright new public relations program.

He speaks of two films in the making. The Curriculum Commission of the Journalism Education Association has reviewed over fifty films and film strips in the past five months prior to publishing the first printed catalogue of available journalism-communications aids and has found fewer than 10 per cent of the existing films on the print media worth showing in the classroom. The majority of these films are more than fifteen years old and express none of the alterations that Mr. Balk suggests are necessary additions to the high school student's image of the press and of a career in journalism.

He also talks about the existence of serious recruitment drives on the part of the scientific professions. This may be true, and as a high school counselor I have simply been unaware of this organized pressure. Actually, I think most high school teachers would agree with me that the rush to science

(*Continued on page* 66)

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HOW TO WRITE AN EDITORIAL

By HERBERT BRUCKER, *editor of the Hartford Courant.*

A FEW YEARS AGO John M. Bailey, Democratic national chairman and a resident of Hartford, said to me in the course of a conversation about municipal affairs, "You and Ward Duffy [then editor of the Hartford *Times*] are the two most powerful men in town." Laymen often have the same notion. To non-newspaper people, apparently, editors and editorial writers are creatures who sit in their ivory towers, allow their prejudices to stew until they come to a boil, and then write. When the product is read by the multitude, it molds public opinion.

This concept is of course flattering to those of us who write editorials. But it is largely nonsense. We cannot persuade people against their will. A newspaper editorial has influence only if it articulates a public reaction that already exists, even though formless and not expressed in words.

Certainly I have been disappointed often enough after slaving over an editorial I deemed important. Next morning I would await the response that follows if you do ring the bell. People in the office mention the piece with approval. At least a couple of subscribers telephone to say Amen. Some of the people you see downtown say what a good editorial that was. And approving letters to the editor follow. But instead, all too often, an editorial designed to influence the public is greeted with a silence that is oppressively loud.

If, however, you put into words what people feel spontaneously, then the telephone does ring, people do compliment you, the letters do come in. The point is that editorial writers do not mold public opinion so much as give it voice. If an editorial says anything that even begins to impress people as arguing that black is white they simply shrug it off. They say to themselves, or possibly to their neighbors, "The old so-and-so doesn't know what he's talking about."

Curiously, along with the idea that editorials shape public opinion goes another one that is contradictory. This is the widely held view that the editorial page is not as influential as it used to be. Such an attitude goes back at least to the New Deal, when Franklin Roosevelt was on one side of many a public issue and the majority of American newspapers were on the other. The American people kept right on ignoring the editorials and electing Roosevelt.

We have also been accused of declining influence because a new rival, broadcasting, enables people to hear or see the facts for themselves, without having some editorial writer tell them what to think about the facts. How can we tell the public what the President's speech means, we are asked, if the public heard or saw it themselves? And how can we compete with the nightly performance of Messrs. Huntley and Brinkley, or Walter Cronkite or Eric Sevareid, or all the rest of that gallant crew, many of whom came out of the newspaper ranks themselves? They speak directly to national audiences. Besides, listening to them costs the viewer nothing, even in effort, whereas we have first to sell papers and then get people to read them.

There is some evidence that this second view is more correct than not. The truth is that all too often our newspaper editorial pages are drab where they are not pusillanimous, if indeed they are not both.

When I first went into newspaper work in the Twenties, newspaper editorial cartoons, for one thing, had a bite. So, often, did the editorials that went along with them. Today, except for a handful of cartoonists like Herblock of the Washington *Post* and Haynie of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, cartoonists are against Mao Tse-tung and sin, and for the American flag and mother. Editorials ditto. They are all in favor of conservation, and they don't like Communism, whether Russian or Chinese—without distinguishing between the two. Instead of the fighting editor of old we have the anonymous, graying gentleman who doesn't stir up trouble for his publisher by offending anyone. Not only that but, whereas formerly we had as many as six or even nine different editorials a day, we are now down to three or sometimes even one, and that so much boiled watermelon.

ALL too common, especially among the medium-sized and smaller papers, is the obscurity of the man who writes editorials. One newspaper that I came upon at random, in leafing through the *Editor & Publisher* yearbook, is, I am afraid, typical. This is a morning-evening-Sunday combination. The listing reveals a corporate structure consisting of a president and three vice presidents. Below them are a publisher, a general manager, and a business manager. Then, in properly subordinate capacity, comes the working staff headed by an editor, a managing editor, and two assistant managing editors—one for the morning and one for the evening paper. Finally, way down at the foot of the hierarchy, we come to a solitary character, a single editorial writer who apparently works for all three papers.

Fortunately the papers we hear about, the ones we like to think of as representative of American journalism, do better than this. One of what I like to think of as a rising generation of small dailies, under a new, youthful, and competent ownership, is the Middletown *Press* in Connecticut. Here the editor (who with his publisher brother owns the paper) usually writes all of the editorials himself. When he goes away the managing editor takes over, with an assist from staff members. The Middletown *Press*, like many another newspaper, also encourages reporters to write editorials, although here this is considered part of the job and there is no extra pay as there normally is on larger papers.

To take an example from the big time, the Milwaukee *Journal* has six full-time editorial writers. Reporters and other specialists occasionally contribute editorials, usually if solicited. They do not volunteer often. The publisher never participates in the daily editorial conferences, though occasionally he does suggest an editorial.

The *New York Times*, unique in American and indeed in world journalism, is probably the granddaddy of them all when it comes to a staff adequate to the enormous task that newspaper editorials ought to do in today's society. On the *Times*, in addition to the editor and assistant editor of the editorial page, there are ten full-time members of the editorial board. On top of that the education editor and the architectural critic frequently contribute editorials, as does an ex-staffer now outside who writes the Sunday nature items. Even that is not enough. John B. Oakes, editor of the page, occasionally asks for editorials on special subjects

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from other staff members of the *Times*. For example, when Myra Hess died, he invited one of the paper's music critics to write an obituary editorial, something he was obviously better qualified to do than even the *Times*'s large stable of editorial writers.

The Providence *Journal and Evening Bulletin*, a morning-evening-Sunday combination, has six full-time editorial writers, including the chief. In addition, specialists contribute editorials when their opinions are in line with the paper's editorial policy. In particular there are three specialists who contribute with some regularity on health and welfare, economics, and Port of Providence affairs.

Another large newspaper, one that keeps alive the courage given it long ago by Joseph Pulitzer, is the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*. This paper has seven full-time editorial writers. But on the *Post-Dispatch*, instead of having reporters and other specialists write, the normal procedure is for staff members to consult with the news staff when they want information on some subject with which they have not had recent personal experience.

If these random examples, large and small, may stand as representative of today's American journalism, they are among the better ones. More characteristic is this report from one chief editorial writer:

> I have more responsibility than formally vested authority. In practice I have to exercise both as best I can. No business-management official takes a hand. This separation should be good. But the man who has the editor's title keeps so busy with other duties that I don't see him either unless I go after him. And I do that only to get approval of election endorsements. In daily routine I control the topics and themes for the page, guided a little by what I know of the paper's tradition but with (I hope) a strong consciousness that it's got to be kept up to date.
>
> The weaknesses in a system like ours might be important to an evaluation of editorial impact generally. For example, we're not as strong a voice in the community and state as we could and should be, simply because no one with real authority wants to back up what we say. For that reason I have to use my accrued authority carefully. The few times I have tried to get advance approval of a strong and possibly controversial theme on a local matter I've been vetoed, and thus had to leave the topic alone. What I usually do now is go ahead on my own, but cautiously and therefore not especially effectively.

There is a perfect commentary on how not to write editorials, though today many of them are written under more or less similar conditions. But in editorial writing, even more than is usual in human affairs, the job is done right only if the man responsible for getting it done has authority to match his responsibility. There is a reason why Mussolini was the only good editorial writer in Fascist Italy.

In this day of jets, computers, and the ubiquitous television screen the newspaper editorial can be just as powerful as it ever was. Indeed it can be more so as our journalism acquires more and swifter resources and facilities, as the staff members become ever better educated, and more conscious of their responsibility as spokesman for newspapers whose number still shrinks in proportion to population.

On my own paper we are fortunate in running an average of six editorials a day. Of course in times of crisis one is justified in taking up most or even all of the editorial space with a single editorial. By contrast, on light days we run up to seven or even eight. And brightness, wit, and human understanding in such short pieces leavens the heavy loaf of world, national, and community affairs.

The briefer an editorial, other things being equal, the better. I recall one from the *Courant* that is the briefest I have ever seen. It was written because, as one Christmas season came on, the papers reported that the local Portuguese community was upset because the eels with which it was accustomed to celebrating the holidays were not arriving in normal numbers. The rest of us were startled, not to say queasy, over the thought of eating barrels of eels for Christmas. So Tom Keena, then one of our editorial writers, produced an editorial under this heading:

CONCERNING EELS
FOR HOLIDAY MEALS

The entire text of that editorial read as follows: *De gustibus non est disputandum.*

If variety in length as well as substance spices the daily product, each editorial, no matter how long it is, should make but a single point. If you want to say more about the ramifications, save them for another day. But always a maximum of information about the subject in hand, plus understanding, experience, learning, reading, and travel are desirable as background against which to write.

A paper may appeal to a certain class of reader, though as we approach newspaper monopoly there is less of that than there used to be. The type of reader sought may determine the language used in editorials, and thus account for the difference in vocabulary and manners between editorials in, say, the *Daily News* and the *Times* in New York. But for the most part one should steer a course between being obtrusively erudite and folksy. There is no substitute for simple and direct English, stripped of pedantry, clichés, and the easy answers that all too often cover up a lack of informed precision and punch. Good editorial writers are expensive, and hard to come by. But good editorial writers, given a free hand, are the only means to that vitality that justifies newspapers in the unique special protection they have in the Constitution.

If competent persons are necessary to write incisive editorials, why don't they sign their work as columnists and magazine writers do? This is a question frequently asked. And it is in the record that a number of editors do sign at least some of their editorials. Alexander F. Jones, recently retired from the Syracuse *Herald-Journal*, and Robert Lucas, just moved from the Hartford *Times* to head the Gannett bureau in Washington, gave their editorial pages some color and in-

"If he's alive why doesn't he move?"

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formality by signing some editorials. But to me this is a departure from the central function of the editorial. For the editorial should not so much express the view of any individual as a corporate one. Geography, history, the local economy and tradition—if no longer party loyalty—should temper the individual's views. Ideally, indeed, an editorial should incarnate the informed good sense of the entire community, rather than just the writer's own opinion, or even that of just one segment of society.

That is why, in an article in these pages some years ago, I likened editorial writers to the Hebrew prophets of old. For like the prophet, with his "Thus saith the Lord," the editorial writer should be ready to call the people to repentance. Nowadays, to be sure, we have to get along without a private pipeline to the Lord. But we can still be sensitive to the needs of all sorts and conditions of men, and strive to see the human need as a whole, rather than that of but one economic, political, or other segment of it.

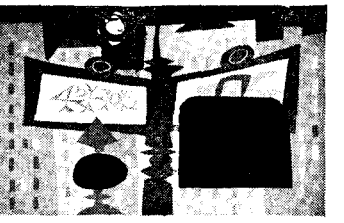
Today's people, of course, pay no more attention to self-appointed prophets than they apparently did in Old Testament days. (Let's have no invidious comparisons of modern typewriter prophets with those of old.)

There is no reason why the editorial of 1966 should not have at least the impact that editorials had in the days of the supposed giants of the nineteenth century. But there does exist one factor that militates against power in the editorial voice. This is the fact that the dominant man on a newspaper is often no longer the owner-editor. Instead he is the publisher—the businessman owner or representative of the owner. His first love is not, naturally enough, saying things that are as unpopular as the lamentations of Jeremiah would be today. Fortunately, sometimes this top man is himself a product of the news rather than business side of the paper, and so he can feel journalism's unique values in his bones.

For all that, a favorite quotation of mine still holds true. It is from Henry Watterson, editorial genius of the Louisville *Courier-Journal* in the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. Mr. Watterson once said, "A great editor is a man of outstanding talent, who owns 51 per cent of his newspaper's stock."

Despite the fact that television can be the ultimate ideal of journalism, in that instead of reporting events to the reader it can take him to the scene of action, the printed word is still irreplaceable. And the printed editorial can still move men and mountains if only we will let it. As A. H. Kirchhofer of the Buffalo *News* once said, "There is nothing wrong with the editorial page that a few good editorials cannot cure."

Madison Avenue



The Future of Advertising

WHAT DIRECTION is advertising taking in its growth program? Is the ultimate goal of every agency to have its stock in public hands? Or is to grow and remain privately held? Or is it possible to diversify in the agency business, following a trend in most other industries today?

In their own minds, executives of more than a few agencies already have answered these vital questions. At least, their actions so far have indicated what they are seeking in an industry that is prospering. The $15 billion mark in advertising expenditures will be topped for the first time in 1966. For every man, woman, and child, this means that $70—on the average—will be spent on advertising to influence their purchases.

Four agencies have gone public in the last three years. One agency, Doyle Dane Bernbach, has seen its stock more than double from the time it was first offered at $27 a share eighteen months ago. The other publicly owned agencies—Grey Advertising; Papert, Koenig, Lois; and Foote, Cone and Belding—have done well, too—though not as sensationally in stock as Doyle Dane.

What does the future hold for agencies offering stock to the public? In the next decade, some of the best minds in advertising are forecasting that as many as twenty-five or fifty agencies will have gone public.

This will still leave hundreds of privately held agencies. And, it is among this biggest segment of the agency business that admen are seeking the best routes for growth. For many, diversification may be the most profitable. At least, more and more agencies are exploring it.

Seeking ways to improve their financial position, agencies will do just about anything. For example, J. Walter Thompson Company, the world's largest agency, disclosed last month that it had purchased a major stock interest in the largest Puerto Rican fire and casualty insurance company, the Porto Rican and American Insurance Company of San Juan. JWT is reported to have shelled out $4,300,000 for a controlling 83 per cent interest.

There are other diversification moves by agencies into related and unrelated areas, though most of them have not been publicly revealed. Campbell-Mithun, a Minneapolis-based agency with substantial billing (over $60,000,000 last year), has owned outdoor advertising companies in St. Louis, Missouri, and Dayton, Ohio, for the last three years. The agency also owns a string of Dairy Queen (ice cream) stores with about sixty outlets in New England. Dairy Queen happens to be a Campbell-Mithun client, so this operation represents both an investment and an opportunity to provide better service with an understanding of the marketing problems.

In late 1964, a medium-sized Chicago agency, Clinton E. Frank Inc., disclosed that it had purchased a Chicago auto agency, which is the distributor for the British Motor Corporation in the Midwest. As in the case of JWT's purchase, Frank said the distributorship offered an investment opportunity and that agency personnel would not be involved directly in its operation or promotion.

It is no secret that scores of top-echelon executives in agencies have made individual investments in a variety of outside businesses, both related and unrelated to work in the agency field. Real estate, media, and direct mail are some of the more common examples.

On the other hand, diversification has been implemented internally by agencies. The most prominent example of this is what Marion Harper, Jr., has created with the Interpublic Group of Companies, an operation that covers an endless array of service firms—primarily in advertising. Under the Interpublic concept, several independent agencies handle competing products for clients and compete against each other for accounts.

For many privately held (and publicly owned) agencies, diversification has been achieved on a scale much smaller than Interpublic but one just as important. Two public agencies, Foote, Cone and Belding, and Grey Advertising, established direct mail firms under different names last year. And, judging by their new business record, both have done exceptionally well. Some agencies have expanded by setting up marketing research units, public relations divisions, direct mail operations, and sales promotion and merchandising arms.

J. Walter Thompson has a public relations department which in the number of staffers employed is probably one of the five biggest in the publicity field,

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not excluding the firms that specialize in publicity.

Involvement in new products is another aspect diversification for agencies. One agency, North Advertising, recently formed Pilot Products Industries, a unit specializing in creating new product ideas and working on new products, in a joint venture with Creative Research Associates, a Chicago firm, which is one of the most respected in its field.

And Creative Research, which serves many leading advertising agencies and blue chip advertisers, has diversified itself with a licensing agreement with the Mrs. America Pageant to direct its consumer panel of 3,000 homemakers as a service to industry. The rights to run the national and local contests in Mrs. America were purchased by a medium-sized Chicago-based public relations firm, Donald Young Associates. And so the trend to diversification continues.

One of the reasons for diversification, of course, is the need for an improved financial position. Salaries in the service business are rising rapidly, frequently out of proportion to advertising budgets of companies served. These costs, added to normally rising overhead, reduce the profit margin and force even smaller operators to look at outside investments to achieve a higher profit figure.

Fairfax Cone, the articulate industry spokesman from Foote, Cone and Belding, once remarked: "Our [agency] inventory goes down the elevator every night." Nothing could be closer to the truth because the agency business is a service business. The only real asset an agency, or any service company for that matter, has—besides cash in the bank—is people or brainpower. How much money an agency needs on hand is a question that is being debated more and more by agency financial experts, lawyers, and the Internal Revenue Service.

Under IRS rules, a corporation is allowed to accumulate earnings—instead of paying them out in dividends—for the realistic and reasonable needs of the business. As in the case of most if not all agencies, an agency must be prepared to buy back, at book value, the stock of any stockholder who retires or resigns. If an agency did not have ample cash reserves, its position might be impaired if the stock were presented for redemption by departing executives.

Aside from the redemption of agency stock, there are other elements that influence the working capital and building up of cash reserves in an agency.

Agencies often work on new products and accounts for months before there is any commissionable billing. Moreover, because of the nature of the business, an account relationship can be ended with ninety days notice or even less.

(*Continued on page 67*)

CAN I HAVE ONE?

AN OLD FRIEND you haven't seen or heard from since high school days calls you up and says: "I heard you've written a new book. How about giving me a copy? By the way, what's it about?"

The TV service man passes by your coffee table and notices your name on the jacket of a book reposing there. "Hey, did you write that? Can I have one?"

A letter comes in the mail: "I saw the advertisement for your new book. I can't afford to buy it. Would you be so kind as to send me a copy autographed 'To My Friend.' Please do not use my name when you autograph it—just 'To My Friend.'"

Your daughter brings a classmate home from school and, with pride, shows off the "new baby" of the house. The classmate, looking around the room rather than at the book, responds: "Can I have one?"

A relative who disowned you twenty years ago for your so-called eccentricities ("Yes, I know you write, but why don't you get out of the house and work for a living?") telegraphs: AFTER ALL I'VE DONE FOR YOU, WHY HAVEN'T YOU SENT ME COPIES OF YOUR BOOKS?

You stop to pick up your suit at the cleaners, and after the owner takes your money for doing you the favor of cleaning your clothes, he leans over the counter and confidentially says: "Isn't that your book on display in Martindale's window? Do me a favor and give me a copy."

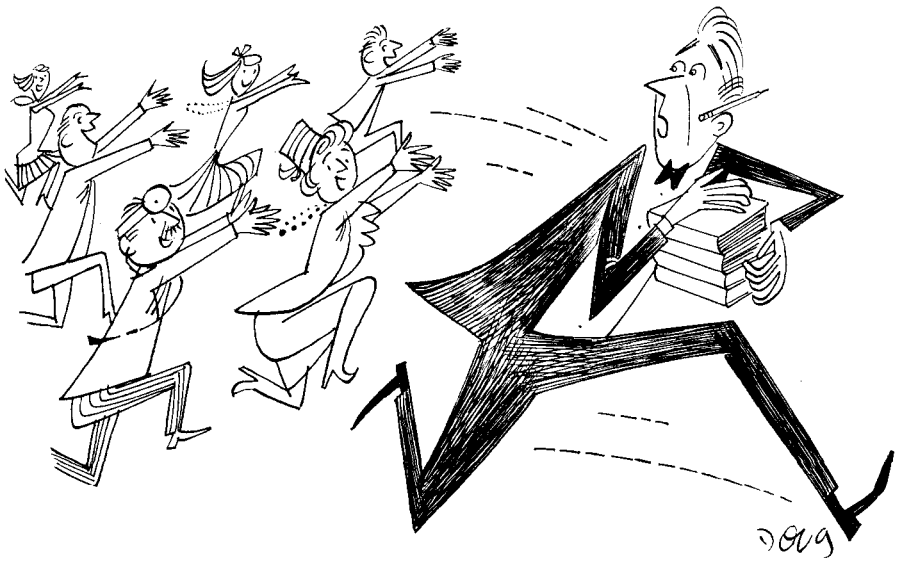
At the stationery store where you have just purchased two reams of 20-pound E-Z-Race, four reams of onionskin, a box of carbon paper, a few typewriter ribbons, pencils, erasers, and a fifty-dollar electric pencil sharpener for your next speculative effort, the clerk does not hesitate to ask: "Say, could you lend me a copy of your new book? I'd like to read it first to see if I'd like it enough to buy it."

You go to the post office to mail off a half-dozen copies of your book to the few individuals who really lent their ears or their efforts during the writing, and the man at the window responds: "Written another one, eh? How 'bout tossin' in an extra copy for me and the missus?"

You receive a curt communication from your agent (he didn't even propose this latest opus; albeit he has pocketed $500 for the labor of mailing you a copy of your contract): SEND ME 10 COPIES RIGHT AWAY FOR CIRCULATION TO MY MARKETS, AND ONE EXTRA FOR MY BOOKSHELF. IS IT ANY GOOD?

Your neighbor, whose literary interests have never gone beyond the Beverly Hillbillies, leans over the backyard fence. "Haven't seen you around lately. Finished your book? I might like to read it. If you'll let me have a copy, I'd be glad to offer you my constructive criticism."

A total stranger drops you a line on Tiffany-engraved stationery: "I saw a review of your new book. You can't imagine how happy I am that you had



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the courage to write about a subject about which I have felt strongly for years. Unfortunately, I will have to wait for our local library to get a copy before I will get a chance to read what I am so glad you said, unless, of course, you'll give me a copy."

The city librarian, with a budget well in excess of $100,000, recognizes you perusing the mystery-book section of her library. "We just received a notice of your latest book. Why don't you donate several copies to the library? Then we can use our money for important books."

Your mother-in-law sends you her Christmas gift list with a nice note: "Please send each of these people a copy of your book, telling them it's from me. It won't embarrass me, will it?"

A brief epistle, one that would please Caesar, arrives from your college English teacher, the one who flunked you and told you to go into the construction business. "Would my favorite student, the one of whom I am most proud, honor me with a personal signed copy of his masterpiece?"

ON receipt of the final advance check, weeks after publication, and nearly a year late, you visit your doctor for that long overdue electrocardiogram. As you are getting dressed, your doctor pokes his head into the examination room and mumbles: "I'd appreciate it if you'd leave a complimentary copy of your new book with the girl at the desk." You respond: "I'd appreciate a complimentary cardiograph"—but he has long since disappeared down the hall.

As long as the publisher will not supply an unlimited number of copies to the author for testing, pacifying, publicity, and the maintenance of family friendships, the least he can do is to place the following statement under the notice of copyright imprint: "Each copy the author receives from the publisher costs him $2.97, plus tax and shipping."

—CATHEY AND EDWARD PINCKNEY.

SELLING BY MAIL

When a Book Hits the Jackpot

By JOHN TEBBEL

THIS YEAR, for the first time, the business of selling books in America will be a $2 billion industry. As an industry, it is still a long way from the colossi of manufacturing, but it continues to grow at a pace that has excited the interest of Wall Street and confounded the seers who once predicted that television would make us a nation of goggle-eyed image-watchers.

Its progress has been all the more remarkable considering the fact that, in a business sense, a substantial part of the industry is still living in the nineteenth century. One of its characteristics is resistance to change and innovation. One of its handicaps is that book publishing presents problems wholly unlike those of any other industry, problems that baffle and frustrate management experts from other fields who confidently expect to make sense out of it.

As a consequence, publishing tends to produce its own experts who devise innovations that mark the forward steps the industry takes. There have been many more of these steps recently—more in the last quarter-century, perhaps, than in the previous hundred years. One of them, accounting for a substantial part of industry income, is selling books by mail. Not that this is a contemporary invention. Mail-order bookselling is nearly as old as publishing itself. The innovation consists in the way it has been developed during the past dozen years or so, employing the selling and marketing techniques of other businesses and breaking new ground in efforts to solve the chief bottleneck of the industry: distribution.

It is not easy to determine how large a part of publishing mail-order selling has become. Statistics are difficult to come by in this fiercely competitive business, and there is also some confusion of definitions as to what constitutes such selling. Broadly speaking, however, it is safe to say that mail-order publishing makes up about 25 per cent of the $2 billion total. That would include book clubs, various kinds of subscription selling, direct mail and coupons; and all kinds of books, including that part of the encyclopedia market that sells by mail rather than door-to-door. (Even in door-to-door, to illustrate the difficulty of defining terms, prospect lists are often compiled through coupon advertising.)

Newest, and in many ways the most fascinating, aspect of the mail-order business is the kind of publishing represented by Time-Life Books and by the American Heritage Publishing Company. In the Luce empire, the Book Division is only five years old but it already accounts for 8 per cent of the corporation's business. American Heritage is twelve years old and is one of the most successful publishing operations in the industry.

Editorially these phenomena are a skillful blend of magazine and book techniques, and they are sold with the complicated modern methods of mail-order selling, which its practitioners regard as far more science than mere salesmanship. At the distribution end, computers are performing the same beneficent service in making mass mailings possible that the invention of the cylinder press once accomplished in creating a mass market for reading matter.

Aside from these things which they share in common, Time-Life and American Heritage differ in other respects. The Lucepeople sell largely through coupon ads; American Heritage does about three-quarters of its business by direct mail. In organization, Time-Life is a kind of cross between news magazine and regular book publishing organization, while American Heritage more nearly resembles a standard publishing house, although with important differences. An essential aspect of Time-Life operation is selling books in series, but American Heritage concentrates more on single-idea books, although they are largely in the same field, American history.

The Luce organization began experimenting with book-selling by mail as early as 1950, putting out a half-dozen or so expensive one-shot books, using art and text developed by *Life* Magazine. These were successful enough by 1959 to warrant bringing in a book man from the publishing industry to develop a division. The man was Jerome Hardy, then advertising director of Doubleday, now the publisher of *Life*. Under Hardy's direction, the Book Division was created and expanded with gratifying sales results; it is now one of the largest such organizations in the world. Long ago the division stopped using material from the Time Inc. magazines, except for an occasional plate, and created its own products autonomously. To date it has sold more than 40,000,000 copies of more than 200 books in the United States and Canada, and at least 5,000,000 more

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abroad, translated into no less than thirteen languages.

Time-Life books are handsome products, with texts by noted scholars and authors, sometimes happily combined in one man, working under the direction of an editorial staff which numbers nearly 250 people. The photography comes from the best photographers in the world, and the printing, particularly the color work, is in a class with the finest that modern technology can produce. As for subject matter, the eight series divide neatly between science and the humanities. They include the Life Nature Library, the Life World Library, the Life Science Library, the Great Ages of Man, the Life History of the United States, the Time Reading Program (a book club), the International Book Society (imported books translated in special editions), and the most recent addition, the Library of Art.

THE history of American Heritage is different, and in some ways even more spectacular. It is the product of two astute men, James Parton and Joseph Thorndike, who brought their magazine training (Thorndike was editor of *Life* for many years) into book publishing and constructed a gold mine, starting from scratch. Parton's initial venture was *American Heritage* itself, a hardcover magazine that was living a respectable but unprofitable life as the publication of two historical societies.

Sometime during the mid-1940s, Courtland Canby, son of the late Henry Seidel Canby, came to work for one of these societies as an assistant to the historian Allan Nevins. Their conception of a history magazine for these times (its immediate ancestor was the *Magazine of American History* in the late nineteenth century) was developed skillfully by Parton after he acquired the historical societies' scholarly property. It reemerged in 1954 in its new format—an attractive picture-and-text treatment of American history whose hard covers made it salable in bookstores as well as by mail.

It was an instant success. Parton believes that in the mid-Fifties Americans were asking themselves who they were and where they were going, trying to establish their identity as a people, and that they turned to their own past for answers. American history suddenly became an important part of publishing, and Parton's unique product, through its mail-order sale, captured a substantial part of the public that likes to read but hasn't been persuaded, or has not yet learned, to do its buying in bookstores. In 1957 *American Heritage* was so well-established that the partners were encouraged to bring out their first book, *The American Heritage Book of Great Historic Places*, of which they sold 150,000 at $12.50 by mail, aside from its book trade sale.

With this successful venture began the series that encompassed the American Revolution, the pioneer spirit, the Civil War, Indians, flight, natural wonders, World War I (soon forthcoming: World War II), the West, and even the *American Heritage Cookbook*, which was also an illustrated history of American eating and drinking. One of these—*The Civil War*, with a text quite naturally by Bruce Catton—grossed $8,000,000, against a production cost of $2,000,000. It sold for $19.95, and $25 in a deluxe edition.

Parton, who heads the business side, and Thorndike, who is the chief editorial executive, have expanded their business profitably in other directions. One widely admired series is its Horizon art, or "culture" books, derived from the hardcover magazine of the same name. "Derived" is not to be taken literally. As at Time-Life, the books at American Heritage are original creations, not lifted bodily from the magazines whose names they carry, contrary to popular belief. American Heritage also publishes a "junior library" consisting of adventures in American history for young readers, and a series called Horizon Caravel Books, about world history.

American Heritage in its big books, produced one or two at a time annually, does what every publisher would like to do: it publishes only best-sellers. To produce such a book, including a scientifically planned mail-order campaign that may result in a mailing of 7,000,000 pieces, is so expensive that it will have to sell anywhere from 75,000 to 100,000 copies to get back its costs and make money. American Heritage books are also sold through regular trade channels by distribution arrangements with publishers. A sensational exception was *Four Days*, a book about the assassination and funeral of President John F. Kennedy, which was distributed through United Press International and the papers it services. It sold a staggering 2,500,000; one paper had 25,000 orders in a single day.

IN spite of their success, Time-Life and American Heritage books, and others of the same ilk produced by lesser enterprises, are regarded askance by old-line publishers as not really members of the club. In the trade they are known as coffee-table books, meaning that they are status symbols displayed in living rooms as evidences of affluence and culture but seldom read by the buyers, a proposition that may be true in part but is not entirely justified by readership surveys. In fact, considered as a total list, these books may get more careful reading, or at least attention, than the total product of a regular publisher. Nevertheless, such giants of American publishing as Alfred Knopf, whose name has always been a symbol of quality in the literary book-world-that-was, has taken occasional potshots at

"Holy mackerel! You know what just hit me? Holden Caulfield is almost thirty years old!"

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coffee-table publishing, expressing the general opinion of the Establishment. This attitude annoys the new entrepreneurs, in much the same way that best-selling authors react to their non-acceptance by literary critics, but it is an annoyance that must be considerably assuaged by contemplation of the annual reports.

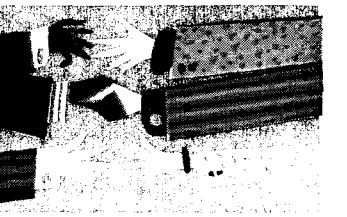
Successful and relatively recent as they are, these two big operations do not constitute the bulk of mail-order publishing by any means. There are, for example, the book clubs, led by the Book-of-the-Month Club, and similar independent mail-order enterprises on a smaller scale. Other book clubs are by-products or divisions of regular trade publishers. Doubleday, particularly, with its astonishing variety of clubs, headed by the Literary Guild, has shown what can be done with merchandising ingenuity to extract the last dollar from original publication. Other publishers, like Harper & Row, have mail-order divisions that sell some of the house's trade books by mail, but that also develop its own list of titles, usually reference, self-help, and similarly specialized books.

There is a remarkable range in mail-order selling among the regular publishers. Prentice-Hall, for example, has a wide selection of book clubs and other reader services, which it operates by mail. McGraw-Hill and Simon and Schuster are among the other leaders in the field.

Mail-order bookselling has become so successful and has grown so rapidly that some of its enthusiasts have been carried away, predicting that the day will come when all books are sold by mail. Most experts in the field, however, say that will never happen, because of built-in limitations. One is the cost of mail-order publication, including the selling itself, which makes it virtually impossible to offer many of the books now in the market at low prices. Time-Life achieves its lower price structure by mass selling of books in series. Then, too, there is a potential saturation point, where too many coupons and too many mailing pieces may result in consumer resistance. Even now there is some consumer irritation. A very small but eloquent portion of returns consists of angry replies that can be freely translated as "stop cluttering up my mailbox," or return envelopes filled with waste matter.

While mail-order books are not likely ever to take over publishing, there is good reason to believe that they are a part of the industry with the brightest of futures. In an age of specialized publishing, in magazines and newspapers as well as books, the vast market of Americans hungry for information and culture in attractively packaged dosages remains relatively untapped. The tapping process may have only begun.

Public Relations



On Being a No Man

THE CORPORATE public relations director has always had two basic jobs: interpreting his company to the public and interpreting public opinion to management. It is in the latter area that public relations men, as a whole, with a few honorable exceptions, have shown their greatest weakness.

The outstanding example of public relations practitioners failing to alert management of important shifts of public attitudes is in the Negro rebellion. The Supreme Court decision on desegregation of the schools came in 1954. Yet only in rare cases did public relations directors warn management that this would affect business. They either failed to grasp the implication of events or they did the ostrich act.

The fault, however, does not lie solely with public relations directors. Far too many chief executives act only when they feel the fire. They consider putting out the fire important, forgetting that preventing fires is not only cheaper in the long run but unquestionably wiser. Too many managers also believe that public relations' purpose is to build a false front so that behind it the corporation can operate as it deems easiest. Some managers even consider the public relations director disloyal if he warns that a certain course of action may bring unfavorable results or may be construed as not being in the public interest.

There is another problem involved here as well. Public relations directors with major corporations are likely to be in their fifties or sixties. They often have stock options that they are afraid to lose. Getting a new job at their age is not easy. They may have children at college and expensive living habits. And above all, they may have chief executives who believe that the only interpreting that should be done by a public relations department is to communicate to the public the greatness of the corporation and the marvelously infallible wisdom of top management.

The result is that in many cases the public relations director begins to parrot the boss's prejudices. He berates critics and devotes himself to special efforts in the choice of colors for a glossy brochure, or to making a new and expensive film no one will look at outside the executive offices. That he is tempted to do these things is understandable. That he should do them, however, is unforgivable if he has any real respect for his work or for himself.

But there are managers who do not want their public relations directors to be yes men. The chairman of the board of the Bank of America, Louis B. Lundborg, is an example of the businessman who is tired of public relations men who do not understand our volatile society and whose answer to all questions is to distribute still another press release extolling the company's merits.

Says Mr. Lundborg: "It's possible that the average public relations practitioner of today might be headed straight toward the junk heap of obsolescence unless he develops some new and creative ideas about his place in our society." In a speech to the Public Relations Society of America in Denver a short time ago, Mr. Lundborg handed out some more bitter medicine directed to those who think all is well with the public relations world. Management, he told more than 1,000 public relations men, expects that they be "tough-minded," have a "healthy cynicism," have "guts," "speak out persuasively, honestly, critically," be "profit-oriented," and "recognize and predict social change." Finally, to cap it all, Mr. Lundborg told the assembly that "no public relations man is worth his salt if he isn't willing to put his job on the line every day of his life."

Mr. Lundborg's concern is germane to the problems of the public relations business today. But there is an implied assumption that all other chairmen of boards of corporations want the truth from their public relations directors as they see it. They are not all as perceptive or as understanding of the overwhelming importance of public opinion as Mr. Lundborg is.

The simple fact is that management generally has the kind of public relations it wants and deserves. There is a solution to the difficulties of getting public relations directors who are both competent and frank. It lies in management's hands. If it wants, as it should, the kind of men and advice that will help it adjust more quickly to changing conditions, it will fire the weaklings, the yes men, the sycophants. And then it will seek those who understand the social struggle within which American business is functioning and help it make the accommodation it must. —L. L. L. GOLDEN

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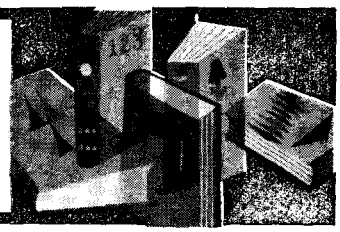
Books in Communications



The New Journalism

ONE day in January 1963, readers of the *Christian Science Monitor* who turned to a piece by Erwin D. Canham saw these words: "Surely one of the great moral challenges of these times, perhaps the greatest, is to add spiritual dimension to our material achievements. Such dimension is not totally lacking today. It is not even lacking in the field of international relations. A sense of mutuality—awareness of the importance of the good of all—keeps cropping up. It helped motivate American policy in its aid programs. It begins to move among other nations."

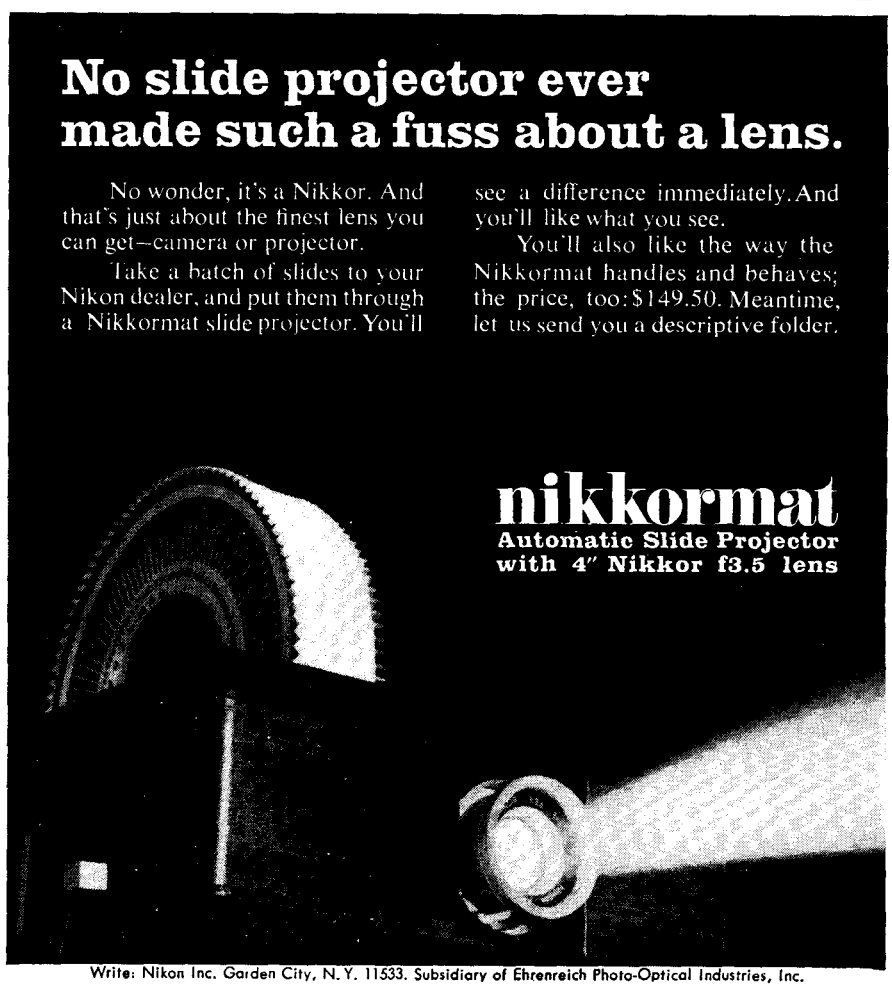
A few years earlier these would have been thought strange words indeed, and strange ideas, for a daily journalist, and the occasion that called them forth—the conclusion of a series on the state of American morality—even stranger. Such weighty inquiries were the province of books, perhaps of a few magazines, certainly not of newspapers. But times had changed, and by 1963 it was a rare reader indeed who did not ask more of his daily paper than just the facts. Readers wanted interpretation, expert opinion, informed prediction, argument. And they wanted, too, to know about subjects that were new or newly important. The result was the invention of some versatile new forms of journalism, forms flexible enough and perceptive enough to mirror the meaning of events that in many cases were moving almost too fast to be seen, let alone explained.

The topography of the new journalism is deftly surveyed in John Hohenberg's *The New Front Page* (Columbia, $7.95), an insider's story of what newspapermen are up to these days. Hohenberg, a professor at Columbia University's Graduate School of Journalism and secretary of the Pulitzer Prize advisory board, has chosen nine facets of contemporary newswriting, written a brief analysis of each, and illustrated them with examples. Under such titles as "The Civil Rights Struggle," "This Is Public Service," "The Foreign Correspondents," "Specialists in the Space Age," "The Interpreters," and "The Personal Touch," he offers enough samples to show exactly what he means when he says, "There is more than enough evidence that people *do* want to know something more than the bare events of the day; otherwise, they would be satisfied with five minutes of sketchy radio news rattled off by a singsong announcer in a bored voice."

Here, for example, is Relman Morin's masterful Associated Press story on the nine-year-old Negro girl, Linda Brown, whose efforts to enroll in an all-white school resulted finally in the 1954 Supreme Court decision in the case of *Brown vs. Board of Education*; Miriam Ottenberg's revelation in the Washington *Star* of an underworld organization called Cosa Nostra and one Joseph Valachi who told all about it; Dale Wright's first-person piece for the New York *World-Telegram and Sun* about the life of a migrant tomato-picker; A. M. Rosenthal's brilliant *New York Times* piece under the title "There Is No News from Auschwitz"; and a whole bookful of models fit for any journalist's emulation. Hohenberg has even had the good sense to include some of that wonderful trivia without which even the best of newspapers would be all but unreadable. Consider, as a case in point, Art Buchwald's "Political Poll—1766," a nicely turned parody of the opinion-poll game. After a series of questions, accompanied by the percentages of respondents answering in various ways, Buchwald concludes: "On the basis of the results of the poll, the militant colonials decided they did not have enough popular support to foment a revolution and gave up the idea of creating a United States of America."

One could quarrel, I think, with the somewhat arbitrary and artificial division of *The New Front Page* into its neatly rigid categories, on the ground that journalists themselves seldom think that way. One could also quarrel with the implication that journalists always know exactly what species of journalism they are practicing. And one could certainly quarrel—and should—with a dust jacket so dully unimaginative as to be perfectly dreadful. But as a guide to the fresh directions being taken by the best of newspapers today, *The New Front Page* is an eye-opening adventure. Any journalist could do far worse than to study it in search of clues to the changing shape of his craft.

—JAMES F. FIXX.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Letters to the Communications Editor

Continued from page 57

is far less a matter of industrial recruitment as it has been an industrial and government concern with curriculum and with the necessary institute and fellowship opportunities for teachers, both of which have vitalized the science classrooms in our nation's high schools and scotched the best student talent. The humanities are beginning to catch up now that English and history fall under the government's institute umbrella, but communications skills, which bridge all of the disciplines, is a sagging bridge indeed.

I have seen, and others of our commission have seen, what happens to students who are channeled into course work that treats communications as a practical reality. . . . We've seen how absorbed they become in a study and analysis of the mass media, especially since the study is never removed from their own attempts to effectively communicate to a limited audience. And our work is not limited to writing for the eye, but includes experience in writing for the ear and for the eye and the ear, in technical writing, writing for picture display and in-depth and documented reporting that employs the complete set of research tools introduced during the course. What happens is that valedictorians pursue communications degrees, and incoming seniors reject student government posts for newspaper editorships.

It is the curriculum that professional communicators need to concern themselves about, just as the electronics and technical industries concerned themselves about it ten years ago. Think what has been accomplished in those ten years! They need to concern themselves with incentive programs that will appeal to the sophisticated high school junior and senior as the science fairs and cooperative research assistantships have done. They need to concern themselves with the availability of text-books and availability of live in-service experience with local newspapers, radio and TV stations and film studios.

Our commission is gradually proposing courses of action to answer all of these concerns, and we have met with interest and support from most of the newspapers that we have approached. But we do find that as a whole the industry is very slow to react and is often overly conservative in its thinking about education, because for the most part publishers and station managers are too far removed from the revolution in the classroom. Unless the industry as a whole does see the importance of directing financing and influence down these avenues very soon, another question may be raised in much bigger headlines in a few years; "Where Are Today's Journalists?"

Sister Mary Ann Christine, BVM,
Journalism Education Association for
Journalism Teachers and Advisers
of Publications.

Cedar Rapids, Iowa

Farther West, Young Man

I enjoyed the article "What's Happening to Sunday Newspapers," by John Tebbel [*SR*, Jan. 8], but wish he had journeyed farther out in the "provinces" and had a look at *The Courier-Journal Magazine*, published in Louisville, Kentucky. It has both the *Chicago Tribune*'s *Sunday Magazine* and the *Detroit Free Press Magazine* backed right off the map on a quality basis of its contents, but it has never run yet to 112 pages, thank God. If Mr. Tebbel has never seen this *Courier-Journal Magazine* he has missed something worth while other than just the heavy advertising.

Walter L. Stone.

Hanover, Ind.

John Tebbel's "What's Happening to Sunday Newspapers?" seemed more a "Memo to Madison Avenue" than a report to the typical *SR* reader, who presumably is most interested in the editorial quality, if any, of the Sunday magazines, locally produced or syndicated. For such readers, the most telling phrase in Mr. Tebbel's report is "the junk-pile editorial character of a good many contemporary Sunday papers." The description is applicable to nearly all Sunday newspaper magazine sections—and in my opinion to the most ambitious Sunday magazines syndicated, *This Week* and *Parade*.

The reason is simple. The syndicates' products try to be all things to all subscribers, *e.g.*, the local newspaper publisher, whose view may be parochial and who, if offended by a race relations or other article that doesn't square with his biases, may stop subscribing. This is an eventuality the syndicates live in deathly fear of. One cancelation can lop thousands from the syndicates' circulation and wreak havoc with their advertising rate structure. By comparison, the fear of single-copy subscription cancelations by publishers of genuine magazines is minuscule. And it is these genuine magazines, especially the news-oriented weeklies, that strike me as truer competitors for followers and advertising dollars than broadcasting is.

The genuine magazines have been soaring in circulations and revenues in spite of television's competition. They fight back with better, gutsier editorial content, a weapon which *This Week*, *Parade*, and *Metro* (*Family Weekly* doesn't appear locally) have not employed and probably feel they cannot employ for the reason of the parochial publishers mentioned. They continue to rely on contrived rather than genuine controversy, warmed-over and inconsequential "reports," gossip, jokes, recipes, fan magazine stuff, and Afghanistanism. The idea still seems to be that the Sunday magazine reader is chiefly or exclusively a bird-brain housewife just home from church.

And it is the syndicated Sunday magazine sections that locally edited and produced Sunday newspaper magazine sections model themselves on (possibly excepting the New York, Chicago, and Detroit examples Mr. Tebbel cited).

I think that, overall, the main explanation for the "junk-pile editorial character" of Sunday newspapers and their syndicated or local magazine is that their publishers look upon them as advertising media rather than reading matter—an attitude that Mr. Tebbel unconsciously reflected.

Charles D. Bonsted.

Syracuse, N.Y.

A Bit of a Fixx

As "watchers of trends, authorities, and close observers," many of our staff are regular readers of *SR*, especially of its outstanding Communications section. Assuredly, this includes Mr. James Fixx's excellent column, Books in Communications. However, "What to Watch Out For" [*SR*, Jan. 8] already has proved dated data. Forecasting publishing triumphs soon to ascend, the perspicacious Mr. Fixx predicts: "There will be a reference to the *Saturday Review of Literature* or, alternatively, to the *Saturday Evening Review*."

Hark! Hardly was the New Year three days with us than Mr. Fixx had earned his year's salary for soothsaying prowess. In no less authoritative a journal than *Advertising Age* (January 3, page 57), a full-page pronouncement for *Chicago's American* heralds: "The *Saturday Review of Literature* summarized the reasons for the *American's* resurgence. They dubbed it 'the most improved newspaper in Chicago.'"

"Resurgence?". . . . ."Improved?". . . . . "The SR of L?"

Actually, a bit of a fixx. Wouldn't you say?

Samuel R. Guard,
Market Research Manager,
Chicago Sun-Times,
Chicago Daily News.

Chicago, Ill.

Westerns and Tom Curry

As a long-time student of the West and Western characters, I enjoyed Tom Curry's short article [*SR*, Dec. 11] until I came to: "You can still start an 'I'll-punch-you-in-the-nose argument about General Custer and other Western celebrities. . . . For a man is a mixture of good and evil.'" His vicious attack on the James Brothers and William Clarke Quantrill refute his statement about a mixture of good and evil. I think I know as much about these latter two as Tom Curry knows and I can state without fear of contradiction that the James boys had their share of good as any other outlaw, and the same goes for Quantrill. He takes the same old moth-eaten line put out by Yankee jayhawkers a hundred years ago; all the wrongs were committed by those who sympathized and fought for the South.

Van C. Smith.

Tulsa, Okla.

Mr. Curry has given us a biographical history of the American Western. I should like to thank him and comment.

He writes, "The panorama of the West offers a writer a rich lode from which to draw." But writers have been drawing for eighty years from a period that lasted only fifty years, if we may interpret from the author that the Western started at the Gold Rush and closed at the turn of the century. "The Wild Western Rides Again" has meticulously shown us the character of the frontier story—the wars, the settlements, the Indians, the plains, the barrooms, the buffalo. How long can the universal character of man be placed in this situation and still come out a publishable novel?

Concerning the subject's appeal, we seem to be an audience divided: the sophisticated readers, who have graduated from the

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pleasures of the Westerns to pseudo-intellectuals; and the mundane readers who slump into an armchair, beer can in hand, and surrender themselves to the enjoyments of the Western.

I question Mr. Curry. But I must commend him for spreading the glorification of an era uniquely American.

ELLEN P. CASSIDY.
Hooksett, N.H.

From an English Journalist

I HAVE ONLY JUST had the opportunity of reading R.L.T.'s interesting editorial "Journalism's Mounting Storms" [*SR*, Dec. 4]. The problems of journalism in your country cannot differ greatly from those in Britain. Much that you have said about the trend toward monopoly newspapers and the wind of change is being experienced here also, but I would respectfully challenge you on one thing. The role of the weeklies and suburban papers (or as we call them, the provincial press) is by no means diminishing as a result of the encroachment of radio and TV newscasting. In Britain our provincial press is still and probably always will be the training ground of journalism, but the real need is for the university graduate, with his broad background to have also a sound knowledge of technical journalism so that he can enter the field equipped to be of immediate use to his employer. To ask the provincial or suburban weekly to take on university graduates and to pay them salaries commensurate with their advanced age when they know nothing of practical journalism is uneconomic. I look forward to the day when our new universities will include journalism in their curricula.

MRS. GORDON CLEMETSON,
Editor-in-Chief,
Kent & Sussex Courier
(Chairman, National Council for the Training of Journalists, Great Britain).
Tunbridge Wells, England

Is Tebbel Obsolete?

JOHN TEBBEL'S concern for the threat of computer technology ["Are Authors Obsolete?" *SR*, Dec. 11] indicates a lack of understanding by both authors and printers of automated typesetting. The present method is to punch the original manuscript on paper tape, which is then written to a computer-readable device such as magnetic tape. Authors' alterations, also punched on paper tape, are cheerfully accepted by the computer program, and the revised version of the manuscript is again stored on magnetic tape. The computer can print the revised manuscript on its own printer, or generate galley proofs via a paper tape-directed typesetting machine. This process of accepting "AA's" and generating and printing the revised manuscript can be repeated as often as it is necessary to achieve the final version. New electronic devices being developed will reduce the cost of this process which will probably encourage more AA's than the nineteenth-century method used in most publishing houses today.

RAYMOND DASH,
President, Delaware Valley Chapter,
Association for Computing Machinery.
Levittown, Pa.

Madison Avenue

Continued from page 61

Some clients are fickle and this can cost the agency dearly. One New York firm, a substantial advertiser, went through four agencies in 1965.

Nevertheless, the IRS takes the view that a penalty tax can be levied on profits that they claim were retained by a service company to avoid payment of individual income taxes by a firm's shareholders. In other words, the government will slap an assessment if it proves that earnings were accumulated and not distributed as stockholder dividends, which are taxable.

Just how much cash is necessary is being decided in the IRS's action against Ted Bates and Company, the nation's fifth biggest agency. If Bates loses its pending case, the agency may be forced to pay up to 38½ per cent as a penalty tax on an estimated $1,300,000 in retained earnings from 1958 and 1961. The penalty amounts to 27½ per cent of accumulated taxable income up to $100,000 and 38½ per cent of any amount over $100,000.

Few admen have spoken out on this subject. Many of them will tell you privately that they are quite concerned over the implications of the Bates-IRS case. Some of the bigger agencies do have large cash surpluses; to avoid any IRS action they may be forced into a diversification program.

In the light of the Bates case, JWT's purchase—the first acquisition in the 101-year history of the agency—takes on significance. The agency says its purchase was guided by the improving economy of the island. But some advertising observers feel that the action was at least partly dictated by the potential implications of the Bates case. According to John Devine, JWT's vice president for administration, the acquisition was a way to improve the financial position of the agency. "We are," he said, "a business organization and we must never lose sight of this."

As the Bates case draws to a close, and even after the squabble has been resolved, it will be worth watching to see what agencies do to use up cash reserves. There are reasons other than the cash surplus problem that are pushing agencies to explore diversification. Agencies are now performing more services for clients and this costs time and money. By expanding into new lines, such as public relations, direct mail, merchandising, and research, agencies have an opportunity to pick up additional profits, especially if they can supplement their media billing from clients with fixed fees. While agencies will not admit it, the PR field has been particularly lucrative for them.

Another cause for concern among agencies is the growth potential in the advertising business. Many admen feel that there is a size limit for the larger agencies because of product conflicts. For many of the big-billing shops, there are few product categories available for new business solicitation. As clients diversify, even more product conflicts will arise.

While all signs indicate that the trend to diversify will intensify, there are admen in the ranks who are opposed to it. They insist that ad making must be the primary concern of the agency.

There also is a feeling among some agency executives that a client may get the impression that an agency is more interested in its own growth, by expansion via diversification, than in the account's progress.

Nevertheless, the coming months will strengthen the expansion trend and, like it or not, more agencies will be looking into it. —GEORGE LAZARUS.

"He didn't exactly say he wanted a divorce—he just said he was letting me go at the end of the week."

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(Continued on page 70)

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(Continued from page 69)

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(Continued on page 72)

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(Continued from page 71)

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1662

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Menace to swimmers, when "Portuguese" (comp.; genus *Physalia*).	56 61 43 50 85 46 86 5
B. Cleave.	146 19 150 69 97 201
C. Justify; substantiate.	33 28 109 151 174 192 14 163
D. Inhabitants of self-governing country, not as yet entirely independent, where Livingstone discovered the beautiful Victoria Falls a hundred years ago.	48 191 89 63 81 37 111 127 15 22
E. Draw into the lungs.	166 140 39 57 156 75
F. Walt Whitman's first verb in his *Song of Myself*.	87 186 110 98 79 36 17 133 59
G. Eternal.	206 128 20 68 40 6 137
H. One of the newer African republics (1964).	58 158 115 71 21 136
I. Question often sung but seldom answered (5 wds.)	7 207 91 72 23 94 54 123 196 161 45 106 77
J. U.S. statesman twice our ambassador to S. Vietnam; any place of sojourn.	130 178 83 164 149
K. Transgress moral or divine law.	32 66 8 175 197 93
L. Writhes; crooks spirally.	52 101 12 195 73 157
M. The part of a music measure other than the one principally accented.	204 51 67 181 105 155 30
N. American in command of forces in Viet Nam.	78 49 184 190 144 103 159 35 26 116 62 172
O. Cajolery, esp. to restore pleasant relationships after a quarrel (*Dict. of Slang*).	99 188 108 47 138 171 13 27 92 160
P. State of violent agitation, anticipating which a pilot often asks passengers to fasten their seat belts.	3 119 148 64 42 199 82 76 124 183
Q. One of Deuteronomy's curses for disobedience, as to "what thou shalt become" (Deut. xxviii, 37)	1 154 96 180 200 139 132 74 107 193 18 88
R. What Samuel Watts said was part of the nature of bears and lions to do *when they fight*.	141 80 126 165 41
S. Recently elected Chancellor of Germany.	118 179 125 11 90 60
T. Vital records.	134 9 65 142 162 205 167 24 95 104
U. Encroach, as on another's privacy, rights, privileges, etc.	177 194 53 122 25 55 100 182
V. One consideration of Article I of our Amer. Bill of Rights (3 wds.)	31 173 16 168 38 44 4 135 84 153 185 170 189 121
W. Colloq. for cornered, trapped (3 wds.)	202 34 114 169 10 29 145
X. Written reference given by an employer to an employee (perhaps more common in England.)	176 102 152 120 129 2 147 113 203
Y. Green arboreal insect which has been wrongfully associated with argumentativeness.	112 198 117 131 187 143 70

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.

				1 Q	2 X	3 P	4 V	5 A	6 G		7 I	8 K		9 T	10 W	11 S	12 L						
13 O	14 C	15 D	16 V		17 F	18 Q	19 B		20 G	21 H	22 D	23 I	24 T	25 U	26 N	27 O	28 C						
29 W		30 M	31 V	32 K	33 C	34 W	35 N	36 F	37 D		38 V	39 E	40 G		41 R	42 P	43 A						
44 V	45 I		46 A	47 O	48 D	49 N		50 A	51 M	52 L	53 U	54 I		55 U	56 A	57 E	58 H						
59 F	60 S		61 A	62 N	63 D		64 P	65 T	66 K	67 M	68 G	69 B	70 Y		71 H	72 I							
73 L	74 Q	75 E		76 P	77 I	78 N		79 F	80 R	81 D	82 P	83 J		84 V	85 A		86 A						
87 F	88 Q	89 D	90 S		91 I	92 O	93 K		94 I	95 T	96 Q	97 B	98 F	99 O	100 U		101 L						
102 X	103 N		104 T	105 M	106 I	107 Q	108 O	109 C		110 F	111 D	112 Y	113 X		114 W	115 H	116 N						
117 Y	118 S	119 P	120 X		121 V	122 U	123 I	124 P	125 S	126 R	127 D	128 G	129 X	130 J	131 Y	132 Q	133 F						
134 T		135 V	136 H	137 G	138 O	139 Q	140 E	141 R		142 T	143 Y	144 N	145 W		146 B	147 X							
148 P	149 J	150 B	151 C	152 X	153 V	154 Q	155 M	156 E	157 L		158 H	159 N	160 O	161 I	162 T	163 C	164 J						
	165 R	166 E	167 T	168 V		169 W	170 V	171 O		172 N	173 V	174 C	175 K	176 X	177 U	178 J	179 S						
	180 Q	181 M	182 U	183 P	184 N	185 V	186 F	187 Y		188 O	189 V	190 N	191 D		192 C	193 Q	194 U						
195 L	196 I	197 K	198 Y	199 P		200 Q	201 B	202 W	203 X	204 M	205 T	206 G	207 I										

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 14 of this issue.

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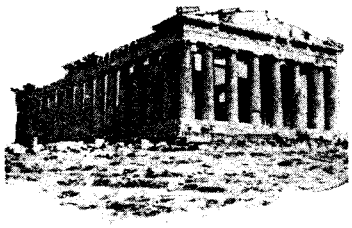
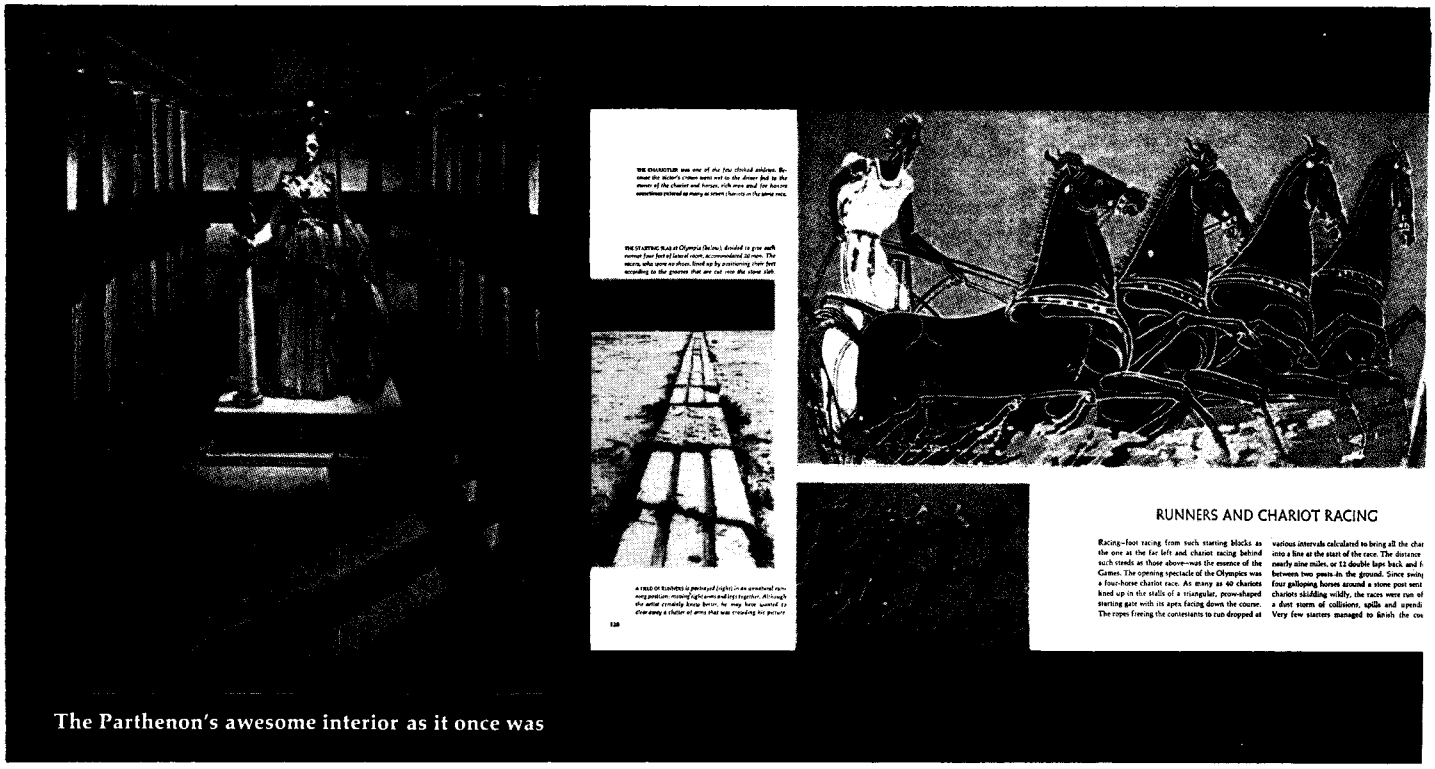
TIME LIFE BOOKS *invites you to visit free for 10 days*



the civilization that CLASSICAL



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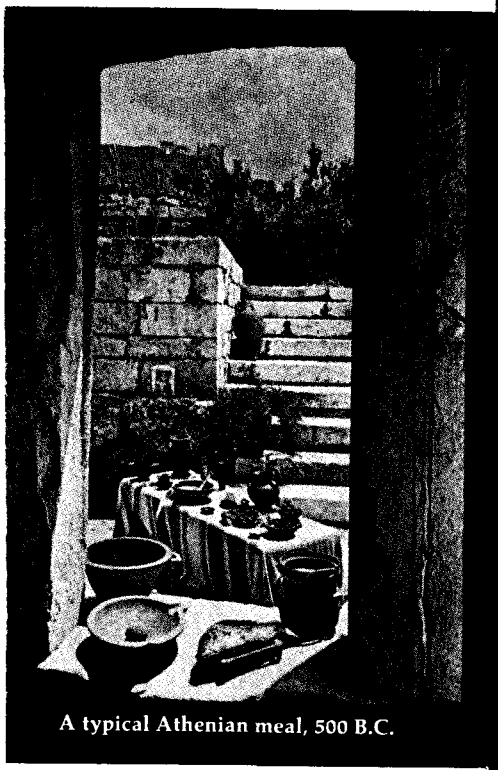
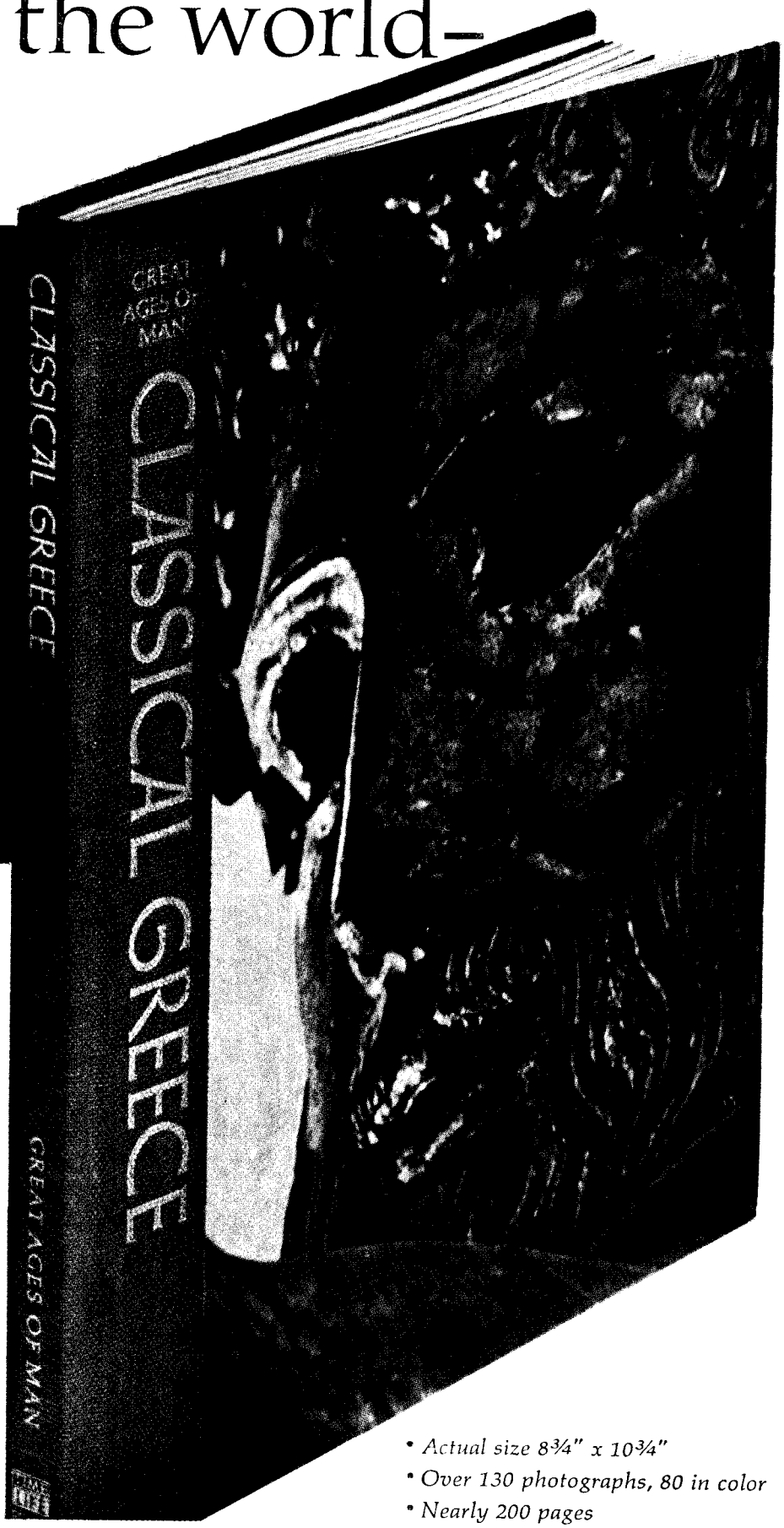


A typical Athenian meal, 500 B.C.



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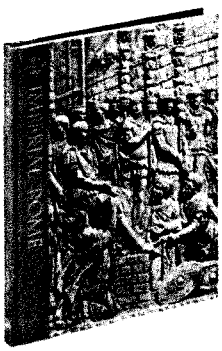

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